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Conquest Hymns New and Old

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Conquest Hymns

New and Old for All Services

The Church :::::: The Sunday School
Young People, Evangelistic, Devotional

BEST GOSPEL SONG WRITERS

PRICE:

Cloth, Single Copies, 30c.; Per Hundred, $25.00

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PREFACE

This book has been edited and compiled to bring together not only the songs of triumph of the gospel in this age, but also the ringing notes of victory from the past. The gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour never stood for so much as it does today; and for this reason, never before has there been such cause for song.

Glorious conquests have been won, but we desire this book to contain some further inspiration to the Church of God in her bidding to follow our great leader who has gone forth conquering and to conquer.

For new impressions and new inspiration, "sing a new song." An old song, by the power of association, brings back to the Christian heart the joy of past moments of sweet fellowship and communion. The same law acting upon the impenitent would cause him to refuse again to surrender, as he did when he heard the old song in the past. We have tried to put into this volume selections old and new suitable for use in a great variety of services. With but few exceptions, the name of every modern gospel song writer of note, can be seen, in connection with one or more of his best songs.

Mr. Louis D. Eichhorn has been our musical editor. Besides giving the work the advantage of his own skill and musical ability, he has brought to our aid much valuable assistance from his large circle of musical friends. Especially would we mention the help given by Mr. Chas. H. Gabriel. We also acknowledge our indebtedness to many pastors and evangelists for their assistance. Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., from his thorough knowledge of the music of the church, has greatly helped us. Below will be given the names of many of our writers.

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WEEDEN, W. S.

Conquest Hymns.

I'll Be a Voice.

REV. J. W. CARPENTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'll be a voice for the Mas-ter, Speaking for Je - sus to - day;
2. I'll be a voice to the wand'rer, Tho' far a - way he may roam;
3. I'll be a voice for the Mas-ter, Un - to the sad and op-pressed;

Guiding the souls He is seek-ing, In - to the beau-ti - ful way.....
Tell-ing love's welcome is waiting, Guiding the prod - i - gal home.....
Guiding the feet of the wea - ry Un - to His ha-ven of rest.....
In - - - to the beau-ti-ful way.

CHORUS.

I'll be a voice! I'll be a voice! Teaching the truth and the way;.....
the truth and the way;

I'll be a voice! I'll be a voice! Speaking for Je-sus to - day.

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Christ All and In All.

L. M. WATERMAN. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. Christ is cour-age, hope, and health, Wisdom, pow - er, great-ness, wealth;
2. Christ is com- fort, calm, and rest, Bloom that makes the des - ert blest;
3. Christ is friend, and help, and home, Wand'ring with us when we roam;
4. Christ is shel - ter, buck-ler, shield, Might-y, tho' all else may yield;

Fount of life, and light, and love, Spring of joy, all joys a - bove.
Cool - ing shade by way-side warm, Rock of ref - uge in the storm.
Tent - ing 'bout us by the way, Com - rade on the field of fray.
Vain - ly pierces death's keen dart Thro' the Christ to reach my heart.

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CHORUS.

Christ is pow - er, Christ is peace, Christ is sor-row's sure re - lease.

Mas - ter-teach-er, Shep-herd, King, Yea, our Christ is ev - 'ry - thing.

Sunshine in the Soul.

"I will joy in the God of my salvation."—HAB. 3: 18.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is the Light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - shine,
Oh, there's sun-shine in my soul, Bless-ed sun-shine in my soul,

While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When hap-py mo-ments roll;

Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul.

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There's No Love Like His Love for Me.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Solo or Duet.

With tenderness.

1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways
2. When far, far a - way, and in con - dem - na - tion, Feel - ing no one
3. Oh, won - der - ful love is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's

just the same; E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly,
cared for me, There came a sweet voice, I shall ne'er for - get it,
cru - el tree Was wound-ed and died to make full a - tone - ment

CHORUS.

Je - sus still loves you, bless His name!
"Je - sus, thy Sav - ior, still loves thee."
For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me.
} There nev - er was

one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is He; There nev - er was

one like Je - sus, There's no love like His love to me.

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The Pilgrim Song.

"Singing as I Go."

A. K. BOND, arr. by L. D. E. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. A pil-grim to the Ho - ly Land, With sandaled feet, with staff in hand.
2. I sing of earth, so wondrous made, I sing of stars that shine o'er-head.
3. In death I shall not si - lent be, For I've a song of vic - to - ry,
4. And when be-yond the grave I stand, And learn new songs of Fa-ther-land.

I jour-ney thro' this world be - low, Sing-ing, sing - ing as I go.
Of sweet-er joys than mor-tals know, In that bright home to which I go.
That He who con-quered ev - 'ry foe, Taught me to sing as on I go.
I'll see my Sav - ior, Him I'll know, He keeps me sing-ing as I go.

CHORUS.

I sing glad songs of joy and praise, I sing brave songs for sad-der days;

But come there weal or come there woe, I still can sing as on I go.

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A Song of Praise.

JENNIE REE. ADOLPH JESREAL.

1. Sun-shine and flow - ers tell the Sav - ior's love; Sea - son and
2. Bil - lows that break up - on the o - cean shore, Tem-pests that
3. Dai - ly up - on us do His bless - ings fall; Sure - ly His

har - vest do His mer - cy prove; Na - ture to Him un-num-bered
thro' the for - est shriek and roar, Breez - es that whis-per o'er the
eye of love is o - ver all! Un - der the shad-ow of His

voi - ces raise, While each mountain and val - ley car - ols forth His praise!
sum - mer-land, Are but ech - oes of love we can - not un - der - stand.
wing we'll hide, And in safe - ty for - ev - er in His love a - bide.

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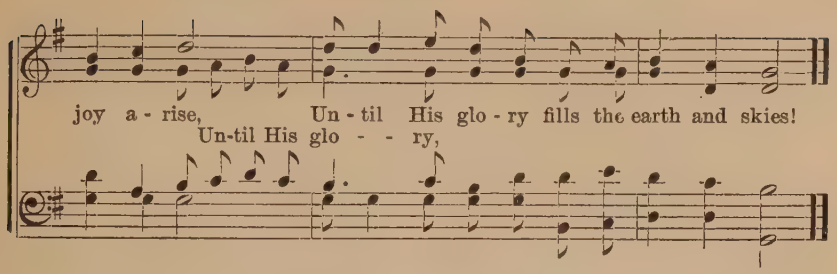
CHORUS.

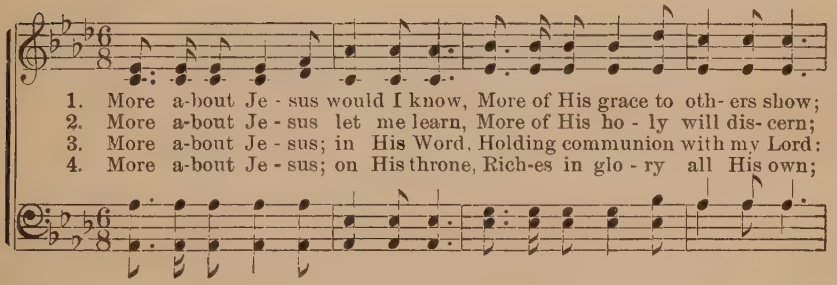
Praise Him for - ev - er, our Re - deem-er, King, Praise Him for-
Praise Him for - ev - - -

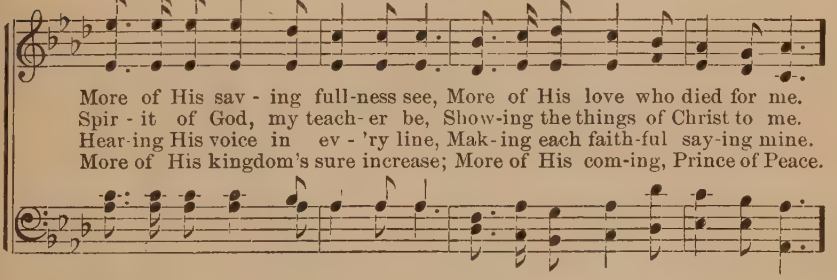
ev - er, men and an - gels sing! Un - to His name let songs of
- - - - - er, men and angels sing!



More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.





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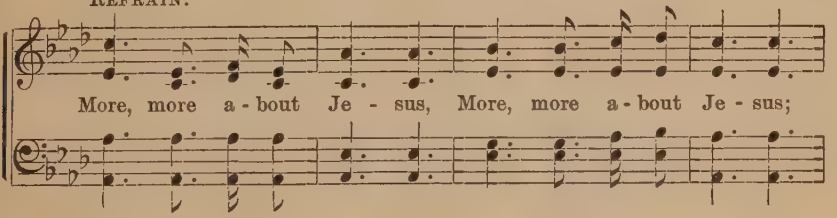

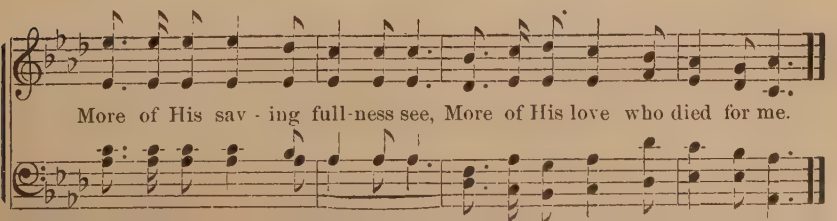

Wonderful Love.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Duet for Alto and Tenor.

Organist must also use grace notes with the melody.

1. I think, when I read the sweet sto - ry, How Je - sus came
2. And when I am fol-l'wing His foot - steps, New vi - sions of
3. Tho' ha - ted, de - spised and re - ject - ed, Neg - lect - ed a-

down from His throne, To res - cue the per - ish - ing sin - ner, To
beau - ty un - fold, Till, lost in the depths of a - maze - ment, I
gain and a - gain, He nev - er de - serts or for - sakes me, No

suf - fer and die for His own:..... Why should He as-sume my ob-
mar-vel such love to be - hold. .... Why should He re - lin-quish His
mat-ter how way-ward I've been..... My bur - den of sor - row He

la - tion? Why should He thus purchase sal - va - tion? Such love is di-
glo - ry? Be - fore Him stood Cal-va - ry gor - y! Yet heav-en re-
shar - eth, My stripes of in - iq - ui - ty wear - eth, My soul in His

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vine rev - e - la - tion, Un-bound-ed, un-meas-ured, un - known.
sounds with the sto - ry Of love that can nev - er be told.
bos - om He bear - eth, This won - der- ful Sav - ior of men.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won- der -ful, that He should love me, And for my

sins with His life- blood a - tone! Oh, it is won- der-ful,

won - der - ful, won - der - ful! Yet to the world be it

Rit.

known, He brought me a - gain to His own.....

The Ivory Palaces.

(Psalm 45: 8. Suggested by Rev. Dr. Chapman's sermon.)

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. FRED. H. BYSHE.

1. Out of the I - vo - ry Pal - ace He came, That pal-ace so wondrously
2. All of His garments are scented with myrrh, A per-fume as last-ing as
3. Sor-row and bit - ter-ness here for His cup, And heav-y the bur-dens He
4. Cas - sia for healing, His garments con-tain, A balm for all ills of the

fair;... Je-sus, the Savior, with pow'r in His name, And beauty past
time;.. Fragrance to scat-ter where'er He doth stir, En - dur-ing, re-
bore;.. Stooping to suf-fer, thereby to lift up The tempted,—no
soul;.. Sick-ness no longer,—no sor-row nor pain, For Jesus makes

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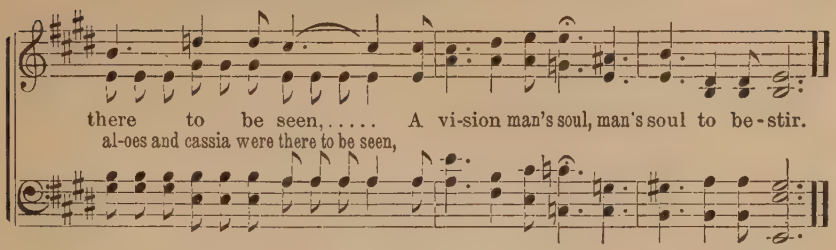
CHORUS.

earth-ly com - pare.
fin - ing, sub - lime. Out of the Pal - - ace of
mat - ter how sore. Out of the Pal - ace of I - v'ry He came,
"ev - 'ry whit whole."

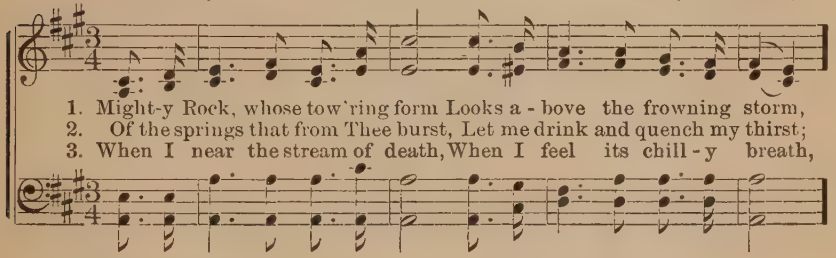
I - v'ry He came,.... With gar - ments all per - fumed, all
Out of the Palace of Iv'ry He came, With garments all perfumed, all perfumed with myrrh, With

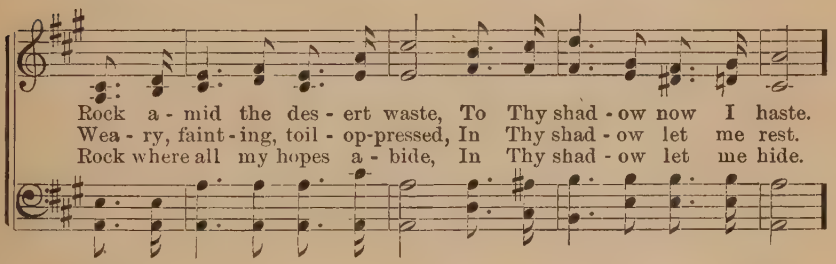
per - fumed with myrrh; Both al - oes and cas - sia were
garments all perfumed, all perfumed with myrrh; Both aloes and cassia were there to be seen, Both



Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form.

FANNY CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE.





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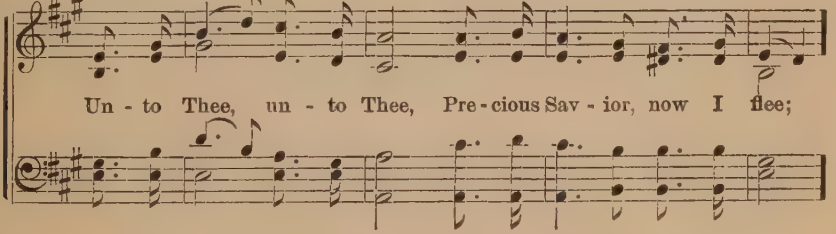

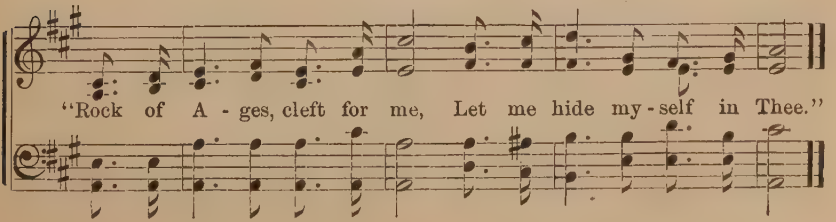

Bearing the Banner of Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. For - ward to Ca-naan's fair coun - try we go, Bear - ing the
2. Sol - diers are we in the ar - my of God, Bear - ing the
3. Ev - er we'll fol - low the foot - steps di - vine, Bear - ing the

ban-ner of Je - sus; For-ward, tho' oft - en as-sailed by the foe,
ban-ner of Je - sus; Tread-ing 'mid time's changing scenes where He trod,
ban-ner of Je - sus; Light from a-bove on our spir - its doth shine,

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

Bear - ing the ban-ner of Je - sus. "Faith - ful for - ev - er," our
Bear - ing the ban-ner of Je - sus. On - ward, tho' shadows of
Bear - ing the ban-ner of Je - sus. Sing - ing of peace when the

watchword shall be, Faith - ful till truth from all fet - ters is free,
gloom 'round us lie, On - ward when con-flict and dan - gers are nigh,
war - fare is o'er, Sing - ing of home in the glad ev - er - more,

:S: *Fine.*

Faithful till Zion's bright cit - y we see, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.
On - ward to vic - to - ry, won by and by, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.
Singing, we march to the heav-en-ly shore, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.

D.S.—Marching, we go to the dear promised land, Bearing the banner of Je - sus.

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CHORUS. *Unison*.....D. S.

Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus;

Joy of Forgiveness.

A. S. D. A. S. DE YOE.

1. There is gladness in my soul to-day, to-day, A peace I can-not tell,
2. There is comfort in my heart to-day, to-day, A joy that constant springs,
3. There is sunshine in my heart to-day, to-day, A light that sat-is-fies,

For the Spir-it of the Lord now dwells with-in, And with my soul 'tis well.
For the Com-fort-er has come to keep my soul, And love and gladness brings.
For my soul has found a home in Christ the Lord, And to His bos-om flies.

CHORUS.

There is {glad-ness / com-fort / sun-shine} in my heart to-day, Which peace and joy im-part,

There is glad - ness in my heart to-day,

For the Spir-it of the Lord has come to stay, There's {gladness / comfort / sunshine} in my heart.

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Have You Done Your Best for Jesus?

MRS. LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus? Has your
2. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus? Have you
3. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus? Is your
4. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus, All a-

dai - ly life the les - son taught, That the sac - ri - fice for
sung for Him your sweet - est song? Have your tru - est, brav - est
love for Him a glow - ing flame? Do you tell of His com-
con - se - cra - ted life can do? Oh, the com - ing of His

sin once of - fered, In your soul the sav - ing grace has wrought?
words been ut - tered To re - pel the ris - ing tide of wrong?
plete sal - va - tion, For the glo - ry of His match-less name?
bless - ed king - dom Will de - pend up - on the faith - ful few.

CHORUS.

For Je - - - sus, for Je - - - sus, Have you
Have you ev - er done your best? Have you ev - er done your best?

ev - er done your best for Je - sus? In some glad, supremest hour Have you

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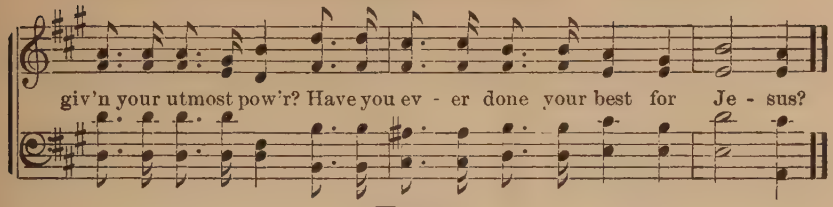
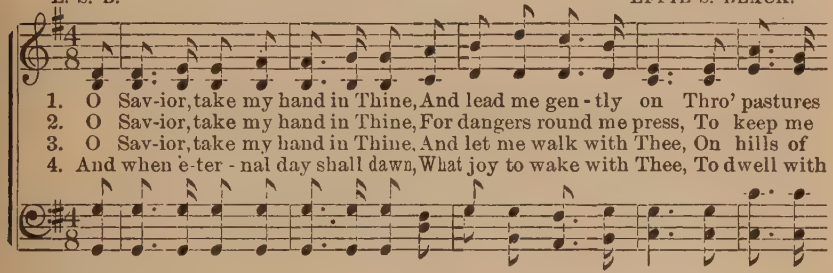
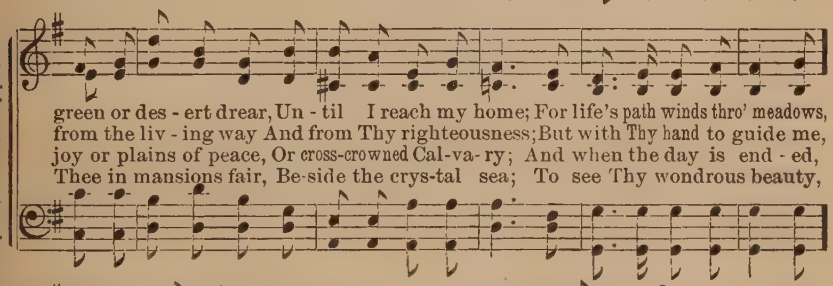
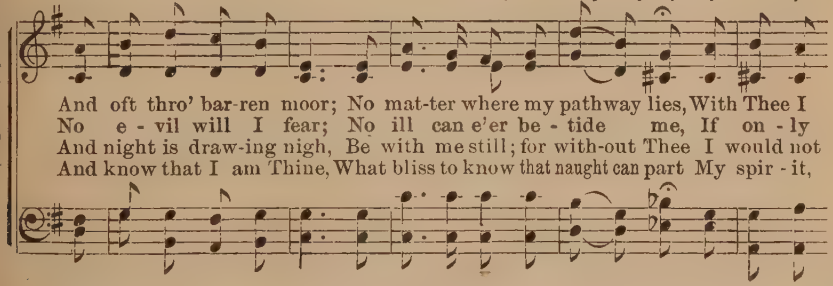


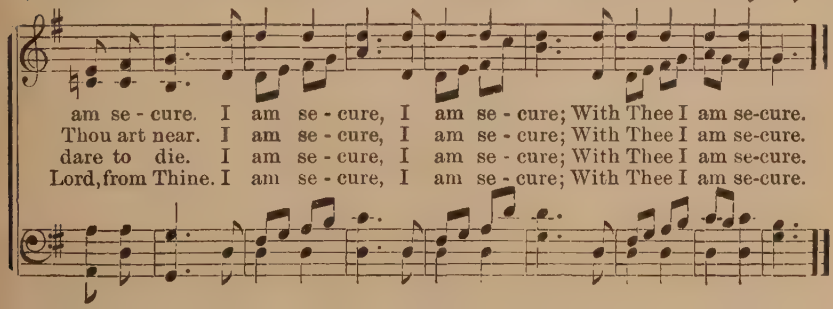
Trust.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.









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My Savior First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus - ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
mer - cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

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L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas- sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,

won-der-work-ing pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, won-der-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

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Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil- lows round me roll,
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I sweet com-mun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide - ex - tend - ed fields, I jour- ney o'er the plains,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;

And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.
And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the bright-ness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

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CHORUS.

Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun- light,
to-day, yes,

all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me,
nar - row way;

took a-way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love with-in.
load of sin,

Life's Mirror.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

Voices in unison.

1. There are loy-al hearts, there are spirits brave, There are souls that are pure and true;
2. Give love, and love to your life will flow, And strength in your inmost needs;
3. Give pit - y and sor-row to those who mourn, You will gath-er in flow'rs a - gain,

Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you.
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show Their faith in your words and deeds.
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne, Tho' the sow-ing seemed in vain.

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CHORUS.

f

For life is the mir-ror of king and slave, 'Tis just what we are and do;

ff

Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you.

The Glad Good News.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL.

1. "With an ev - er - last - ing love," came the mes-sage from a-bove,—
2 Tho' un-mind-ful we have been, and have wandered on in sin,
3. O - pen now to Him your heart, lest for - ev - er He de - part,

"I have loved thee." God hath spo - ken, tell the news (the glad good news);
Still His voice is ev - er speak - ing, tell the news (the glad good news);
And ac - cept the gra - cious bless - ing, tell the news (the glad good news);

Heark - en, soul, un - to His voice, and for - ev - er - more re - joice
He, re - ject - ed o'er and o'er, still is wait - ing at the door,
"With an ev - er - last - ing love," let us each the mes-sage prove,

That His word can-not be bro - ken, tell the news (the glad good news).
And Thy soul in mer - cy seek - ing, tell the news (the glad good news).
And with joy His name con - fess - ing, tell the news (the glad good news).

CHORUS.

Tell the new,..... the glad good news, Tell the
O tell the news, the glad good news,

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news..... from shore to shore!..... At the door He waits for thee,
O tell the news from shore to shore!

Love di-vine His on - ly plea, Tell the news,..... the glad good news.
O tell the news,

I Need Thee Every Hour.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. REV. R. LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like Thine
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is-es
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine indeed,

REFRAIN.

Can peace af - ford.
When Thou art nigh.
In me ful - fill.
Thou bless-ed Son.
} I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior! I come to Thee.

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Jesus Tenderly Calling.

J. G. FOOTE. JOHN.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior now
2. Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus, like the good shepherd, Out on the des - ert to
3. Prod - i - gal son, thy Fa - ther is wait-ing, Anx-ious and long-ing for
4. Chiefest of sin - ners Je - sus will welcome, "Be of good cheer," He will

pleads for thee; Stand-ing and knock - ing, anx-ious - ly wait - ing,
find his sheep; When he hath found it heav - en re - joic - es;
thy re - turn; He will for - give thee, wel-come and bless thee,
say to thee; He will re - move your ev - 'ry trans-gres - sion,

CHORUS.

Long-ing to save thee, and set thee free.
Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior can save and keep.
Glad - ly em-brace thee: then why not come?
Blot-ting them out, and will set thee free.
} Je - sus is call - ing,

ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, He pleads, O hear Him to - day;

Will you not heed His tender entreaties? Why not receive Him, His voice o - bey.

From "New Hymns." Used by per.

I Am His and He Is Mine.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I must sing for joy at the hap-py thought, I be-long to Je - sus, and
2. Let the way grow wild, let the storms rise high, I be-long to Je - sus, and
3. He is at my side when my soul is tried, I be-long to Je - sus, and
4. He will comfort me when my sorrows come, I be-long to Je - sus, and

He belongs to me; With His pre - cious blood He my soul hath bought,
He belongs to me; To my trust - ing soul He is ev - er nigh,
He belongs to me; More than broth-er He, more than friend and guide,
He belongs to me; He is lead - ing me To His own bright home,

CHORUS.

I be-long to Je - sus, and He be-longs to me. I be-long to Je - sus,

blessed, blessed Je - sus; Ev'ry hour His tender smile I see; I am trusting in His

love, Ev-er faithful He will prove, I be-long to Je - sus, and He belongs to me.

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Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. A - wake! a - wake! the Mas-ter now is call-ing us, A-rise! a - rise! and,
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in heathen lands, It comes, it comes a -
3. O Church of God, ex-tend thy kind, maternal arms To save the lost on
4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall

trust - ing in His word, Go forth! go forth! pro-claim the year of
cross the o-cean's foam! Then haste, O haste, to spread the words of
mountains dark and cold; Reach out thy hand with lov - ing smile to
hail the Sav - ior King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in

ju - bi-lee, And take the cross, the bless - ed cross of Christ, our Lord.
truth a-broad, For-get - ting not the starv - ing poor at home, dear home!
res-cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter of the Sav - ior's fold.
ev - 'ry clime, And "glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah," o'er the earth shall ring.

CHORUS.

On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is shining o'er us;
On, on, on, swell the chorus; On, on, on,

On, on, while before us, Our mighty, mighty Savior leads the way.
On, on, on, while before, leads the way.

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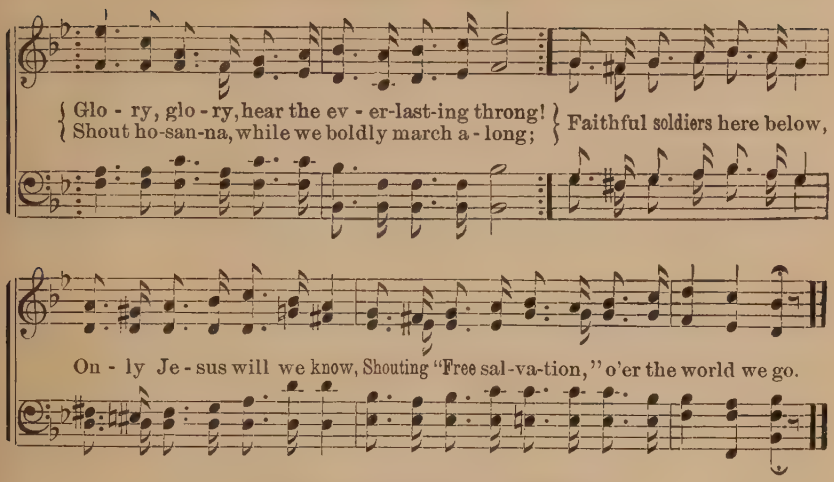
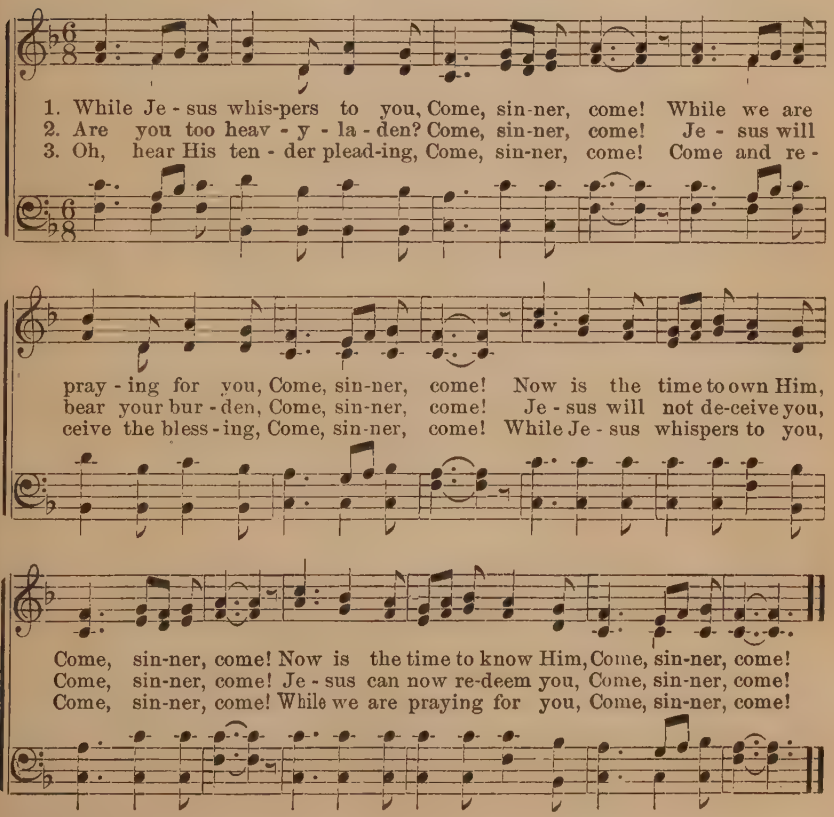


Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.



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Loyal Soldiers.

JOHN D. MORGAN. PERCY S. FOSTER.

1. True in heart and loy - al we are ev - er, To our Lord and Master,
2. Ev - er on, from strength to strength progressing, Ev-'ry pow'r impressing,
3. Marching on-ward, ev - er on - ward, up-ward, Marching ev - er for-ward,

in each day's en-deav - or; True in tho't, in deed, in word, and pur-pose,
we would, by His bless - ing, Give ourselves in lov-ing-heart-ed serv - ice
marching ev - er heav'nward, Bearing high the cross-emblazoned ban - ner

p Prayerfully.

to our Lord and King. Help us, Je-sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,
to our Lord and King. Help us, Je-sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,
of our Lord and King. Help us, Je-sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,

to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way,
to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way,
to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way,

Rit. *Tempo.*

hear us, Sav-ior, King. Sol-diers, loy - al, serv-ing Christ, our Leader,
hear us, Sav-ior, King. Go - ing forth un - to the world-wide reaping,
hear us, Sav-ior, King. In the might of Him who reigneth o'er us,

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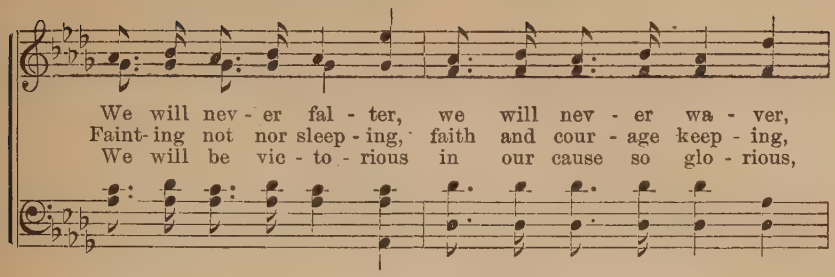
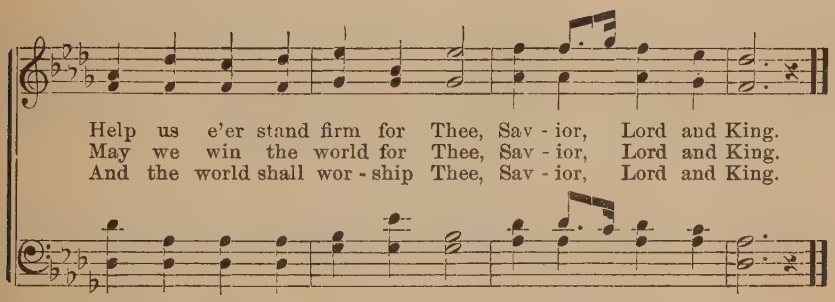
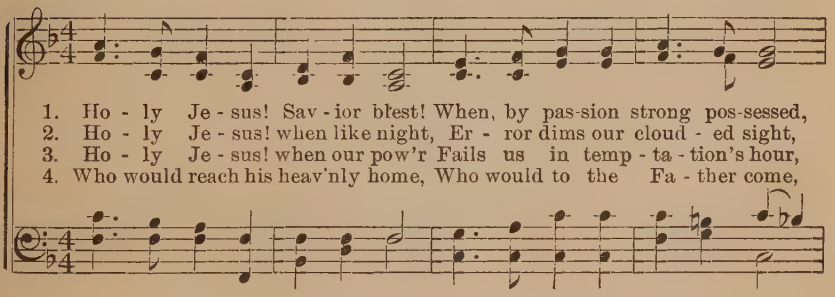
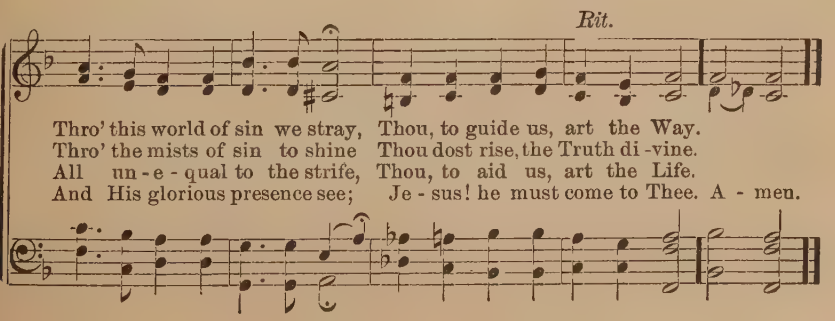




Holy Jesus! Savior Blest!

RICHARD MAÑT. W. H. P. BARLEY.





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The Wonderful Savior.

D. C. CARSON. ALT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I've found a friend, the best of all, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!
2. He with the low-ly sat at meat, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!
3. Oh, that the whole wide world might own Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!

He leads and guides me lest I fall, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!
And washed His own dis-ci-ples' feet— Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!
We're saved by grace, thro' Him a-lone, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!

His love with sunshine floods my way, His presence brightens ev-'ry day; 'Tis
Tho' without sin, for me He died, On Cal-va-ry was cru-ci-fied; Yet
No oth-er name for sinners giv'n; No oth-er name in earth or heav'n; But

joy to hon-or and o-bey Such a wonderful, wonderful Sav-ior!
up from death, all glo-ri-fied, Came this wonderful, wonderful Sav-ior!
all must come who'd be forgiv'n, To this wonderful, wonderful Sav-ior!

CHORUS.

Wonderful, wonderful Sav-ior! Wonderful, wonderful Sav-ior! Of

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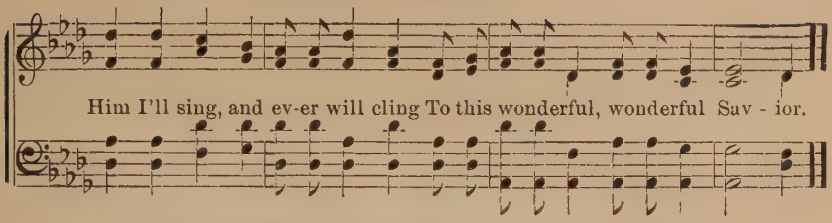
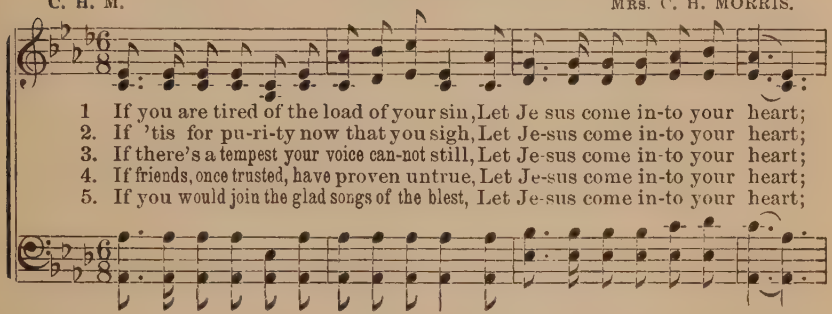
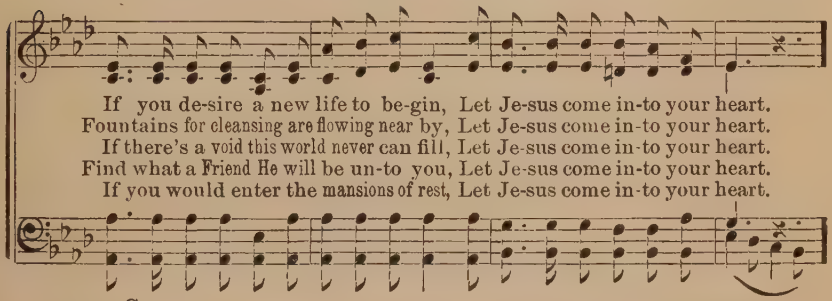


Let Jesus Come into Your Heart.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.





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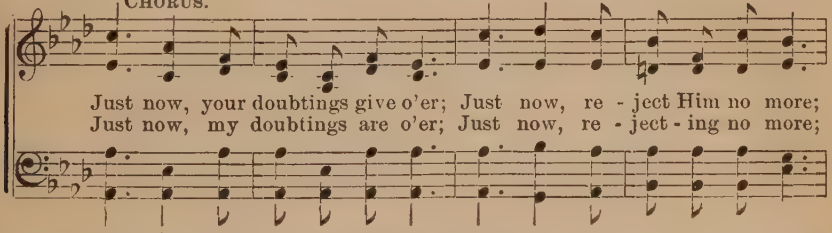

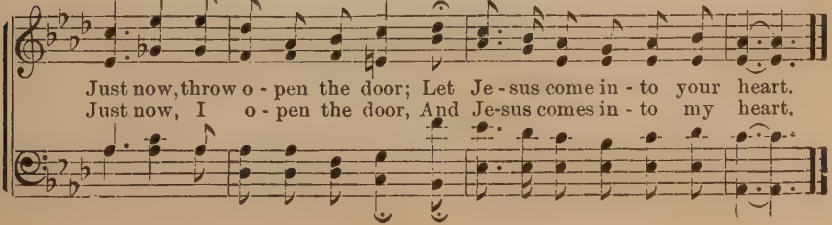

Take My All.

MRS. F. G. BURROUGHS. E. S. LORENZ

DUET.

1. Take my lit - tle faith and hold it, Keep it for me, blessed Lord!
2. Take my hope and keep it stead-fast, E'en a-midst the fiercest gale;
3. Take my fee - ble love and fan it To a might - y, mighty flame!
4. Take my heart for Thine own dwelling, May Thy Spir - it rule and reign;

May it grow a mighty pow - er, Firmly root - ed in Thy word.
Let me rest in Thee, my ha - ven, Anchored there within the veil.
That it nev - er fail, Lord Je - sus, Write up-on me Thy new name!
Then the work Thou hast be-gun there To Thy glo - ry shall re - main!

CHORUS.

Take my all, O Lord, I give it! Take my all, O Lord, re-ceive it!

Take my all, for I com-mit it now to Thee, to Thee! Take it

all, I'm naught with-hold - ing! Take it all, my soul en - fold-ing!

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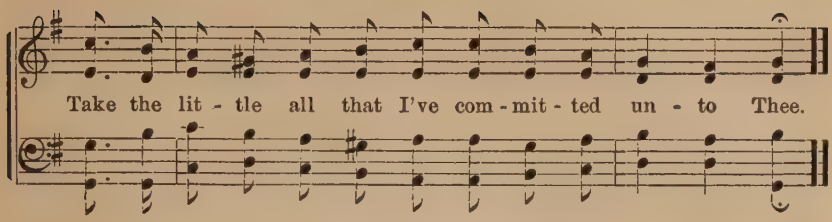
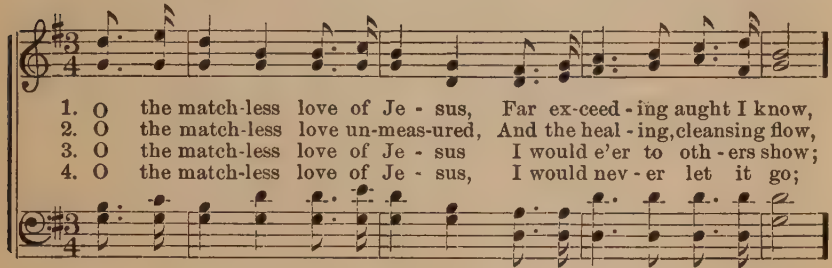
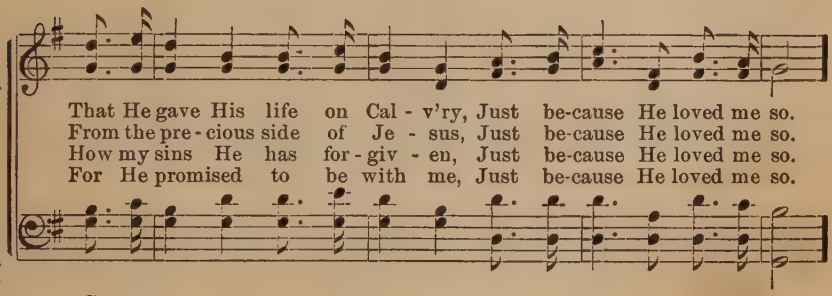


Just Because He Loved Me So.

REV. F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.





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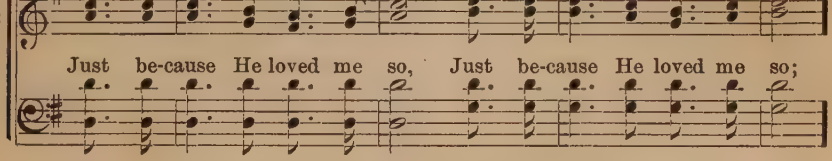
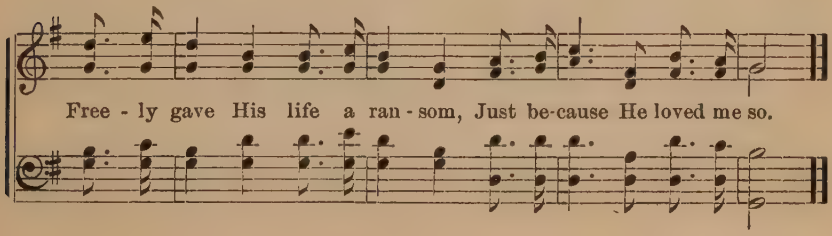
CHORUS.





He Saves Me.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear lov - ing Sav - ior hath found me, And shattered the fet - ters that bound me, Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spake peace to my soul; The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In ten - der-ness con-stant-ly sought me, The way of sal - va - tion He
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly win-ning me to Him, I yield-ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be filled with His grace; Al-though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro' faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re - joice and a -
3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of serv - ice and grieve Him, I'll con-stant-ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His pres-ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly,

CHORUS.

taught me, And made my heart per-fect - ly whole.
dore Him, Re-stored to His lov - ing em - brace.
know - ing That Je - sus the Sav - ior is mine.
He saves me, He

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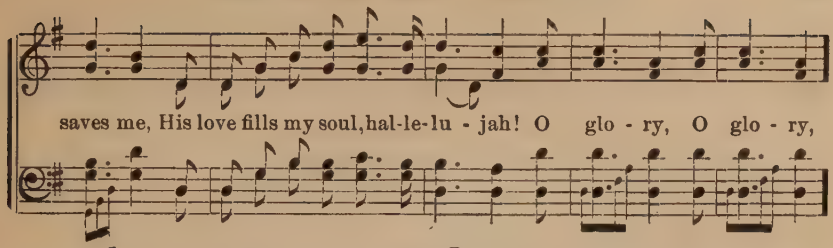
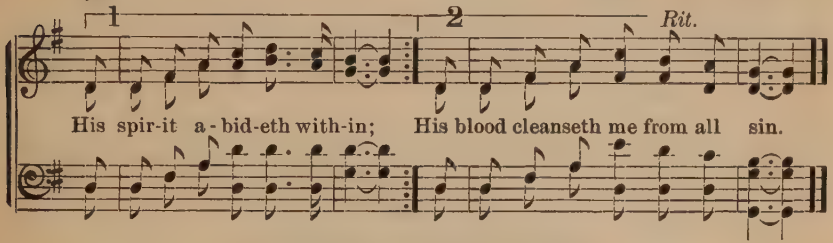
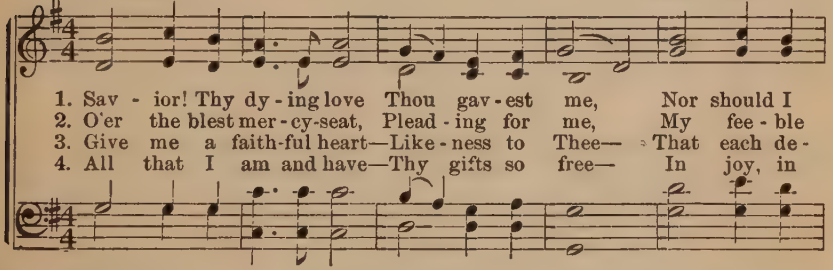
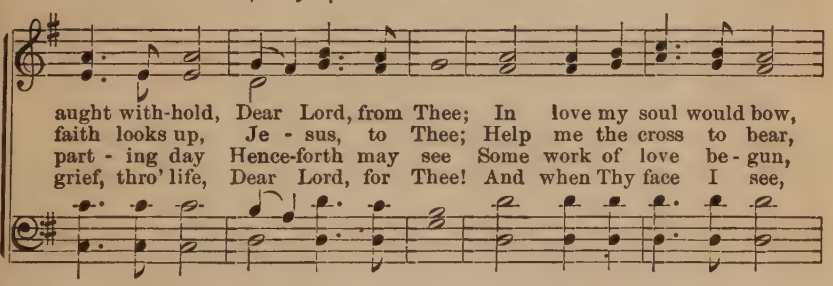


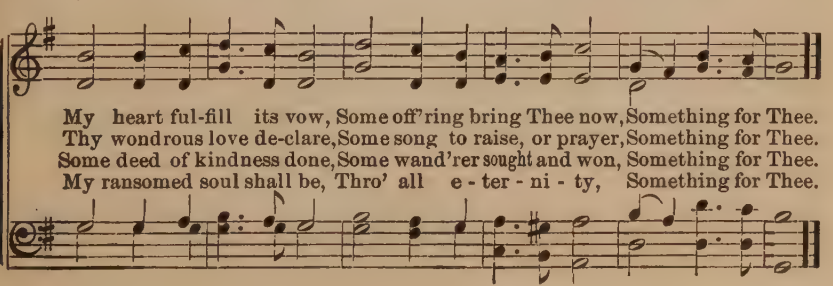


Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.







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My Song Shall be of Jesus.

MRS. HEYER. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

Voices in unison.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days,
   He fills my cup with bless-ings, and tunes my heart to praise;
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, when, sit - ting at His feet,
   I call to mind His kind-ness, in med - i - ta - tion sweet;
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, while press-ing on my way,
   To reach the bliss - ful re - gion of pure and per - fect day;

Full Chorus.

My song shall be of Je - sus, the pre - cious Lamb of God,
My song shall be of Je - sus, what- ev - er ill be - tide,
And when my soul shall en - ter the gates of E - den fair,

Unison.

Who gave Him - self a ran-som, and bought me with His blood.
I'll sing the grace that saves me, and keeps me at His side.
A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

CHORUS.

My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days;

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He fills my cup with bless-ings, And tunes my heart to praise.

If You Knew Him.

J. W. D. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. If you on - ly knew my Sav - ior, You would nev-er treat Him so,
2. If you knew how He would bless you, If your heart was free from sin,
3. If you re - al - ized the com - fort That my Lord would free-ly give,
4. If you knew how sweet His pres-ence, When death en-ters at the door,

If you knew how ver - y pre-cious, You would love Him too, I know.
You would quickly bid Him en - ter, You would let the Sav-ior in.
You would cer-tain- ly ad - mit Him, You would turn to Him and live.
You would humbly seek His par - don, You would serve Him ev- er - more.

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CHORUS.

If you knew Him, you would love Him, You would never, never bid Him to depart;

It you knew Him, you would love Him, You would let Him in your heart.

In Thy Name We Gather.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. In Thy name we gath-er, gracious Lord di-vine, May Thy love most ten-der
2. Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, Lord, we give to Thee, Thine, yea, Thine a-lone for-
3. Fit us for Thy service, teach us all Thy will; Ev-'ry precious promise
4. Je-sus, bless-ed Sav-ior, when we meet at last In the land where partings

'round our hearts entwine; Guide us by Thy Spir-it, lead us in Thy way,
ev-er-more to be; Heav-en's rich-est blessings now on us be-stow,
now in us ful-fill; Help us tell the sto-ry of Thy wondrous name,
are for-ev-er past, Saved by grace di-vine to all e-ter-ni-ty,

CHORUS.

Meet, O meet with us to-day. Meet..... with us, dear
Till our hearts shall o-ver-flow.
Till it set the world a-flame.
We will give the praise to Thee. Meet with us, dear Sav-ior,

Sav-ior, Meet..... with us, we pray;
meet with us to-day, Meet, O meet with us, we pray, with us, we pray;

In Thy ho-ly name we gath-er, O meet... with us to-day.
O Savior, meet with us to-day, to-day.

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JENNIE WILSON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Home to Zi - on we are bound, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;
2. Trusting, we will for-ward go, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;
3. We will sing sal - va-tion's song, Hap py in the love of Je - sus;
4. Soon we'll reach the homeland fair, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus;

Peace a - bid - ing we have found, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
Treading changeful paths be - low, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
All our earth-ly way a - long, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
And shall dwell for- ev - er there, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.

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CHORUS.

Hap - py, hap - py, sing-ing all the way, Hap- py all the day;

Hap - py, hap - py, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.

On the Great Highway.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Onward up the King's great highway, Upward to the promised land, We are
2. Tho' the day be dark and drear-y, Tho' the stormy winds rush by, Yet we

marching with a shout of triumph, For the Lord of hosts is in com-mand;
know the sun is brightly shining Just beyond the clouds that veil the sky;

Stead-i-ly, our force in-creas-ing, On we go with songs of joy, For no
Onward, then, and upward ev-er, Singing, praising more and more, Till we

en-e-my shall hold the way before us, Neither shall they frighten or destroy.
reach at last the promised land of beauty, And our days of marching all are o'er.

CHORUS.

On-ward at the King's command, Up-ward to the promised land,
Onward, onward at the King's command, and Upward, upward to the promised land, now

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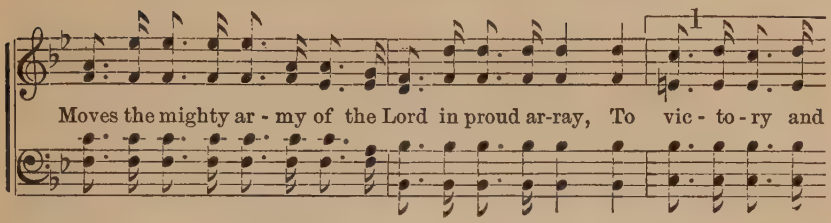
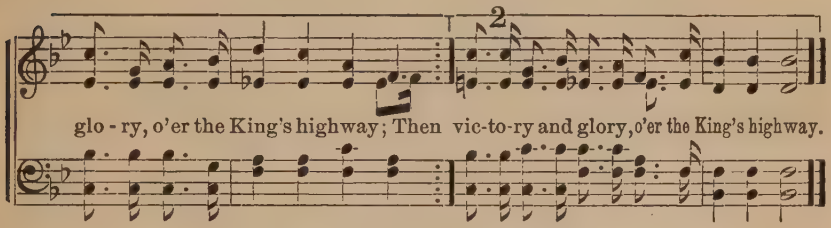
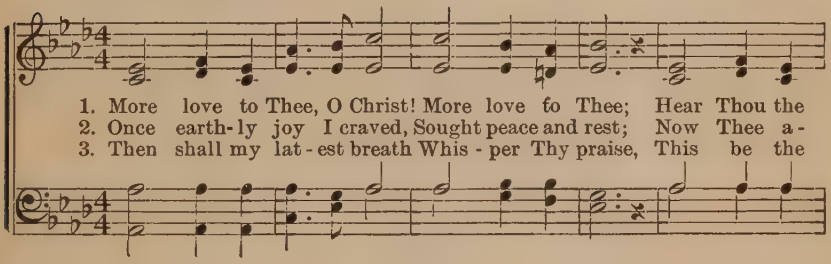
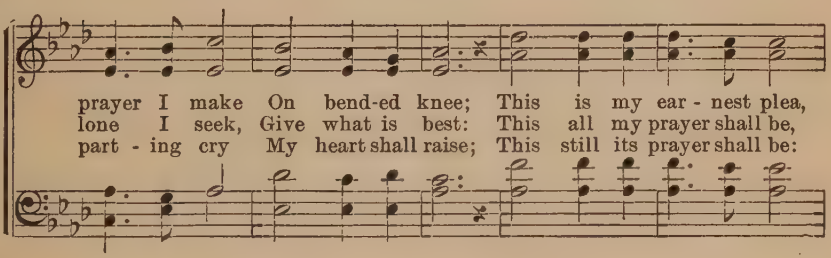


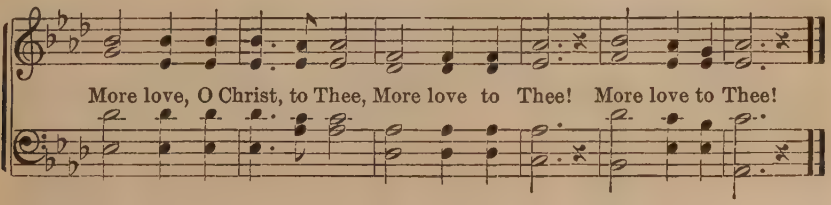


More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.







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A Clean Heart.

REV. WALTER C. SMITH. FRED H. BYSHE.

Andante con espressione.

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir - y been,
2. If clear-er vi - sion Thou im-part, Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vi - sion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And stanch the springs of guilt - y thought,

Rit.

Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mirrored in its depths are seen The things di-vine, The things divine.
But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

Rit.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, without, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Wash me, Thou, with - out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,

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Rit.

No matter how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
Anyhow, if only sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me.

Die in me,

Rit.

Lord, for To-morrow and Its Needs.

E. R. WILBERFORCE. "Just for To-day."—H. R. PALMER.

Met. ♩ = 88.

1. Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un-think-ing say; Set Thou a seal up-
3. And if, to-day, this life of mine Should ebb a - way, Give me Thy Sac-ra-

stain of sin Just for to - day. Help me to la - bor ear-nest-ly,
on my lips Thro' all to - day. Let me in sea-son, Lord, be grave,
ment Di-vine, Fa - ther, to - day. So for to-mor-row and its needs

Cres. *ff* *Rall.*

And du - ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa - ther, to-day.
In sea-son gay; Let me be faithful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to-day. A - men.

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My Heart is Singing.

E. K. H. E. K. HEYSER.

1. All day long my heart is sing-ing, For I know the Lord loves me;
2. All day long my heart is pleading, Come to Christ, He loves you true;
3. Would you taste the sweetest pleasure That your soul can ev - er know?

And with joy my soul is ring - ing, For from sin my soul is free.
'Tis that love your soul is need - ing, And the Spir - it calls for you.
Je - sus' love is with-out meas - ure, O re - ceive it ere you go.

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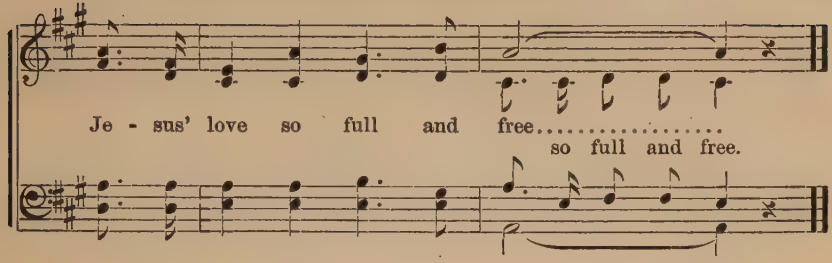
CHORUS.

All the day..... my heart is sing - ing,
All the day my heart is sing - ing,

And with joy..... my soul is ring - ing;
And with joy my soul is ring - ing;

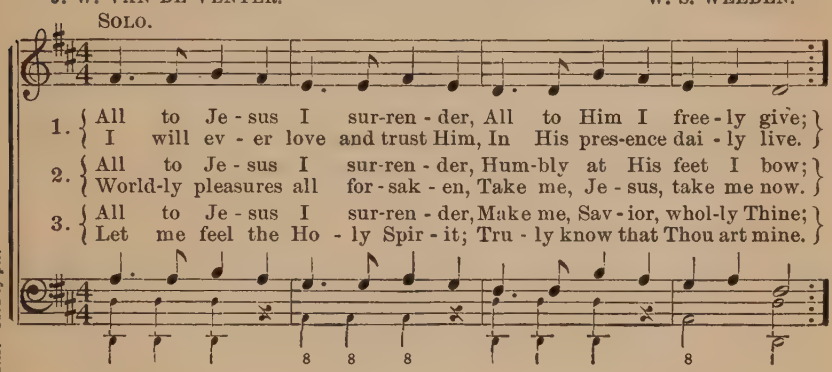
Je - sus' love..... to you I'm bring - ing,
Je - sus' love to you I'm bring-ing,



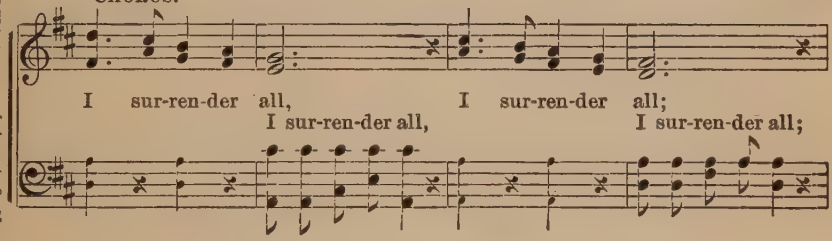
I Surrender All.

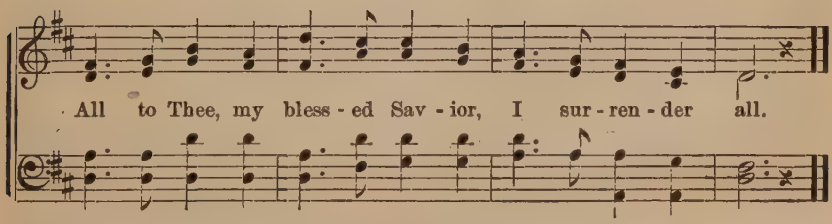
J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.



CHORUS.





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4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

Abide With Me.

EMMA G. DIETRICH. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

1. A - bide with me; I need Thee ev - 'ry day, To lead me on thro' all the wea - ry way; When storms surround, and only clouds I see, Lord, be my com - fort, and a - bide with me.
2. Be with me, Lord, wher-e'er my path may lead; Ful-fill Thy word, sup-ply my ev - 'ry need; Help me to live each day more close to Thee, And, O dear Lord, I pray a - bide with me.
3. A - bide with me, my Lord, and when at last This earth and all its wea - ry cares are past, I'll pray no more that Thou a - bide with me, For then, at last, I shall a - bide with Thee.

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REFRAIN. *Faster.*

A - bide with me..... from morn till eve,.....
A - bide with me, from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee..... I can - not live;..... A - bide with
For without Thee I can-not live;

me..... when night is nigh,..... For with-out
A - bide with me when night is nigh,

Thee ..... I dare not die.....
For with - out Thee I dare not die.

Joy to the World.

(Antioch.)

I. WATTS. FR. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; { Let ev-'ry heart prepare Him room, }

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

What Are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, As you jour-ney thro' life?
2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you striv-ing each day,
3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus As the days go by?
4. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Soon comes set-ting of sun;

Sow - ing the grain for the har - vest, Or scat-ter - ing seeds of strife?
By lit - tle acts of kind - ness, To bright - en some one's way?
Tell-ing the lone and the wea - ry Of rest be - yond the sky?
Hast-en and tell the glad ti - dings, Lest you leave some work un - done.

CHORUS.

What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - - sus?
What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Je-sus to-day?

What are you do - ing As the days go by?.....
What are you doing for Jesus your friend, As the days go by, days go by?

What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - - sus?
What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Je-sus to-day?

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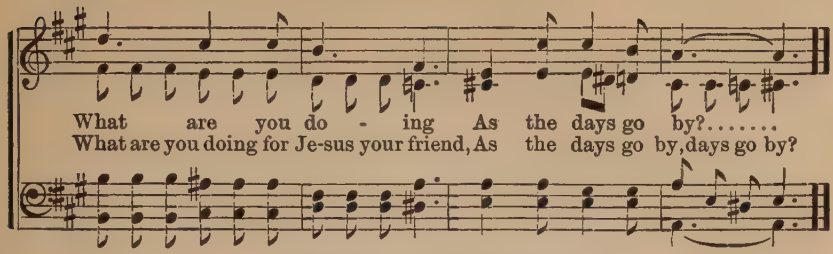
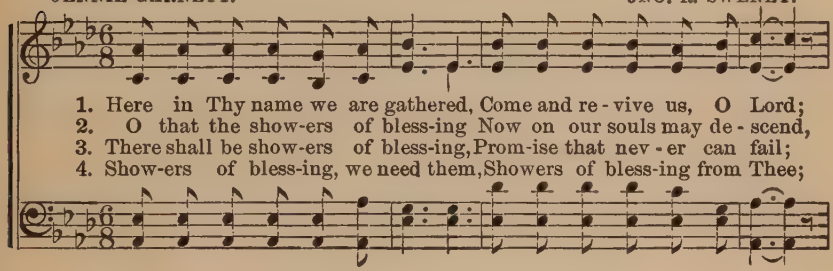
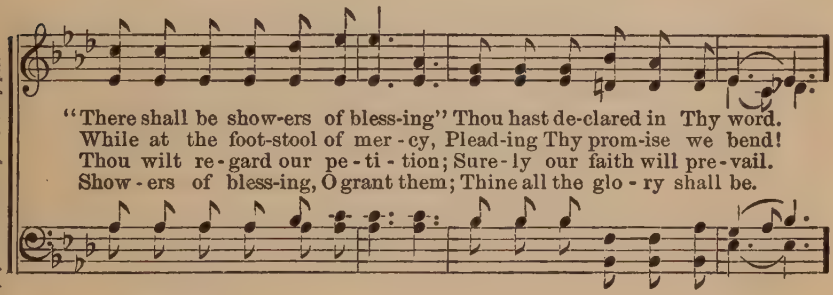


Showers of Blessing.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.





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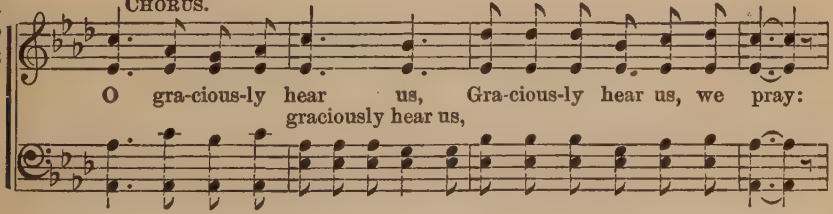

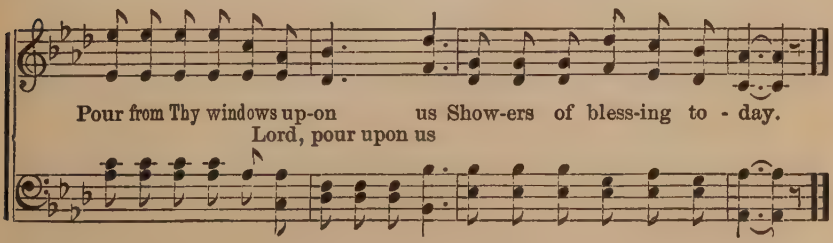

Ever True.

INSCRIBED TO REV. R. A. WALTON, D. D.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

1. When the days are full of glad - ness, Love is fond-est, hope most free;
2. Days may come when all will leave you, Lov-ing friends will faithless be;
3. When temptation walks be - side you, Strength and courage al - most gone,
4. When the days are fraught with sor - row, And the nights are full of pain;

Ere there blows a breath of sad - ness, Whisp'ring of the days to be (to be);
Those you trusted most will grieve you, Joy be but a mem - o - ry (memory);
On - ly let the Sav - ior guide you, He will make you firm and strong (and strong);
When you dread the coming mor-row, When your cherished hopes prove vain (prove vain);

There is one who standeth near you, Who would share your joys with you;
Then the blessed Sav - ior call - eth, "Trust me, you will find me true;
Then the blessed Mas - ter call - eth, "Fear not, I will com-fort you;
Then re-mem-ber He is near you, He would share your pain with you;

He a-lone, thro'-out all chan - ges, Will for-ev - er - more be true.
Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, I will be a friend to you."
I will foil the tempt-er for you, I have borne your sin for you."
He a-lone, thro'-out all chan - ges, Will for-ev - er - more be true.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will be ev - er true (to you); He will never part from you (He'll be true);

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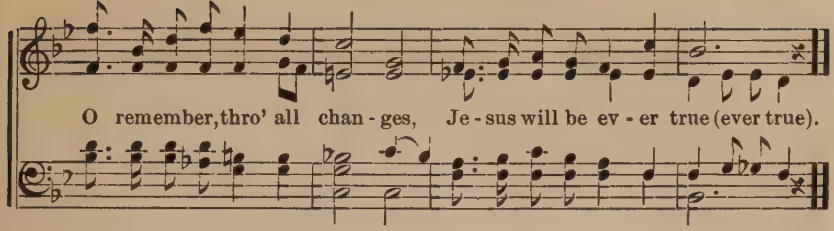
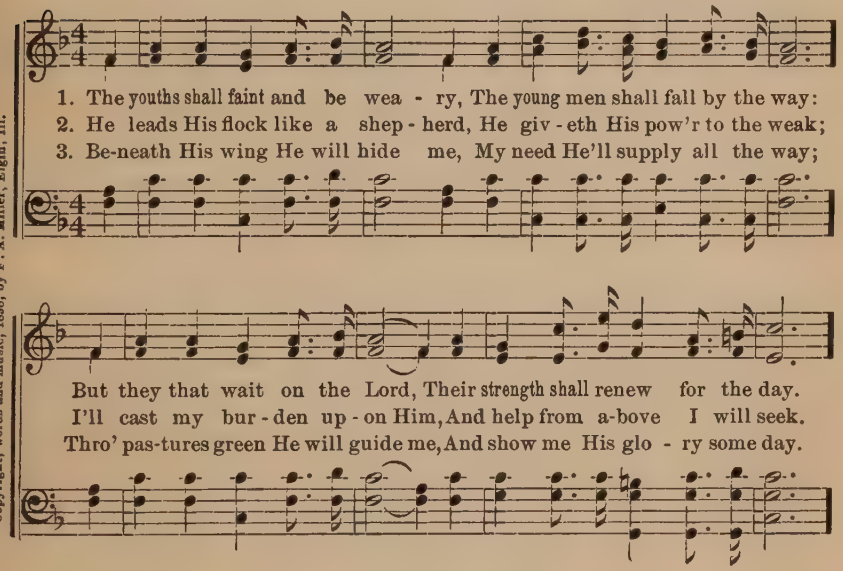


O Wait, My Soul.

F. A. M. FRANK A. MILLER.



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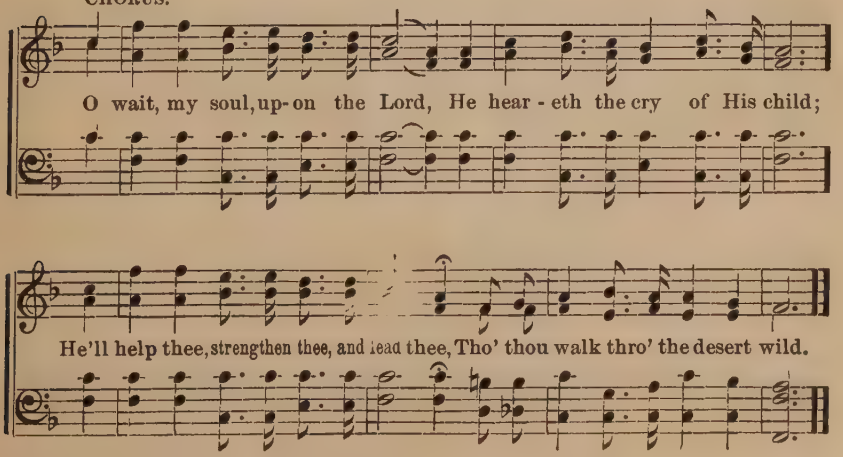
CHORUS.



Glory for Me.

EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I shall be hap - py when heaven I gain, All free from earth's troubles, its
2. Oft - en life's burdens are heavy to bear; In heav - en, I know there will
3. Glad-ly I'll greet the dear friends I have known, They who long a - go were called

toils and its pain; To see the dear Lamb who for sinners was slain, Oh,
be no more care; And Christ, my Redeem - er, is wait - ing me there! Oh,
up to the throne; But sweeter the greet-ing from God's on-ly Son, Oh,

CHORUS.

that will be glo - ry for me. Oh, that will be glo - ry, be

glo - ry for me, Oh, that will be glo - ry for me, yes, for me; To

see the dear Lamb who for sinners was slain, Oh, that will be glo-ry for me.
for me.

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Breathe on us, O Holy Spirit.

Respectfully Inscribed to Rev. R. A. Walton, D. D.

Rev. R. H. WASHBURNE. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, As we meet with one ac - cord,
2. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, As Thy al - tar we sur-round;
3. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, We be-lieve Thy prom-ise true,
4. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, E - ven as at Pen - te - cost;

Grant to us Thy gra-cious fa - vor, Come, ac-cord-ing to Thy word.
Fill us with Thy pow'r and blessing, Place our feet on sol - id ground.
We are long-ing for Thy full - ness, Quickly come, our souls re - new.
We will wait the prom-ised bless-ing, Then go forth to save the lost.

Chorus.

Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, We be - lieve that Thou dost come;

Thou our souls art sweet-ly fill-ing, Self to Thee has giv-en room. A - men.

*Last stanza only.

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My Friend.

F. A. M.

May be sung as Solo and Chorus.

REV. F. A. MILLER.

1. They tell me the path to heav-en Is filled with man-y a thorn;
2. They say there are heav-y cross-es, And bur-dens man-y to bear;
3. They tell me the way is threatened With clouds and man-y a storm;
4. O hearts that are crushed with sorrow, Whose eyes with weeping are dim;

That the feet that will fol-low Je-sus, Will be wea-ry oft and torn;
That the way is too straight and nar-row, And the sun shines sel-dom there;
But I hide in the "Rock of A-ges," Un-til all with-out is calm.
Weep not, for the Mas-ter call-eth; Bring your load of grief to Him:

But they do not hear the whis-per Of His voice so sweet and calm,
But a-round the cross there's glo-ry, And His strong arm bears my load,
If my cup is some-times bit-ter, 'Tis because "He knows" it's best;
For He soothes the brow of sor-row, And He calms the heav-ing breast,

And they do not feel the rap-ture, As I press the wound-ed palm.
And His lov-ing smile is sun-shine, And He gives me naught but good.
He but lets my feet grow wea-ry, That I may have sweet-er rest.
And He heals the bro-ken-heart-ed, And He gives the wea-ry rest.

CHORUS.

O let me walk with Je-sus, He has been a friend to me;
4. O come and walk with Je-sus, He will be a friend to thee;

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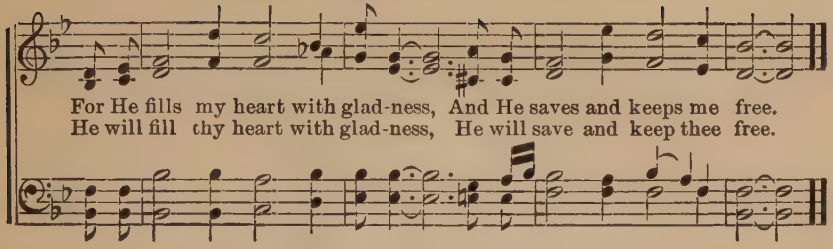
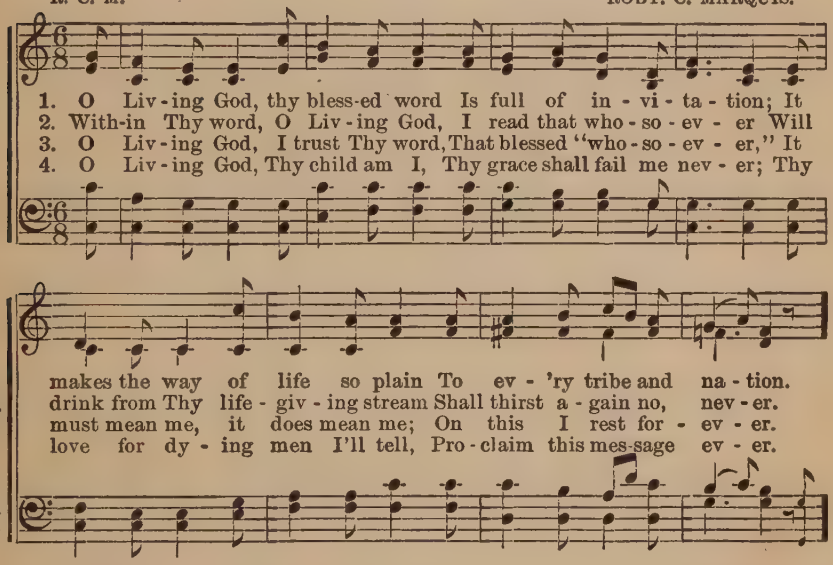


Saved to the Uttermost.

R. C. M. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.



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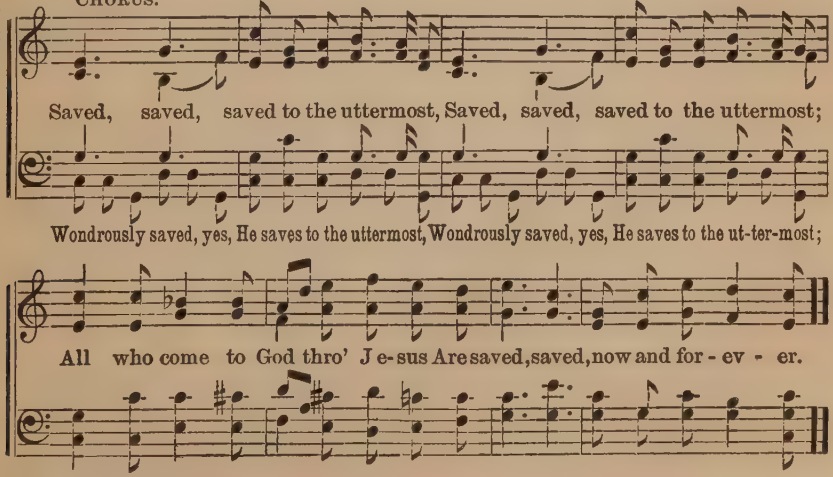

Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Go forth! go forth for Je - sus now—Be work - ing! be watch - ing!
2. Go forth! go forth to all the world! O stay not! de - lay not—
3. Go forth! let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! be watch - ing!
Go forth! go forth!

The Lord Him - self will teach you how To watch and pray.
But let Love's ban - ner be un - furled, And grace be told.
O stay the might - y pow'r of wrong Wher - e'er ye may.

'Tis not for thee thy field to choose—No work He gives must
O let re - deem - ing love be sung— A song of joy on
E-quipped with love and strength di - vine, The vic - to - ry is

thou re - fuse—Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!
ev - 'ry tongue! Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!
sure - ly thine—Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!

CHORUS.

Go forth to work—to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus who calls thee—
Go forth! go forth!

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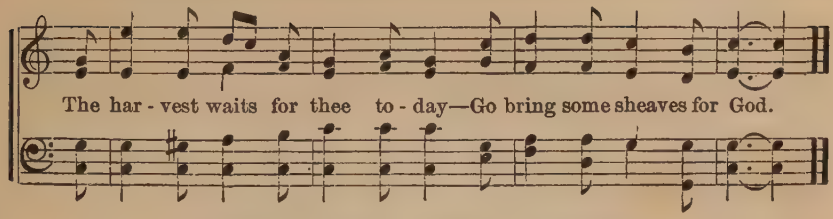

Holy Spirit, Dwell in Me.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WINONA BIBLE CONFERENCE.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Teach mine err-ing feet the way;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Fill my soul with Thy rich grace;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Till life's night has passed a - way;

As I jour - ney here be - low, Guide me ev - 'ry day.
Let me all the beau - ty see In my Sav - ior's face.
When with rap - ture I shall wake In e - ter - nal day.

Show me what I ought to do, Help me shun the wrong;
Till at last His life shall be Mir-rored in mine own;
I shall dwell with Christ my Lord In our heav'n - ly home,

In this va - ried chain of life, Make the weak link strong.
And the like - ness God can see, To His own dear Son.
And He will pre - sent me then, Fault-less, at the throne.

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Why Not Say Yes To-night?

EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

Duet, or all Sopranos and Altos.

1. Oh, why not say Yes to the Sav-ior to-night? He's ten-der-ly pleading with thee To come to Him now with thy sin-burdened heart For par-don so full and so free. (so free.) Why not say Yes to-night,.... Why not, why not? While He so gen-tly, so
2. For with you the Spirit will not always plead. Oh, do not re-ject Him to-night; To-mor-row may bring you the dark-ness of death, Un-bro-ken by heav-en-ly light. (heav'nly light.)
3. Take Christ as your Savior, then all shall be well, The morrow let bring what it may; His love shall pro-tect you, His Spir-it shall guide, And safe-ly keep you in His way. (His way.) Why not say Yes to the Savior to-night? Say Yes, say Yes,

CHORUS.

Why not say Yes? why not to-night?

ten-der-ly pleads, Oh, ac-cept Him to-night..... ac-cept Him to-night.

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Claim Power from Jesus Just Now.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Would you be saved with a per - fect sal - va - tion? Claim pow - er from Je - sus just now; Would you be free from your sin's con-dem-na - tion?
2. Come, tho' your guilt it may be as a mountain, Claim pow - er from Je - sus just now; Cleans-ing is found in the life-giv - ing foun-tain,
3. A - ble is He ev - 'ry soul to de - liv - er, Claim pow - er from Je - sus just now; Ev - er His grace flow-eth on like a riv - er,
4. Free - ly the Com-fort - er prom-ised be - stow-ing, Claim pow - er from Je - sus just now, Fill - ing your heart with a joy o - ver-flow - ing,
5. Send - ing you forth to be used for His glo - ry, Claim pow - er from Je - sus just now; Tell - ing to oth - ers the won-der - ful sto - ry,

CHORUS.

Claim pow - er from Je - sus just now. Just now, . . . just now, . . . Just now, just now,

Claim pow - er from Je - sus just now, He's a - ble to Hal-le - lu - jah!

save you and keep you from falling, Claim pow-er from Je - sus just now.

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Christ Is the Conqueror.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The Sav - ior leads His faith - ful on To bat - tle for the right;
2. Be - fore them is the pre-cious cross; They glo - ry in its fame;
3. Their tongues the name of Je - sus sounds; The name they love so well;

Their mot - to is "Thy will be done;" The hosts of sin they'll smite.
It lifts their thoughts from earth-ly dross, To think of Je - sus' name.
With - in their hearts His love a-bounds, For-ev - er there to dwell.

No fears a - larm, no ter - rors stop, They go with stead - y tread;
From con-quest un - to vic - to - ry, Press forth the might - y throng;
O who will join this bright ar - ray, This ar - my of the Lord?

And none shall by the way - side drop, For Christ is at the head.
The hosts of Sa - tan all must flee Be - fore the vic - tor's song.
O who will now the call o - bey, Be gov-erned by His word?

CHORUS.

Christ is the con - quer-or, Christ is the con - quer-or;

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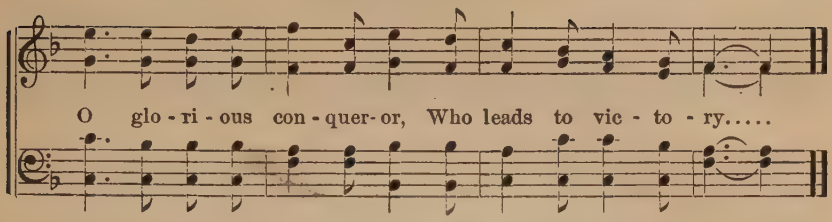
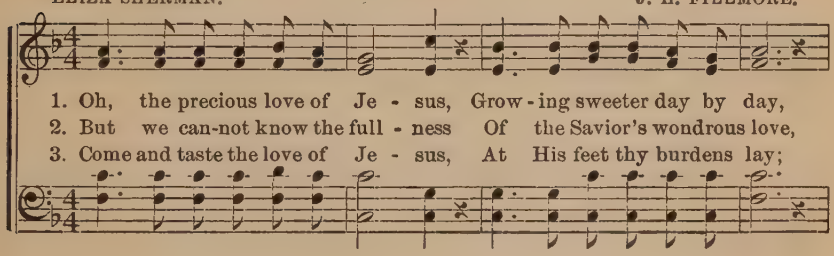


Oh, the Precious Love of Jesus.

ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. FILLMORE.



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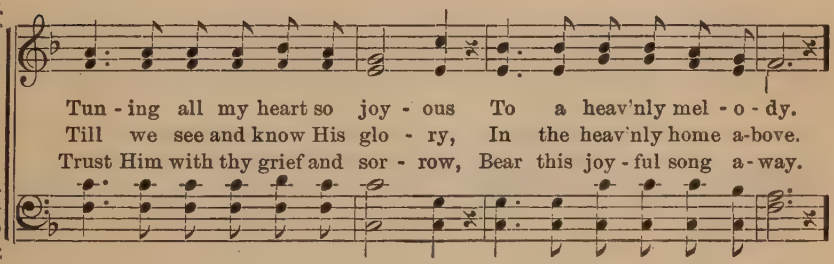
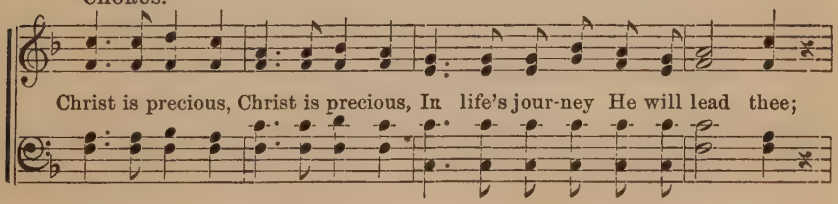
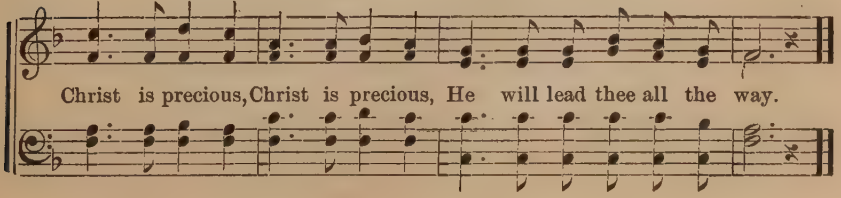


CHORUS.





Oh, Scatter Seeds of Loving Deeds.

"Seeds of Promise."

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea - ry years, The seed will sure - ly live;
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And aft - er toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har - vest yield.
Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.
With joy un-told, your sheaves of gold Will all be gar - nered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day, ... a-long your way, ... The seeds of
Then day by day, a-long your way,

prom - - - - ise cast, ... That ripened grain, ...
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain,

from hill and plain, ... Be gathered home ..... at last .....
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last .....

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Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His praise like the sea-billow rolls.
3. Oh, what joy will it be, when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be an-y stars in my crown?

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown, When at eve-ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest go-eth down?

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?..... an-y stars in my crown?

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Keep On Praying.

R. O. SMITH. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sol - dier, is the bat - tle long? Keep on pray - ing; Right will
2. Pil - grim, have you wea - ry grown? Keep on pray - ing; Christ won't
3. Chris-tian, has your faith grown weak? Keep on pray - ing; Do the
4. O the joys we'll soon re - ceive, Keep on pray - ing; If in

sure - ly con - quer wrong, Keep on pray - ing. Do not heed the
leave you all a - lone, Keep on pray - ing. God will hear your
tears roll down your cheek? Keep on pray - ing. Soon you nev - er
Christ our hearts be - lieve, Keep on pray - ing. If to Je - sus

can-non's roar, Wars shall cease and be no more, And our Cap - tain's
ea - ger pray'r, Soon a star - ry crown you'll wear, And the joys of
more will sigh, Tears no more will dim your eye, You will con - quer
we be - long, Soon we'll join the ransomed throng, And we'll sing re-

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CHORUS.

on be - fore, Keep on pray-ing.
heav'n you'll share, Keep on pray-ing.
by and by, Keep on pray-ing.
demption's song, Keep on pray-ing.
} Keep on pray - ing, Keep on

pray - ing; You will con - quer by and by, Keep on pray - ing.

P. P. B. PETER P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my - heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I sing it a-
debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No oth - er foun-
heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In Him the rich
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's noth-ing but

gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
da - tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

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CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful peace from a - bove, (a - bove,)

Rit.

Oh, won-der-ful, won-der- ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

The Lord is My Shepherd.

T. KOSCHAT.

Lento. *m*

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, no want shall I know; I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still

m

feed in green pas-tures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
Thou art my Guar-dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
bless - ings un - meas-ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and
fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the

f *m*

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a - noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy

p *ff* *Rit.* *p*

deems when oppressed; Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com - fort er near; No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.
prov - i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more.
king - dom of love; Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

Jesus Needs the Children.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. E - ven children may work for the Sav - ior, There is work for ev - 'ry
2. E - ven children can work for the Sav - ior, And re-ceive rich blessings
3. E - ven children can work for the Sav - ior, And re-ceive for la - bor

one to do; We may help one an-oth - er—Cheer a sis - ter or broth - er,—
ev - 'ry day; There are bur-dens to light-en, There are sad hours to bright-en,
more than gold; We can tell the sweet sto-ry, Of His love and His glo - ry,

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus needs e - ven chil-dren too.
Yes, Je - sus needs us all a - long the way.
And gath-er oth - ers in - to the fold.
We can work, watch, pray, Labor

ev - 'ry day, Nev-er let - ting a task dis- please us; For He saves, we know,

And, our love to show, Yes, ev -'ry boy and girl will work for Je - sus.

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Oh, to be More Like Jesus.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;.....
2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall - en to rise;.....
3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci- ful, lov - ing and kind;.....

His love;
to rise;
and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
Giv - ing a hand, Bidding to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
Leading the way, Bright'ning the day, Help-ing the lame and blind.

Je - sus came loving and cheering, Giv-ing the hun-gry food,.....
Cheering the bro - ken-heart - ed, Wip-ing a - way their tears,.....
Je - sus came saving the fall - en, Help-ing them sin o'er-come,.....

the hun - gry
a - way their
them sin o'er-

pp

Help-ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.
Com-fort-ing man - y in sor - row, Ban - ish-ing doubts and fears.
Res - cu- ing per - ish- ing sin - ners, Bring-ing the way - ward home.

food, Help-ing the need - y,
tears, Com-fort-ing sor - row,
come, Res - cu- ing sin - ners,

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CHORUS.

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid-ing the sin-ner a - bove;

Nev-er cease trying, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Work-ing for God and love.

Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

May be used as a Solo and Chorus.

1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Savior; Rich mercy at the
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Savior; He brought sal-va-tion
3. The passing clouds may in-tervene, Since I found my Savior; But He is with me.
4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Savior; It leads me onward

CHORUS.

cross I see, My dy-ing, liv - ing Sav-ior.
from a-bove, My dear, almight-y Sav-ior.
tho' un-seen, My ev - er- pres- ent Sav-ior.
to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav-ior.
} Golden sunbeams 'round me play,

Jesus turns my nights to day; Heaven seems not far a-way, Since I found my Savior.

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Brighten the Way With a Smile.

W. C. MARTIN. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are hearts that are droop-ing in sor - row to - day; There are souls un - der shad - ow the while: Oh, the com - fort from God you can
2. There are bur - dens more griev-ous and heav - y to bear; There are souls whom the sin - ful re - vile: You can lov - ing - ly whis - per God's
3. When the soul is in dark - ness, and wea - ry with care, Comes the tempt - er al - lur - ing with guile: You should shine in that life like the
4. Oh, the beau - ti - ful dawn - ing of day is not far, And the gloam-ing will lin - ger a - while: Let us glow like the glit - ter - ing,

CHORUS.

gen - tly con-vey, And bright-en the way with a smile.
prom - is - es rare, And bright-en the way with a smile.
sun - beams so fair, And bright-en the way with a smile.
bright morning star, And bright-en the way with a smile.
} Oh, brighten the way with a smile, Yes, brighten the way with a smile, Some one's drearest days you can gently beguile, And brighten the way with a smile.

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Why I Sing.

IDA CLARKSON LEWIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I sing be - cause I love Him— Be-cause to earth He came
2. I sing be - cause I love Him; From sin He set me free;
3. I sing be - cause I love Him, For keep - ing me in peace;

To save all those who trust Him From end - less death and shame.
He taught my soul to praise Him—Filled it with mel - o - dy.
Un - til my eyes be - hold Him, My song shall nev - er cease.

CHORUS.

I sing..... be - cause I love
I sing be - cause I love Him, Be - cause He died for

Him, Be - cause He died for me;.....
me; I love Him be - cause He died for me, for me;

For this I shall a - dore Him Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

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America for Christ.

MATTIE ALICE LONG. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. A-mer - i - ca, of her we sing, The land of the brave and true, For-
2. A-mer - i - ca, the land of love, Of free - dom, hope and light, Long
3. And with the star-ry ban - ner, too, Un-furled in the gen - tle breeze, There
4. The ban - ner of the ho - ly cross O'er all the world shall wave, While

ev - er may her ban - ner wave, The red, and the white, and blue.
may her peo - ple stand as one, For hon - or and truth and right.
floats the flag of Chris-tian love, O'er moun-tain, and vale and seas.
from the na-tions of the earth Shall gath - er the sol - diers brave.

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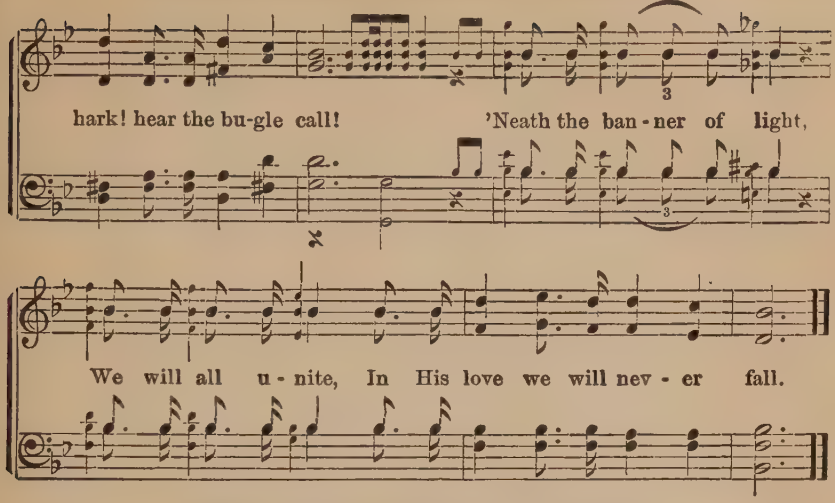
CHORUS IN UNISON.

The ban - ner of Christ o'er all, Hark! hark! hear the bu - gle

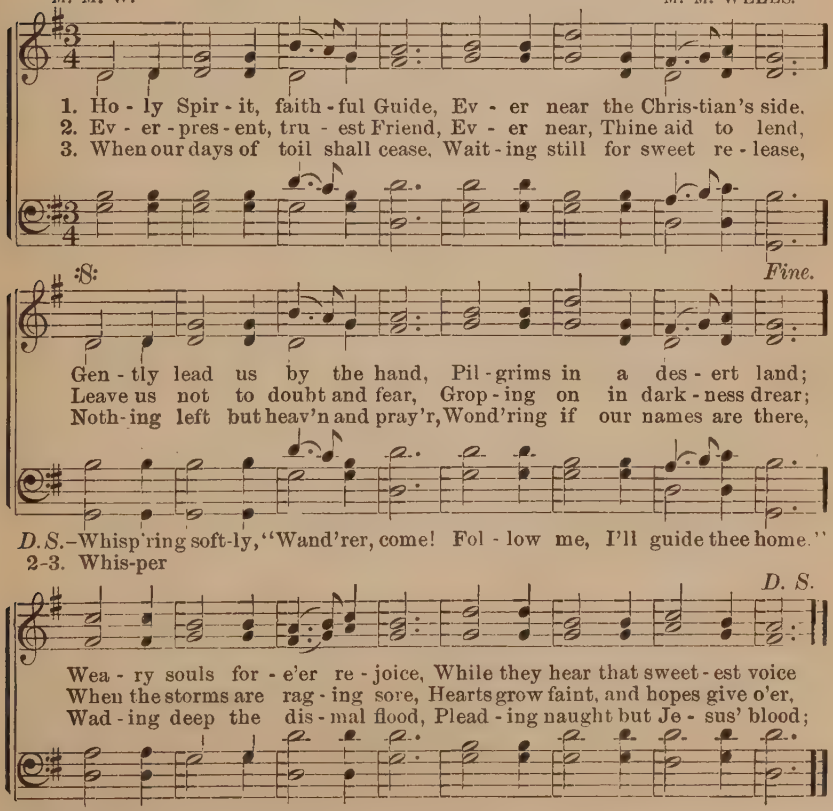
call! 'Neath the ban - ner of light, We will all u - nite, In His

love we will nev-er fall. The ban - ner of Christ o'er all, Hark!



Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.



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Come Out In the Sunlight.

EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. All na- ture loves sunlight, 'tis shown ev - 'ry day, The flow'rs are the bright - er when bathed in its ray; The plants have more blossoms, the grass is more green, And ev - 'ry-thing gay - er where sun-light is seen.
2. Sin deep in the heart makes it dark as the night, And leaves not a space for the won - der - ful light Which Christ in His good-ness would give ev - 'ry soul When bathed in His blood and made per-fect - ly whole.
3. Oh, stay then no long - er in dark-ness and sin, But o - pen your heart and let Je - sus come in; Come out in the sun-light that shines from a - bove, And join in our praise for the gift of His love.

CHORUS.

Come out ..... in the sun - - light, beau - - - ti - ful sun - light, The life - - giv - ing sun - light
Come out in the sun-light, beau-ti - ful light, Come out in the sun - light, beau-ti - ful light, The life - giv - ing sun - light, beau - ti - ful light

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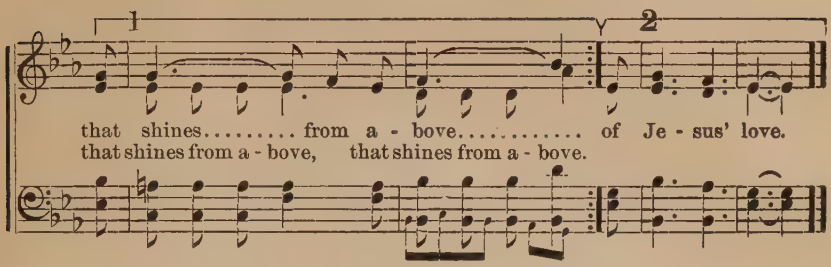
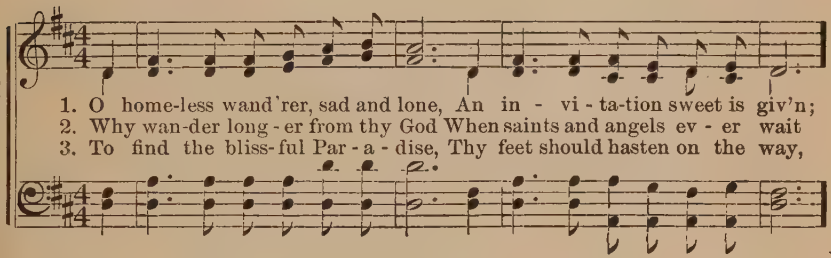
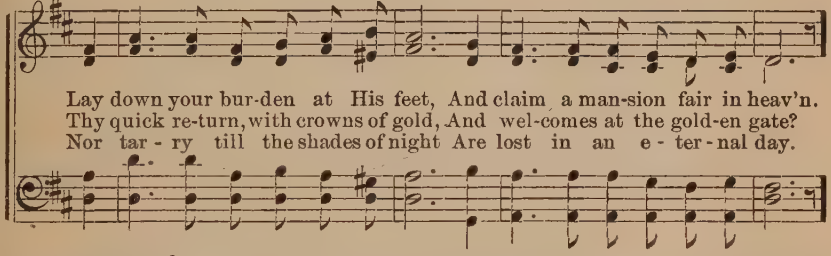
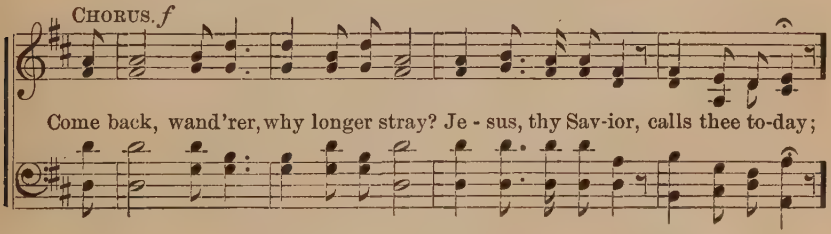


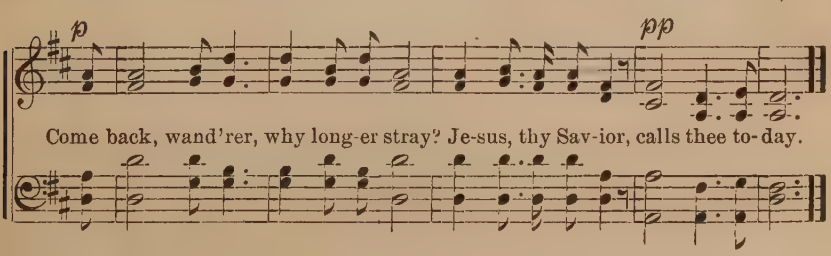
Come Back, Wanderer.

REV. G. P. HOTT. E. T. HILDEBRAND.









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On to Victory!

DEDICATED TO REV. B. C. LIPPINCOTT, D. D.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. There are foes that must be conquered, There are bat - tles we must win;
2. There are hosts of sin be - fore us That ex - tend from sea to sea;
3. There are man - y dear ones dy - ing, They are fall - ing ev -'ry - where;

There are lands that must be tak - en, That are go - ing down in sin;
There are man - y still in bond - age, There are slaves that must be free;
Let us brave - ly go and help them, They are lost and need our care;

Let us en - ter in the strug - gle, Ev - er march up - on our way,
Let us all be up and do - ing, Ev - er found with - in the fray,
Fall in line, pre - pare for bat - tle, Let us fight as well as pray,

We must take the world for God and win the day.

CHORUS.

On to vic - to - ry! on to vic - to - ry! On to vic - to - ry! the

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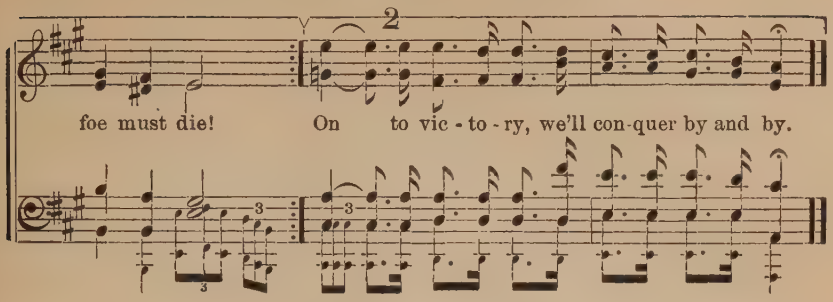

If I Please Him.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

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1. Earth's joys may pass a - way, Earth's light grows dim;
2. Sin - sick, my wea - ry heart Wan - dered from Thee
3. Sav - ior, I would be led Just to please Thee,

I would but live each day Pleas - ing to Him.
Till Thou, with mag - ic art, Spake peace to me.
E'en though my feet must tread Geth - sem - a - ne.

O to walk in His way, Nor from Him ev - er stray;
Sin - ners no more al - lure; In Thee I am se - cure;
Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

O may each word I say On - ly please Him.
Thou'lt keep me by Thy pow'r In pur - i - ty.
Tho' all else be de - nied, If I please Thee.

Sowing the Tares.

(Duet and Quartet, or may be sung as a Solo.)

Words by a convict while in prison.

Melody by J. C. BRIDGE.
Harmonized by W. T. GIFFE.

Con affettuoso.

1. Sow - ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sow - ing of mal-ice, spite, and de - ceit; We might have sown ro - ses a-
2. Sow - ing the tares, oh, how dark the black sin! Min - gling a curse with life's sweetest hymn, And heed - ing no an - guish, no
3. Sow - ing the tares that will bring sor-row down, Rob of its jew - els life's fair-est crown, And turn - ing to sil - ver the
4. Sow - ing the tares, un - der cov - er of night, Which might have been wheat all gold - en and bright; O heart, turn to God with re -

f

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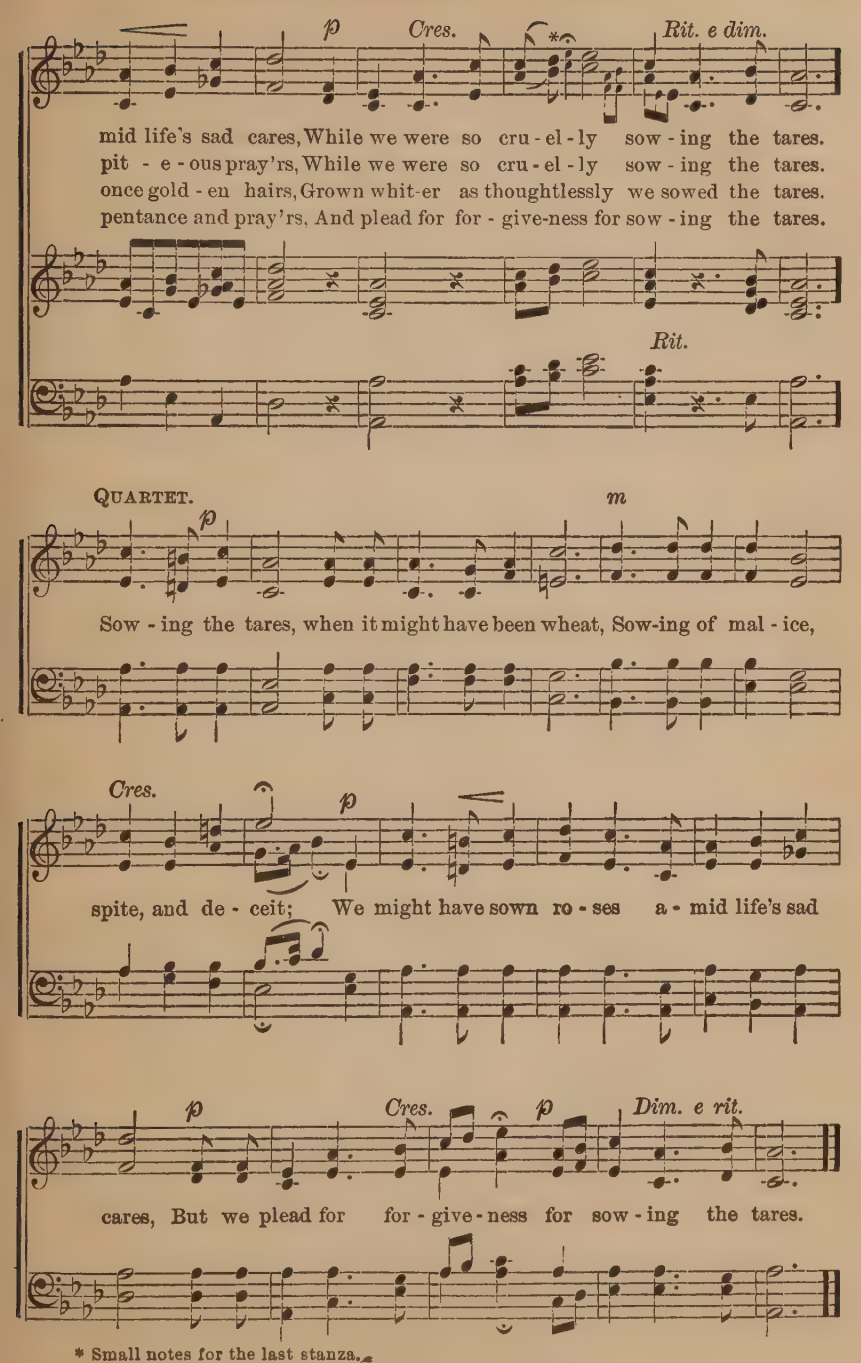

* Small notes for the last stanza.

Sing It, and Rejoice Alway.

L. D. E. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. Sing the precious sto - ry of the Fa - ther's love, Love so great and won - der - ful from heav'n a - bove; How He sent His on - ly Son the
2. Sing it, and re-joice that Je - sus lived on earth, Lived a life so beau - ti - ful, of roy - al worth; 'Twas a great ex - am - ple, tho' of
3. Sing with thankful heart and voice of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus suf - fered, bled, and died for you and me; Ceaseless be His prais-es thro' e -
4. Will you not be-lieve that Je - sus was di - vine, He will save from sin, and keep you all the time? Will you not ac-cept Him, and with

CHORUS.

love to prove, Sing it, and re-joice al - way....
low - ly birth, Sing it, and re-joice al - way....
ter - ni - ty, Sing it, and re-joice al - way....
faith sublime, Sing it, and re-joice al - way?...
} Sing it, and re-joice to - day (to - day), Sing it, and re - joice al - way (al - way); Tell it un - to oth-ers, lift your voi - ces high; Sing it, and re-joice al - way (al - way).

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Jesus is Calling To-day.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. DR. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Je - sus is call-ing! O hear Him to - day, Call-ing for you,
2. Je - sus is call-ing! Your serv - ice He needs, Call-ing for you,
3. Je - sus is call-ing! He stands at the door, Call-ing for you,

call-ing for you; Will you not quick-ly the sum-mons o - bey?
call-ing for you; Ten - der - ly, pa - tient-ly with you He pleads,
call-ing for you; O - pen your heart, and His mer - cy im - plore,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is call-ing for you..... Call - - ing for you,.....
for you. Je-sus is call-ing, is call-ing for you,

call - - - ing for you;..... Hear Him to - day—do not
Je - sus is call-ing, is call-ing for you;

turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call - ing for you.....
for you.

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The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

DUET.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will strength and grace impart;
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and com-fort to my soul He brings; Lean-ing on His might - y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chil - ly waves of Jor-dan roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have gone be- fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing Him for - ev - er more;

ORGAN or PIANO.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
} The best friend to have is Je - sus, The best friend to have is Je - sus; He will help you Je-sus ev-'ry day, Je-sus all the way;

when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

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Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Rideth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ru-ler of all,

Leading the host of all the faith - ful In - to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with cour-age ad - vanc - ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re - deem - er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di - vine,
Yet shall the ar - mies Thou lead - est, Faithful and true to the last,

:S: *Fine.*

Shouting the name of their Lead - er, Hear them ex-ult - ing - ly say.
They are the stars that for - ev - er, Bright in His king-dom will shine.
Find in Thy man-sions e - ter - nal Rest, when their war-fare is past.

D.S.–Yet to the true and the faith - ful Vic - t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.

D. S.

CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav- ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright? And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-clean, Oh, be

CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
washed in the blood of the Lamb?
washed in the blood of the Lamb?
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spot-less?
of the Lamb?

Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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He'll Never Forsake His Own.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. While thro' this world of sin I go, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;
2. Tho' friends may fail and com-forts flee, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;
3. For me He trod Geth-sem - a - ne, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;
4. Tho' kin - dred ties of hope de - cay, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;
5. When in the sol-emn hour of death, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;
6. And when I reach my home on high, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;

I'll trust in Him, for well I know, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
His prom-ise shall my com - fort be, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
For me He died on Cal - va - ry, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
Tho' heav'n and earth may pass a - way, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
And say with my ex - pir - ing breath, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
And sing while end - less years go by, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.

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CHORUS.

He'll nev-er for-sake His own, He'll nev-er for-sake His own;
He'll nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake His own, His own;

With Him I'll go, for well I know, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.

On to Victory.

J. H. E. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

March time.

1. Hark! hark, the trum - pet sound - ing, Rise at the break of day,
2. March-ing like val - iant sol - diers, Stead - y our steps and true,
3. Then shall the path be bright - er, No more by care op - pressed,

On to the front where sin is a-bound-ing, For-ward, the call o - bey;
Faith in our Lead-er, no thought of dan - ger, Fear and a - larm, a - dieu;
Firm in our pur-pose, true in our mo - tives, Hop - ing for what is best;

Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Go forth in faith to con - quer,
On, tho' the world op - press thee, On, tho' the foe dis - tress thee,
Trust-ing the King of glo - ry, Tell - ing the old, old sto - ry,

Hear, hear the Captain's words in-spir-ing, On, soldiers, on to the fray.
Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.
Wait - ing the Master's call to en - ter In - to the ha - ven of rest.

CHORUS.

Forward, then, with banners waving high; Forward, as we shout the bat-tle- cry;

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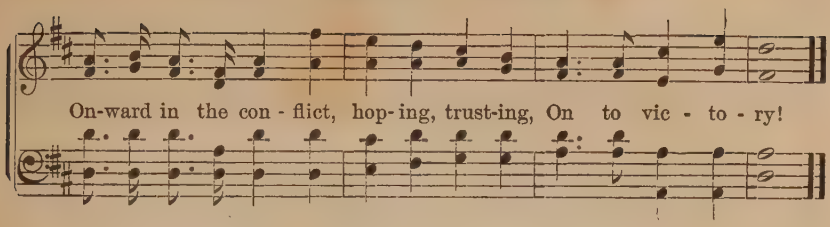
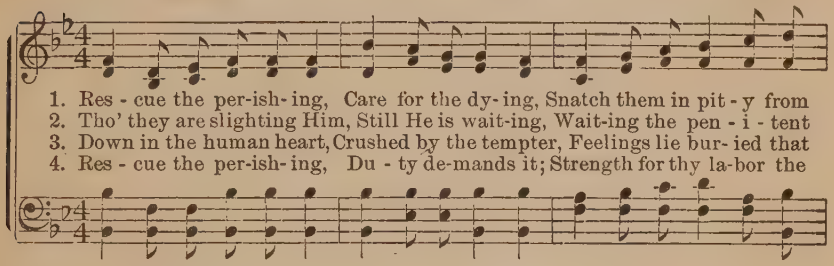
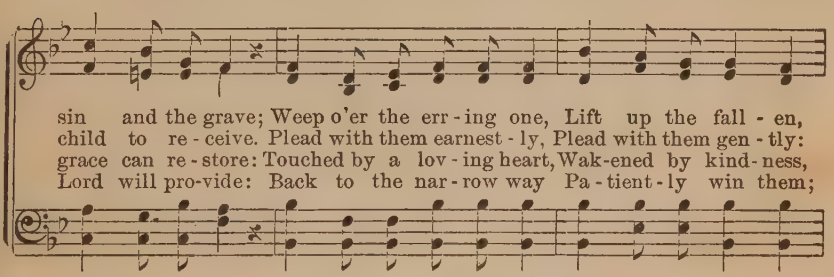
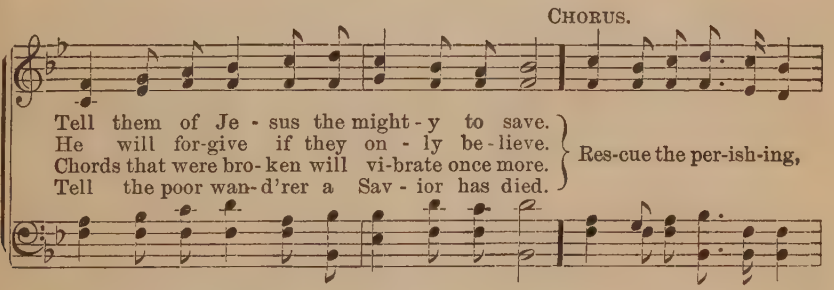


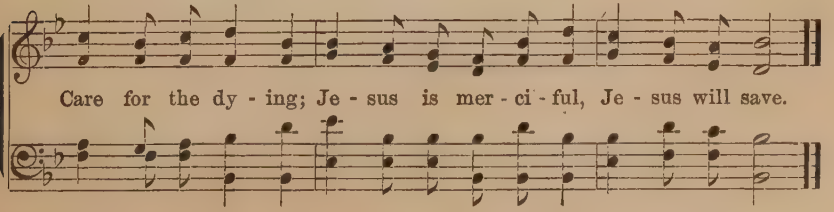
Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.









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My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth-er kind - ly say,
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al-ways made my heart re-joice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for-get Those words of joy— I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav-ior's cleansing pow'r,

"You're leaving now my ten-der care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re - mem-ber mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm-chair, My moth-er dear, in hum-ble pray'r.
My sin and guilt He canceled there, 'Twas there He answered mother's pray'r.

CHORUS.

When-e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
Chorus for last verse.
Oh, praise the Lord for sav-ing grace! We'll meet up yon-der face to face;

A voice comes float-ing on the air, Re-mind-ing me of mother's pray'r.
The home a - bove to-geth-er share, In an - swer to my mother's pray'r.

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Doing His Will.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blight-ed my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je-sus for

His ev-'ry day; Just to walk by His side with His Spir-it to guide, Just to
Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His will, just to trust and be still, Just to
my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to ob-tain, True and

CHORUS.

fol-low where He leads the way. Just to say what He wants me to
lean on His bos-om and rest.
faith-ful He'll be to the end. what He

pp

say, And be still when He whispers to me;..... Just to
wants me to say, when He whispers to me;

go where He wants me to go,..... Just to be what He wants me to be.
where He wants me to go,

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The Light of Heaven.

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. In you-der sta - ble gleams a light, Se - rene-ly calm, di - vine - ly fair;
2. Be-hold the Lamb of God from heav'n, Bow low be-fore His in - fant feet;
3. Be-hold the Man of Gal - i - lee, He rest-ed first in Bethl'hem's stall;

The King hath come to earth to-night, Be-hold Him rest - ing low - ly there.
The pow'r that res - cues you and me Is vest - ed in that Christ-child sweet.
Up - on this bless - ed, blessed night, Come worship Him, your All in All.

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CHORUS. MALE VOICES.
Unison.

The light of heav-en seems to fold Him As in a wondrous dress,

In Bethl'hem's manger we be-hold Him, The Lord our Righteousness;

All Voices in Unison.

The light of heaven seems to fold Him As in a wondrous dress,

Harmony. *Rit.*

In Bethl'hem's manger we be - hold Him, The Lord our Righteousness.

Slumber, Sweetly Slumber.

LIZZI . DE ARMAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

Tenderly. GIRLS, *Unison.*

1. Cra - dled in a man - ger, On the fra - grant hay,....
2. Hap - py be Thy slum - bers, While sweet lul - la - bys,....
3. Sleep, dear ba - by Je - sus, Love shall make the night...

Rit.

Wrapped in peace - ful slum - ber, Ba - by Je - sus lay.....
Sung by shin - ing an - gels, Ech - o thro' the skies....
Full of joy and glad - ness, Bright with heav-en's light....

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Slumber, sweetly slumber, While angels hover near, Slum-ber, sweetly slumber,
Slum - ber, slumber, slum - ber on,

Dim. *Rit.*

Thou Thought of God so dear, Slumber on, slum-ber on, Thou Ho - ly Babe.

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Filled With Glory.

MRS. E. S. BLACK. WELSH MELODY. ARR. BY JAS. D. LITTLE.

1. Where the winds of death are blow - ing, Wan - ders my Lord,
2. Long I wan-dered, faint and wea - ry, Bur - dened with woes,
3. Sav - ior, since I heard Thee call - ing "Come, come to me,"
4. Soul of mine, when thou hast tak - en Thy flight a - bove,

Thro' the vales of sin He's go - ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord;
Dark - er grew the way, and drear - y, Fierc - er my foes;
O'er my heart a peace is fall - ing, Deep as the sea;
Filled with glo - ry— thou shalt wak - en, Ra - diant with love;

Seek- ing lost ones from Him straying, Loved ones, long from home de-lay-ing,
Till this ten- der Shepherd found me, Threw His lov-ing arms a-round me,
All to Thee I now sur - ren-der, Be my stay, my sure de - fend-er,
Heav'n shall be thy dwell-ing place, Thou shalt see Him face to face,

Ev - er - more He's watch - ing, pray-ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord.
With the bands of love He bound me, Brought sweet re - pose.
Make me ho - ly, pure and ten - der, More, more like Thee.
Praise Him for His won - drous grace, And bound - less love.

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He'll Never Forsake.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. "I will fail thee nev-er;" blessed words of cheer, Like a blaze of glo - ry,
2. "I will fail thee nev-er;" tho' the night be long; Soon the morning cometh
3. "I will fail thee nev-er;" brightest flow'rs will fade, But my trust in Jesus
4. "I will fail thee nev-er;" fails the earth and sky, But His bow of promise

shin - ing far and near; Tho' the storms and tempest all a-round me shake,
with its light and song; Precious words of com-fort to my heart I take;
ne'er shall be be-trayed; Midnight all a-round me, soon His light will break,
shin - eth still on high; Earth-ly sunbeams van-ish, and my heart may quake,

Je - sus, my Sav - ior, has prom - ised that He will nev - er for - sake.

CHORUS.

No, He'll never for - sake,.... No, He'll never for - sake;.... Dangers a-
Never forsake, Never forsake;

1 2

round me may threaten, Jesus will never forsake. Jesus will never for-sake.

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Loyal and True.

American Sunday-School Patriotic Hymn.

Miss A. M. GOODMAN. H. W. FAIRBANK.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Our fa - thers have pur-chased, with tears and with blood, This beau - ti - ful coun - try for free - dom and God; Co - lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! our her - i - tage grand, We love and we'll hon - or our dear na - tive land:
2. The foes of our coun - try are man - y and strong, The pow - ers of e - vil, of sin and of wrong; Co - lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! may God be thy shield, His truth be thy buck - ler, the sword thou shalt wield:
3. Oh, hap - py that peo - ple whose God is the Lord, Who walk in His coun - sel, o - bey - ing His word; Co - lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! this glo - ry be thine, That still thou shalt mer - it the bless - ing di - vine:
4. Know ye, who would mer - it a pa - triot's re - ward, He best serves his coun - try who best serves the Lord; Co - lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! but hon - or thy God, And He will ex - alt thee, at home and a - broad:

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REFRAIN.

To thee our al - le - giance for - ev - er is due, To
With hearts full of cour - age to dare and to do, To
And we, thy dear chil - dren, our vows will re - new, To
Then long wave our ban - ner, the red, white and blue, To

God and our coun - try we're loy - al and true; To
God and our coun - try we're loy - al and true; With
God and our coun - try we're loy - al and true; And
God and our coun - try we're loy - al and true; Then

thee our al - le - giance for - ev - er is due, To
hearts full of cour - age to dare and to do, To
we, thy dear chil - dren, our vows will re - new, To
long wave our ban - ner, the red, white and blue, To

God and our coun - try we're loy - al and true.
God and our coun - try we're loy - al and true.
God and our coun - try we're loy - al and true.
God and our coun - try we're loy - al and true.

Tossed About On Life's Rough Sea.

MRS. E. HART. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

Voices in unison.

1. Tossed a-bout on life's rough sea, Poor and helpless, lost are we;
2. So we care not for the gale, For our Helper can - not fail;

Mock-ing sky and an - gry wave, Tell us there is none to save.
Mock-ing sky and an - gry wave, Je - sus Christ is here to save.

Sopranos and Altos.

But there comes the Master's voice, Saying, "Weary souls, re - joice!....
He'll not leave us to de - spair, But will guard with tend'rest care,....

I can calm the wild - est sea,..... Safe are they that trust in me;
Till, at last, the storms are o'er,..... And we reach the peace-ful shore;

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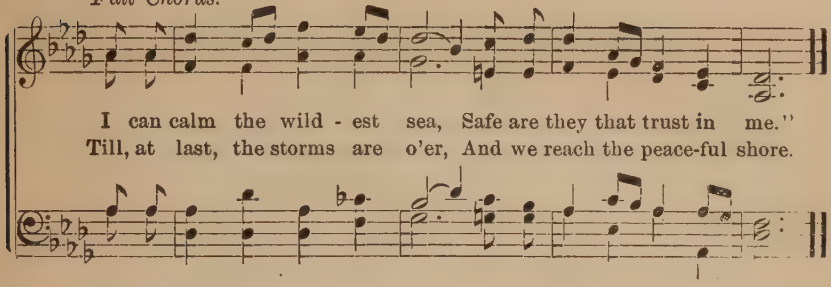
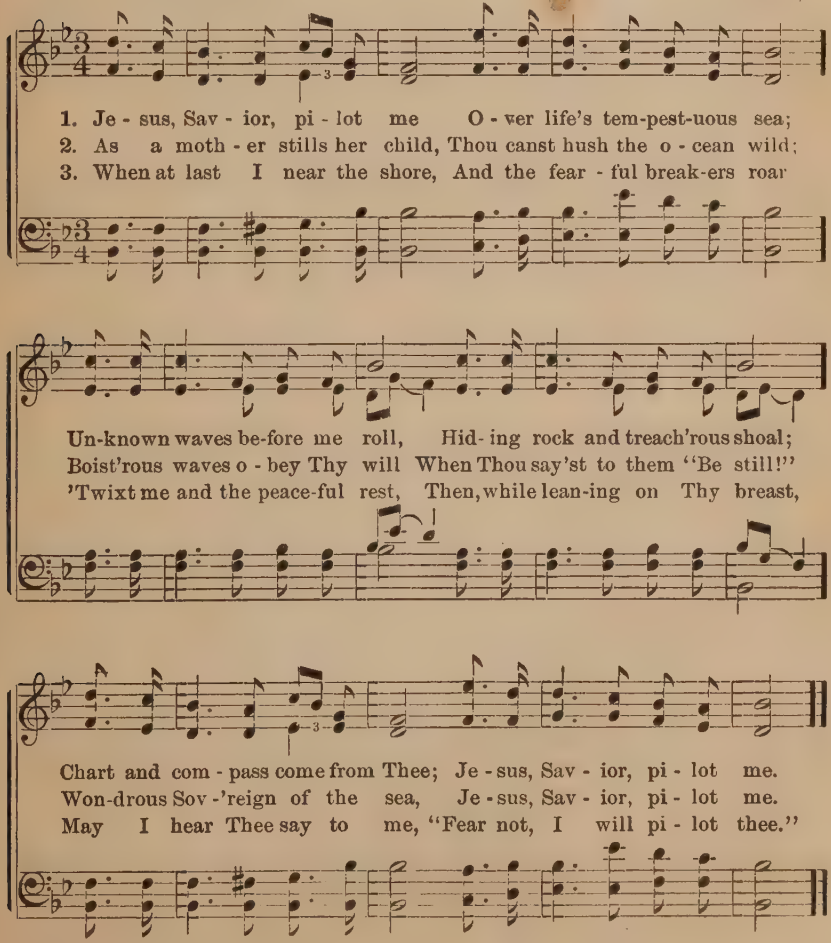
Full Chorus.



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



"Always and All for Jesus."

J. H. K. REV. J. H. KEAGLE.

1. Let us go forth to our la - bor of love, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus;"
2. Great is the work and the workers are few, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus;"
3. Work till the sum-mons of: "Ye bless-ed, come," "Al-ways and all for Je - sus;"

Zeal - ous to glean for the gar-ners a - bove, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus,"
Do with your might what your hands find to do, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus,"
Calls us to join in the glad harvest home, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus,"

Strength for the work we re-ceive from the King, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus,"
Stand not in i - dle-ness all the day long, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus,"
Then with the sheaves we have gathered in love, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus,"

No - bod - y fails who is trust-ing in Him, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus."
Strive for a part in the har-vest-ers' song, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus."
Safe we'll be housed in the gar-ners a - bove, "Al-ways and all for Je - sus."

CHORUS.

Al-ways and all for Je - sus, Sing with a glad re - frain, ...
Je - sus, Je - sus, a glad re-frain,

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"Al - ways and all for Je - sus," Je - sus, Je - sus," Till our Lord comes a - gain, a-gain,

Cres. *f*

"Al-ways and all for Je - sus," Je - sus, Je-sus," Glad-ly we yield Thine own;.... The Thine own;

Rit.

harvest shall end, and our Lord shall descend To gather His reap-ers home.

The Way of the Cross.

E. W. BLANDLY. ARRANGED.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'lll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.–Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

Ad lib. *D. C.*

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Times of Refreshing.

REV. W. B. WILLIAMS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The times of great refreshing, O grant us, Lord, a-gain; Thy vineyard needs the
2. For times of great refreshing, Our souls now pant and cry; Our spirits are de-
3. A time of great refreshing, Thy presence, Lord, would be; Thy Zion, then re-

bless - ing Of gra-cious, grow-ing rain. O give us now the show - er That
press - ing, Our hearts are hard and dry; O make us now to blos-som Like
joic - ing, Would sing her praise to Thee; The tree of con - se - cra - tion Would

shall our hearts re-new, And make us, by Thy pow-er, To start our growth a-new.
flow - ers in the spring; The fruit that's sweet and wholesome In ho - ly liv - ing bring.
pre-cious fruitage bear; A wondrous transformation Would come if Thou wert here.

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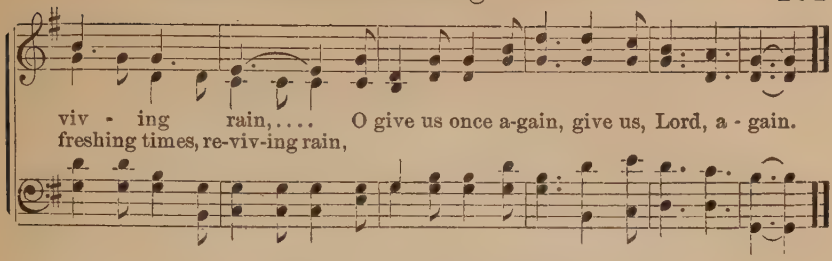
CHORUS.

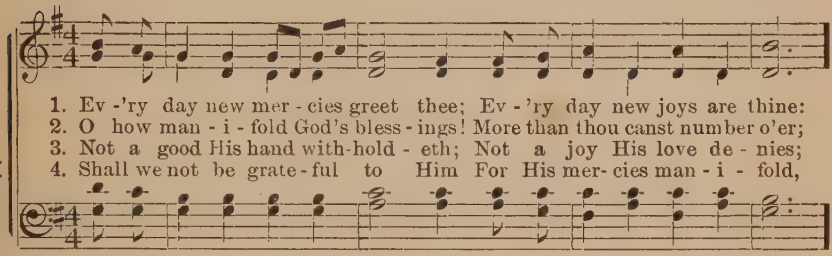
Re-fresh - ing times, re - viv - ing rain; The Holy Ghost out-
Re-freshing times, reviving rain, refreshing times, reviving rain;

pour-ing, The showers warm, in-spir-ing; Re - fresh - ing times, ... re-
Re-fresh-ing times, re-viv-ing rain, re-



Count Thy Mercies.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



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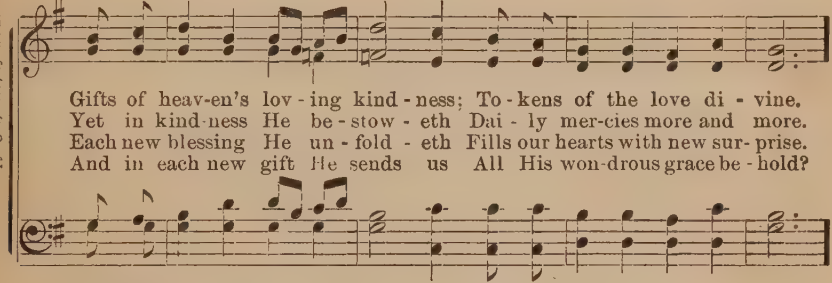
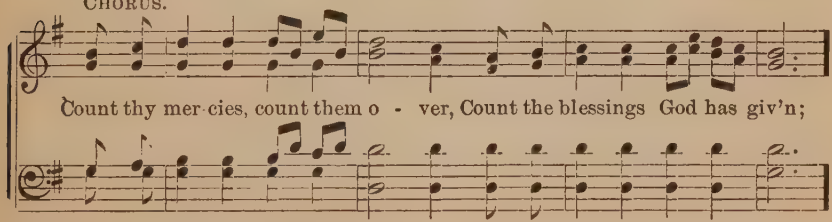
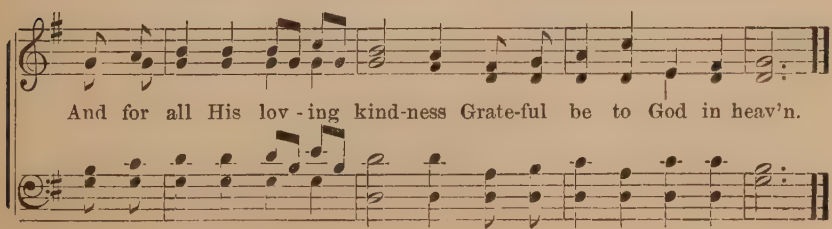


CHORUS.





Jesus Forever for Me.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Trust-ing in Je - sus from day to day, Bright-ens each step of the
2. Com - fort in suf - fer - ing and dis-tress, Lead - er and Guide in the
3. Know-ing that Je - sus is at my side, I will not fal - ter what-
4. Pass - ing thro' Jor - dan to Glo - ry Land, Join - ing in songs with the

dreary way; When in the dark - ness no light I see—
wil - der - ness; Ev - er re - main - ing when oth - ers flee,
e'er be - tide; Liv - ing or dy - ing my song shall be,
an - gel band; This be my mot - to, e - ter - nal - ly,

CHORUS.

Je - sus for - ev - er for me. Je - - - - sus for -
Je - sus for - ev - er, yes,

ev - - er, for - ev - - - - er for me;.....
Je - sus for me, Yes, Je - sus for - ev - er, yes, Je - sus for me;

Dai - - - ly I'm sing - ing, Je - sus for - ev - er for me.....
Dai - ly, yes, dai - ly I'm sing - ing, Je - sus for - ev - er for me, for me.

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C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest hap - pi - ness, Would you know its
2. Pleas - ant smiles will cheer a droop - ing heart, Kind - ly words re-
3. Man - y hearts are crushed with bit - ter woe, Man - y hearts with

great - est bless - ed - ness, Would you know its tru-est joy - ful - ness,
lieve a bit - ter smart, Help-ing hands to weakness strength im - part,
grief are bend - ing low, Man - y hearts need help you can be - stow,

CHORUS.

Make some oth - er heart re - joice. Give a pleas - ant smile,
Give a pleas - ant smile,

Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help a broth - er; Give a pleasant
Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help a broth- er; Give a

smile. Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.
pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help an-oth - er.

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That Was My Lord.

Arr. by L. D. E.

Effective as a Solo.

1. While pass-ing a gar - den, I lingered to hear A voice faint and
2. I lis - tened a mo-ment, then drew near to see What man of com-
3. So deep were His sor- rows, so fer-vent His pray'rs, That down o'er His
4. "I am thy Re-deem - er, for thee I must die, This cup is most
5. I trembled with ter - ror, and loud- ly did cry: "Lord, save a poor
6. How sweet was that moment! He bade me re - joice, His smile, oh, how

fal-t'ring, from one that was there; While pleading, in anguish, the poor sinner's
pas - sion the stranger might be; I saw Him low kneel-ing upon the cold
bosom rolled sweat, blood and tears; I wept to behold Him, I asked Him His
bit - ter, but can - not pass by; Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid up- on
sin - ner! Oh! save, or I die!" He cast His eyes on me, and said to me,
precious, how cheering His voice; I flew from the gar-den to spread it a -

p

part, The voice of the mourner af - fect - ed my heart. That was my
ground, The love - li - est be - ing that ev - er was found. That was my
name; He answered, "'Tis JESUS, from heav-en I came." That was my
me, And all this deep an-guish I suf - fer for thee." That was my
"Live! Thy sins, which are man-y, I free - ly for-give." That was my
broad, And shout-ed, "Sal - va-tion!" and "Glory to God!" That was my

mf

Lord, that was my Lord, That was my Lord who has suffered for me.

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O How Love I Thy Law.

ANON. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are;
3. More - o - ver, they, Thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame;
4. Who can His er - rors un - der-stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;

The judgments of the Lord are truth, And right-eous-nsss most pure.
Than hon - ey, hon - ey from the comb That drop-peth, sweet-er far.
A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all presumptuous sins.
I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans-gres sion free.

CHORUS. Psalm 119: 97.

"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all..... the day; O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day."

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I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest; And when, in scenes of

sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat- is-fies my long-ings
sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry,

Used by per.

REFRAIN.

As noth - ing else can do.
Fom God's own ho - ly word.
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill

be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

ANON. ARRANGED.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus, by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

'trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
those who once pro - fessed to love Have si-lent grown and mute, I
march a - long with cheer - ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

:S:

soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call,—A lit- tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief,—A lit- tle talk with
Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit- tle talk with

D. S—trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al-ways find A lit- tle talk with

Fine. CHORUS.

Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

D. S.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In

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Lo, I am With You.

FLORA KIRKLAND. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

Solo or voices in unison.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful prom-ise of Je - sus, the Mas-ter, That ful - ly sup-
2. In the morn - ing of joy He is with us, to guard us From subtle temp-
3. When the eve - ning time com-eth, the eve - ning of sor - row, His pres-ence sus-

pli - eth our ut - ter most need; It is "Lo, I am with you," O
ta - tions that dark - ly be - tide; In the noon - day of care He is
tain - eth, till hope dawneth bright; The dark night of death with His

won - der-ful Presence! In Him we find full sat-is - fac - tion in - deed.
walk - ing be-side us, Our won - der-ful shel - ter, where-in we may hide.
glo - ry is light - ed, And then com-eth heav-en, where He is the light.

CHORUS.

"Lo, I am with you, lo, I am with you, Lo, I am with you al - way;

Lo, I am with you, lo, I am with you, Lo, I am with you even unto the end.

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Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET, *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's
2. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's

toils are end - ed, And part - ing days have come, Sin no more shall
dark - est hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from

tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Fa - ther,
wan - d'ring, Lest from Thee I'll roam, Lest I'll fall up - on the way-side,

REFRAIN.

Lead me gen - tly home. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther,
Lead me gently home, Fa - ther, Lead me gently

lead me gently, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gently home.
home, Father, gently home.

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Ever Marching On.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ev - er on and on with banners bright, March the soldiers of the King;
2. Ev - er on and on they brave-ly go Thro' the wil-der - ness of sin;
3. Ev - er on and on, and up - ward led To the fi - nal vic - to - ry,

Worn and wea - ry by the cease-less fight, But the triumph song they sing.
Ev - er fol - low-ing the flee - ing foe, Oth - er vic - to - ries to win.
Where a song of tri-umph they shall sing Thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Ev - er march-ing on with the ban - ner bright, As the
Ev - er on, on, on, with the ban - ner bright,

tri - umph song they sing; Ev - er marching on,
they sing; Ev - er on, on, on,

march-ing brave - ly on, Faith - ful sol-diers of the King.
march-ing on, on, on,

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We Walk by Faith.

J. E. WOLFE. P. P. BILHORN.

1. By faith we walk in Christ, the Lord, To gain from sin sal - va - tion;
2. How sim-ple is the way of life, 'Tis on - ly to be - lieve Him;
3. Thro' Je-sus' death the debt was paid, Not feel - ing, nor e - mo - tion;
4. We walk by faith, and not by sight, How grand is this re - veal - ing!

By ful - ly trust-ing in His word, We pass from con-dem - na - tion.
'Twill end your sor-row and your strife If you will but re - ceive Him.
On Him our sin and guilt was laid; Oh, give Him your de - vo - tion.
'Tis God's own way, and must be right, 'Tis wrong to trust in feel - ing.

CHORUS.

We walk by faith, and not by sight;
We walk by faith, and not by sight; 'Tis God's own way, and must be right;

We walk by faith; We fol - low Christ, the Light.
We walk by faith, and not by sight;

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Tell It to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub - led at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus, Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing king- dom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,

He is a Friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

used by per.

Once Again.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Once a - gain I want to hear it, Sto - ry sweet and sto - ry old;
2. Once a - gain the song as-cend - ing To the Lord who died for me,
3. Once a - gain, oh, tell the sto - ry Of the glo - ry yet to be,

Sweet-er than the sweet-est mu - sic, Rich - er far than gems and gold;
Let me feel that He is hear - ing! How I long His face to see!
O'er the walls of shin-ing jas - per, O'er the bright and crys-tal sea;

Tell it to me, tell it to me, Sto - ry of the Sav-ior's love,
Mer - cy, mer - cy, like a foun - tain, Spring-ing up and run-ning o'er,
I will lis - ten, I will praise Him, And, a - mid a world of care,

:S: *Fine.*

Known on earth, and known in glo - ry, Sweet be - low and sweet a - bove.
Life and love for thirst - y mil - lions, Life and love for mil-lions more!
Bear the cross with-out re - pin - ing, Think - ing of the glo - ry there!

D. S.—First on earth, and first in glo - ry, Still the best and still the same.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Tell it to me, tell it to me Once a - gain the old, old Name,
Tell it to me, tell it to me

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His Loving Kindness.

FLORA KIRKLAND. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

Voices in unison.

1. Let me sing of His lov - ing kind-ness, Who hath planned my earth-ly way; Let me tell of His gra - cious pres-ence, Who doth guide me day by day; When the shad - ows of sor - row
2. O that won-der-ful lov - ing kind-ness, How it meets my ev - 'ry need; How it o - pens a way be - fore me, When my path seems hedged in - deed; How it mak - eth my joy more
3. Let me sing of His lov - ing kind-ness, All the way from earth to heav'n; Let me tell how it shines a - bout me, Since the Prince of Peace was giv'n; For I know on my up - ward

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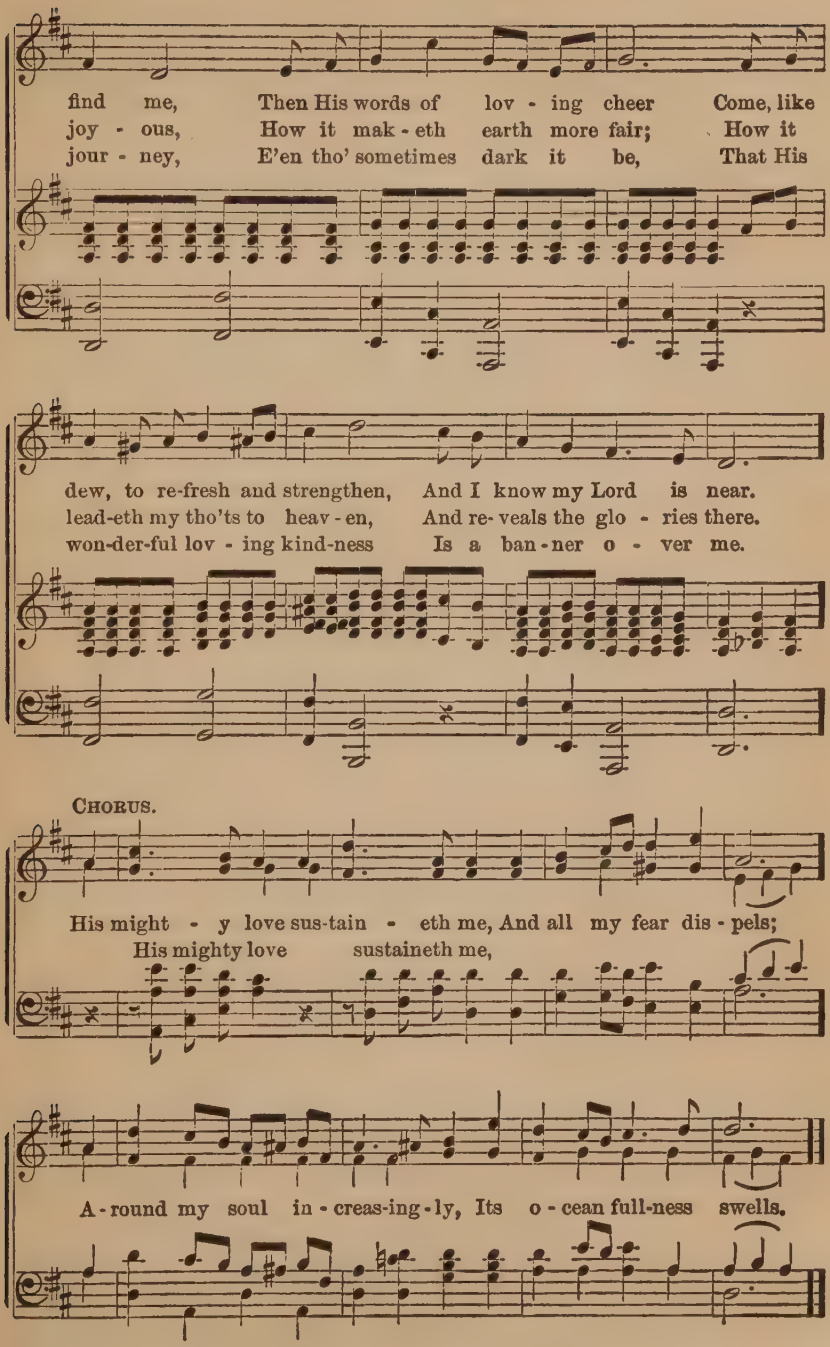
find me, Then His words of lov - ing cheer Come, like
joy - ous, How it mak - eth earth more fair; How it
jour - ney, E'en tho' sometimes dark it be, That His
dew, to re-fresh and strengthen, And I know my Lord is near.
lead-eth my tho'ts to heav - en, And re- veals the glo - ries there.
won-der-ful lov - ing kind-ness Is a ban - ner o - ver me.
CHORUS.
His might - y love sus-tain - eth me, And all my fear dis - pels;
His mighty love sustaineth me,
A - round my soul in - creas-ing - ly, Its o - cean full-ness swells.

Over the Sea.

(Missionary.)

F. A. M. FRANK A. MILLER.

Earnestly.

1. Car - ry the news to our brothers so brown, O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea;
2. Has - ten the tidings, they've waited so long, O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea;
3. White is the harvest, and Christ leads the way, O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea;

Darkness and tyr - an - ny crushing them down, O - ver the roll - ing sea.....
Wait - ed in blindness, op - pres - sion, and wrong, O - ver the roll - ing sea.....
Go with His mes - sage of mer - cy to - day, O - ver the roll - ing sea.....
rolling sea.

f *Rit. e dim.*

Hear you their call as they sig - nal a - far, "Tell us of peace; we are
Tell them the sto - ry, so sim - ple and plain, Of the Re - deem - er on
Tell them of *love*, and their sin - ning will cease; Tell them of *home*, and of

wea - ry of war; Bring us your Sav - ior, the bright Morn - ing Star,"
Cal - va - ry slain; Tell them of rest from their sor - row and pain,
free - dom and *peace*; Tell them His king - dom must ev - er in - crease,

CHORUS.

O - ver the roll - ing sea. O - - ver the roll - ing sea,
O - ver the roll - ing, the roll - ing sea,

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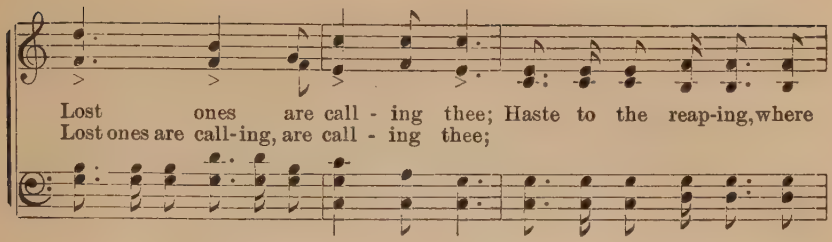
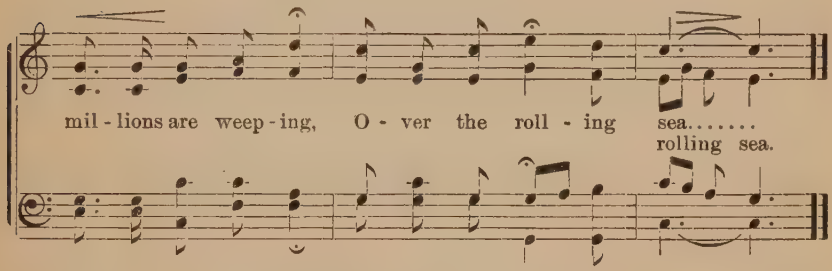
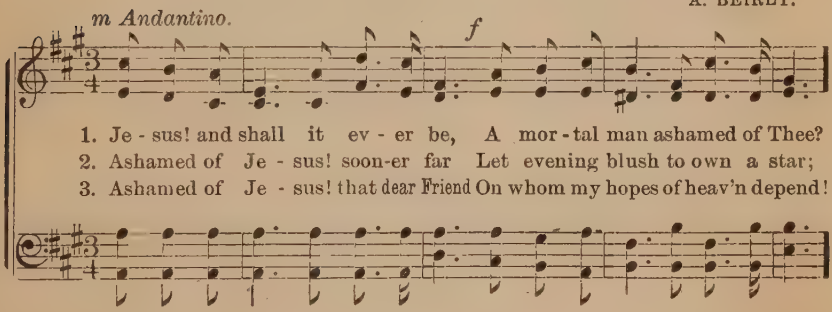
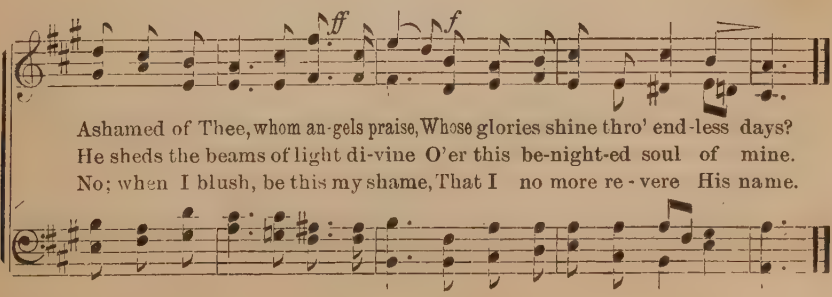




Not Ashamed of Jesus.

A. BEIRLY.





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Christ the Lord is Risen!

H. A. HENRY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Christ the Lord is ris - en! Wake the triumph song; Ringing thro' cre-
2. Christ the Lord is ris - en! Earth, re-joice to - day; Chains of death are
3. Christ the Lord is ris - en! Ev - er - last-ing King; Grave, where is thy

a - tion, let us Send the word a - long! Send it o'er the wa - ters,
bro-ken, and its Ter-rors swept a - way; King of kings all-glo - rious,
vic - to - ry? O Death, where is thy sting? An-gels chant the sto - ry,

Blessed word of peace; On the breezes swell - ing, Let the song increase.
Lord of lords is He! O-ver all vic - to - rious, Reign e - ter-nal - ly!
With u - nit-ed voice; Cher-u-bim ex - alt Him; Ser - a-phim re-joice!

CHORUS.

p

Christ the Lord is ris'n in - deed! Sons of men and an - gels say;

O - ver death tri - um-phant, He Lives to reign thro' end-less day.

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E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. We have lin-gered, Je - sus, at Thy ho - ly feet, Shar-ing for an
2. Oh, how ver - y pre - cious have these moments been, As we felt Thy
3. We would glad - ly tar - ry in this dear re - treat, And de-light to

hour with Thee com-mun - ion sweet; Now we leave these al - tars,
pres - ence with us, tho' un - seen! Like a breath of heav - en
lin - ger long - er at Thy feet, But the call to serv - ice

bid our friends fare - well, And go forth to serve Thee
fall - ing from a - bove, Seemed the sweet pul - sa - tions
sum - mons us a - way, And we leave the al - tars

CHORUS.

and Thy love to tell.
of Thy quick'ning love.
where we love to pray.
} Go Thou with us, Sav - ior, Keep us free from

stain, To our cov-'nant faith - ful Till we meet a - gain.

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Come Unto Me.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Effective as a solo.

1. "Come un - to me," Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus, "All ye that
2. "Rest for your souls, tho' heart and brain be bus - y; Rest, tho' your
3. "Come un - to me, none else can vic - t'ry give you O'er foes with-
4. "Come un - to me, and take my yoke up - on you; Lo, it is

la - bor and are sore op - pressed; Come, bur-dened ones, ye
hands with cease - less toil are scarred; Rest, sweet - est rest, while
out and dead - lier foes with - in; Come un - to me, for
eas - y and my bur - den light; Come, learn of me, for

that are heav - y - la - den, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
fierc-est war-fare wag - ing; Rest, tho' the foe be strong, the struggle hard.
par-don and for cleans-ing, I will for-give, and save from in - bred sin.
I am meek and low - ly, Ye shall find rest and fa - vor in my sight."

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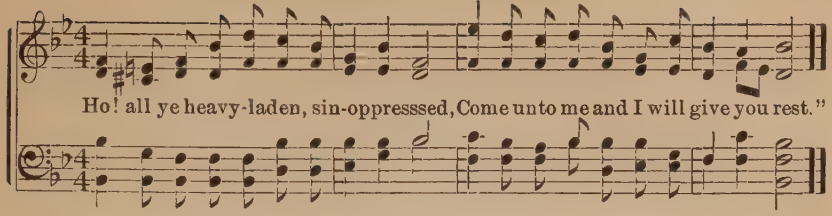
CHORUS.

"Come..... un-to me,..... Come .... un-to me,.....
"Come un-to me, come un-to me, Come un-to me, come un-to me,

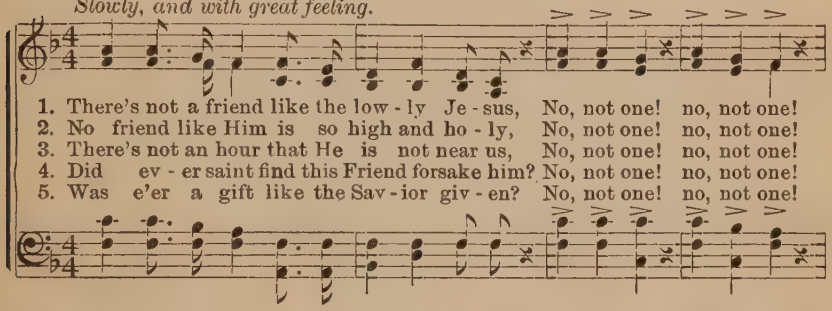
Come..... un - to me and rest, and rest.
Come un - to me and rest, and I will give you rest.

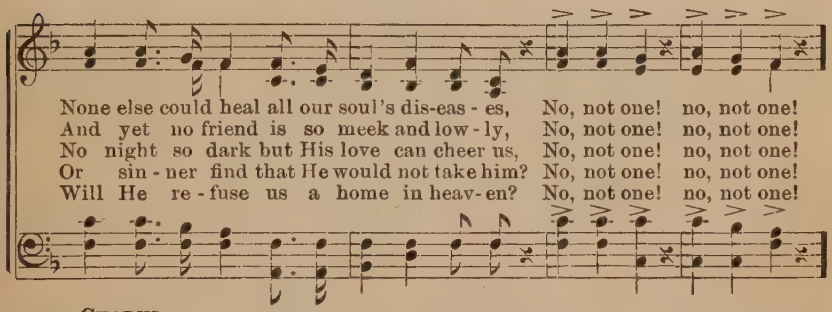


No, Not One!

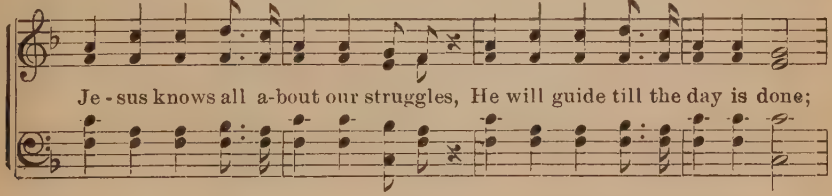
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

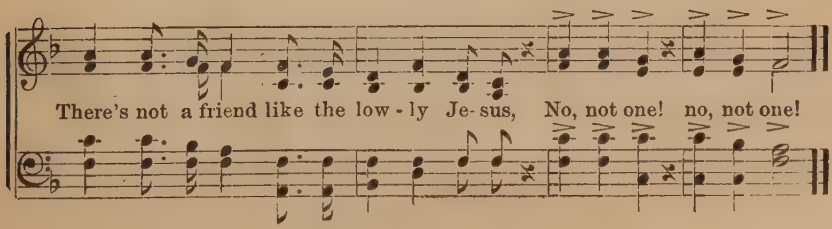
Slowly, and with great feeling.





CHORUS.





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Hallelujah! Christ is Risen!

THOMAS KELLY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Allegro. Animato.

1. Come, ye saints, look here and won - der; See the place where Je-sus lay:
2. Je - sus triumphs! sing ye prais - es; By His death He o - ver-came;
3. Je - sus triumphs! countless le - gions Come from heav'n to meet their King;

He has burst His bands a - sun - der, He has borne our sins a - way.
Thus the Lord His glo - ry rais - es, Thus He fills His foes with shame.
Soon in yon-der bless-ed re - gions They shall join His praise to sing.

CHORUS.

Joy - - - ful ti - dings, Joy - - - ful ti - dings, Yes, the
Joy - ful, joy - ful ti - dings, Joy - ful, joy - ful ti - dings,

Lord is ris'n to - day;..... Joy - - ful ti - dings,
the Lord is ris'n to-day; Joyful, joy-ful ti - dings,

Joy - - - ful ti - dings, Yes, the Lord is ris'n to - day.
Joy - ful, joy - ful ti - dings,

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FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. The Lord is coming, our Redeemer, King, Whose voice the world shall hear;
2. The Lord is coming, our Redeemer, King, To set His peo - ple free;
3. The Lord is coming, our Redeemer, King, O'er heav'n and earth to reign;

The Lord is com-ing, let the sound go forth, Be - hold! the time is near.
In Him the promise of the a - ges past, A light that all may see.
His arm shall triumph o'er oppression's pow'r, And break the captive's chain.

REFRAIN.

Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord, Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord; Make straight in the des - ert, make straight in the des - ert, A high - way for our God; our Lord. of the Lord; of the Lord; our God;

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He Stands So Near.

MRS. A. L. DAVIDSON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Up - on the great highways thou standest wea - - - - ry,
2. The hopes of earth-life oft - en fade and fail thee,
3. In Him is strength, in Him di - vine com - pas - - - - sion,
wea - ry, stand-est wea - ry,

Thou cri - est ev - er-more, "A - lone and drear - - - - y,"
Thou hast no ref - uge when thy foes as - sail thee,
He chang - es not, tho' things of earth-ly fash - - - - ion
drear-y, lone and drear-y,

And wilt not un-der-stand that there so near thee,
And when the night shall come, oh, who will guide thee,
Grow old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so wea - - - - ry,
near thee, there so near thee,

The Sav - ior waits to love, and bless, and cheer thee.
If thou dost still re - fuse thy Friend be - side thee?
And thou shalt nev-er - more be lone and drear - - - - y.
cheer thee, bless and cheer thee.

CHORUS.

He stands so near, and yet thy blind-ed vi - sion Is turned a - way from

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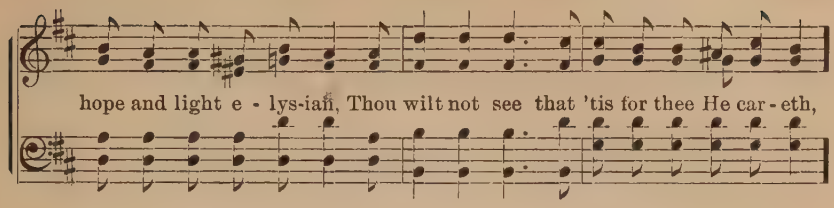
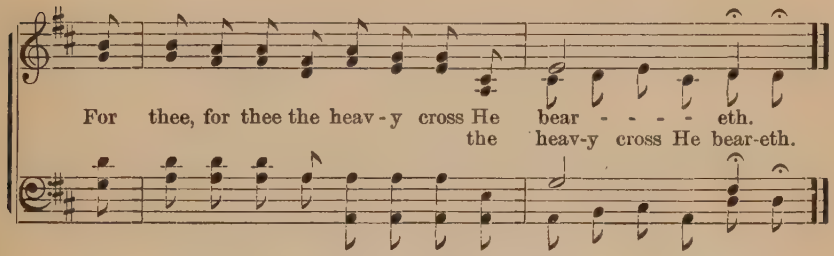
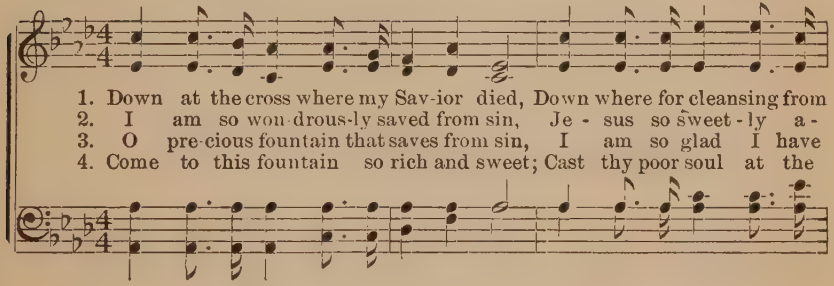
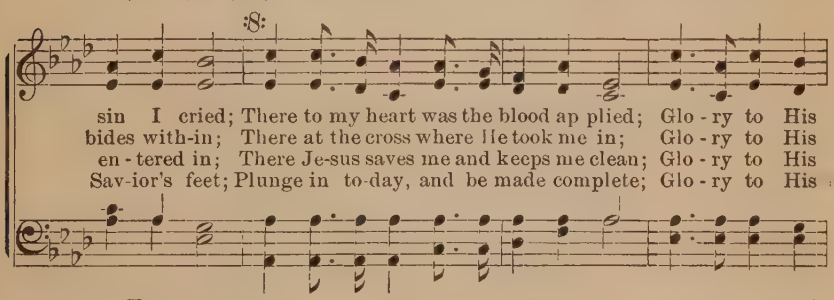




Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.





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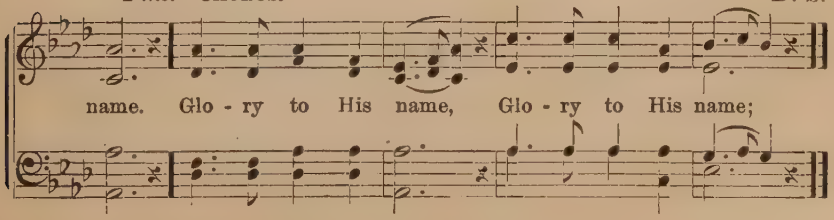
Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*



The Cross that He Gave.

GEN. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill - ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight;

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a - ne.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not hide His bless-ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know That, with Je - sus here be - low, I can con-quer ev - 'ry foe with His grace.

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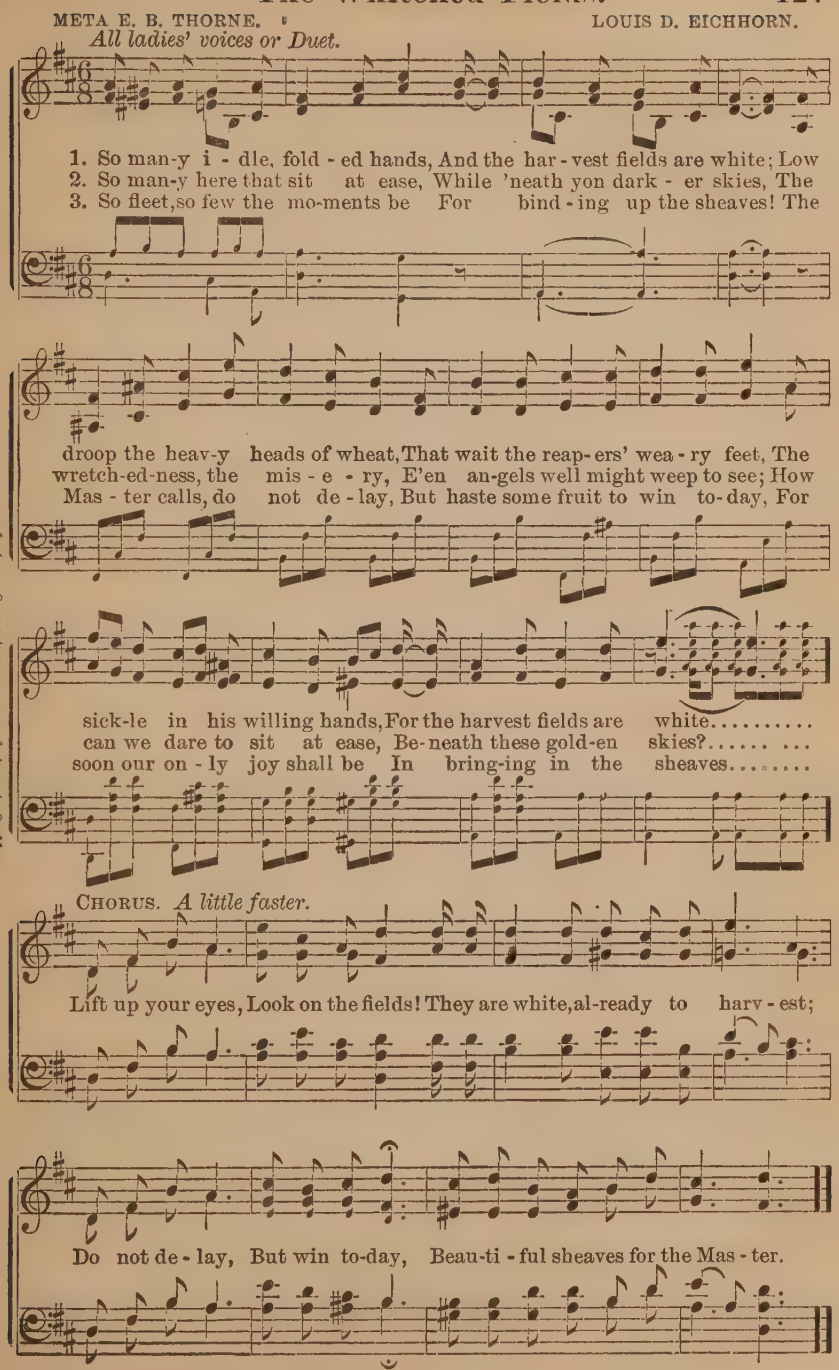

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The New Crusade.

GEO. W. CROFTS. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

Very firmly.

1. See the ban-ners of all na-tions, With the crim-son cross un-furled,
2. Sa - tan's host shall flee be - fore us, With the dark-ness of the night,
3. Marching on-ward, in our path-way Leav-ing ev - er - last-ing bloom,
4. Marching on-ward! Comrades, lis-ten To the thrill-ing throb of feet

Un - der which we're marching on-ward To the con-quest of the world.
As with stead - y step ad-vanc-ing We are clad in ar - mor bright;
Where once spread the bar - ren des - ert Groan-ing 'neath a pall of gloom;
Keep - ing time to strains ce - les - tial, All in u - ni - son com- plete!

In this sign we shall be vic - tors, As u - ni - ted all we stand,
As be - fore us goes our Cap tain, Who hath conquered death and hell,
Marching on - ward, sin de-stroy-ing, With its cru - el ty - rant rod,
Now the pray'r is be - ing an-swered Of our Fa-ther's bless-ed Son,

Crowning Christ our on - ly Cap-tain, Loy-al to His least com-mand.
And our joy - ous songs of tri-umph Like the waves of o - cean swell.
O - pen - ing the gates of free-dom And the king-dom of our God.
We no long - er are di - vid - ed, Christian comrades, we are one.

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CHORUS.

Male Voices if available, otherwise All Voices.

For-ward, for-ward, all in un - ion, For-ward, for-ward, all in line;

For-ward 'neath the crim-son ban - ner, We shall con-quer in this sign!

All Unison.

For-ward, for-ward, all in un - ion, For-ward, for - ward, all in line;

Harmony.

For-ward 'neath the crim-son ban - ner, We shall con-quer in this sign.

At the Cross.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do!

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CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith rolled a-way, I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-

last-ing Arms, What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms, Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing Arms. Lean-ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean-ing,
leaning on Je-sus, Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing Arms.
lean-ing on Je-sus,

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Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough.....That makes the
2. Each flow'ry glen ..... and moss-y dell, ...Where hap-py
3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore..... Of Him who

1. Each cooing dove and sighing bough

eve..... so blest to me,.....Has something far..... di-vin - er
birds..... in song a - gree,.....Thro' sunny morn..... the prais-es
walked.... up-on the sea, ... I long, oh, how..... I long once

That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far

now, ... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee .....
more ..... To fol - low Him..... in Gal - i - lee.....

di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal-i - lee.

CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal-i - lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O

Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

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Spirit, Tender, Holy.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

1. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Come and dwell in me;
2. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Make my heart Thy home;
3. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Cleanse me from all sin;
4. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Live in me su - preme;

Thro' Thy pow - er, whol - ly, Com - eth vic - to - ry.
Make me pure and low - ly; Gen - tle Spir - it, come;
Reign in my heart whol - ly; Now Thy work be - gin;
Guid - ed by Thee sole - ly, Thy pow'r be my theme.

Need-less is life's war - fare, Naught have we to dread,
Let me feel Thy pow - er, All Thy good - ness see;
Be my strength in weak - ness, Quell my fool - ish fears;
Spir - it, wilt Thou nev - er Leave me? for by Thee

If we yield to Thy care, If by Thee we're led.
I would be this hour..... Bathed in pu - ri - ty.
Be my stay in sick - ness, Ban - ish all my tears.
Are life's dis - cords ev - er Made sweet har - mo - ny.

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Song of the Reapers.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where are the seeds we scattered in the spring-time, Down in the cold earth
2. Bur - ied a - lone, yet not a - lone a - bid - ing, Life all un - fold - ing
3. Where are the deeds and lit - tle words of kind-ness Sown by the hands and

bur - ied from our sight? Are they all dead and are they gone for - ev - er,
in their shin-ing leaves, Crowning with joy the reap-er's pa-tient wait-ing,
hearts of child-ish love? Grow-ing and rip'ning till the an - gel reap-ers

CHORUS.

Lost in the dark-ness of an end - less night?
Fill - ing his gar - ner with their gold - en sheaves.
Gath - er the har - vest for the home a - bove.
No, nev - er lost, or

by our God for-got-ten, Nourished by sunshine, fed by dew and rain, Aft - er the

dark-ness and the si-lent wait-ing, See them a - ris-en to the light a - gain.

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I Could Not Do Without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

1. I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-ior of the lost, Whose precious blood redeemed me At such tremendous cost; Thy righteousness, Thy par-don, Thy sac-ri-fice, must be My on-ly hope and com-fort, My glo-ry and my plea.

2. I could not do with-out Thee, I can-not stand a-lone; I have no strength or goodness, No wisdom of my own; But Thou, be-lov-ed Sav-ior, Art all in all to me, And weakness will be pow-er, If lean-ing, Lord, on Thee.

3. I could not do with-out Thee, For years are fleet-ing fast, And soon in sol-emn si-lence The riv-er must be passed; But Thou wilt nev-er leave me, And, tho' the waves run high, I know Thou wilt be near me, And whis-per, "It is I."

CHORUS.

I could not do with-out Thee, I could not do with-out Thee, I could not do with-out Thee, I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-ior of the lost.

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Church of God, Awake!

MRS. E. J. BUGBEE. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring ban - ners Float a-long the glo - rious years,
2. In your cost-ly tem-ples pray - ing, "Let Thy kingdom come," ye pray,
3. Grace and glo - ry He hath sent you, Cast your lines in pla - ces fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav - en, Wake Thy sleeping children, Lord,

Gath'ring har-vest rich and gold - en, Sowed in pov - er - ty and tears:
Are but words of i - dle mean-ing, If with these ye turn a - way;
Scat - ter bless-ing *now* He bids you, O'er His green earth ev-'ry-where;
Till the meas-ure full and e - ven Has been rendered at Thy word;

On-ward press, the cross is bend-ing Far to-ward the morning skies,
Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From His hand who owns it all,
Till the millions in the twi-light Of the far - off O - rient land,
Then from out her night of sor - row Shall the earth redeemed a - rise;

Speed-y dawn of light por-tend-ing,—Church of God, a - wake! a - rise!
And His eye be-holds in heav - en What ye ren-der back for all.
In the gra-cious morn-ing splen-dor Of the gos-pel light shall stand.
And the fair mil-len - nial mor - row Dawn with o - pal-tint - ed skies.

CHORUS.

Church of God, awake! a - rise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
Church of God, a - wake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,

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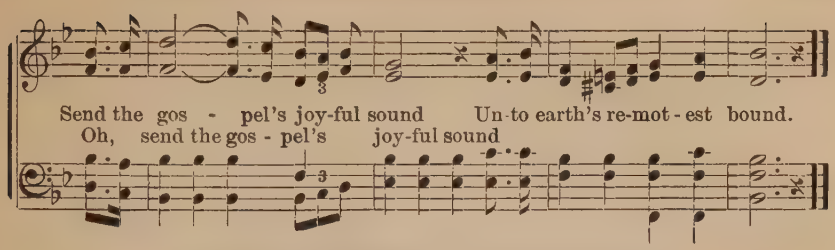
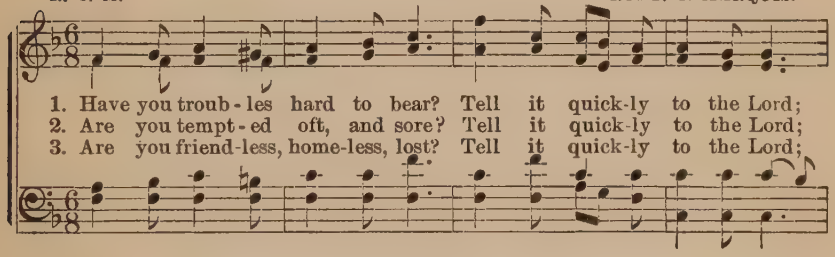
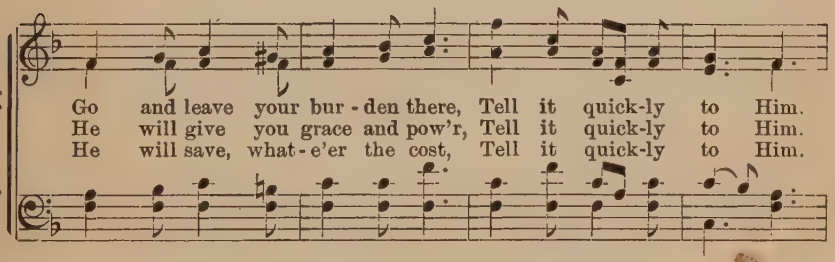
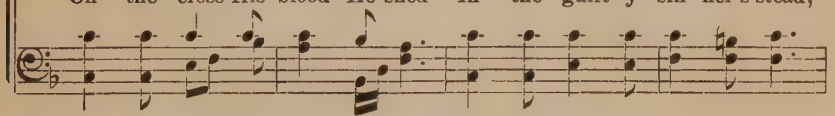


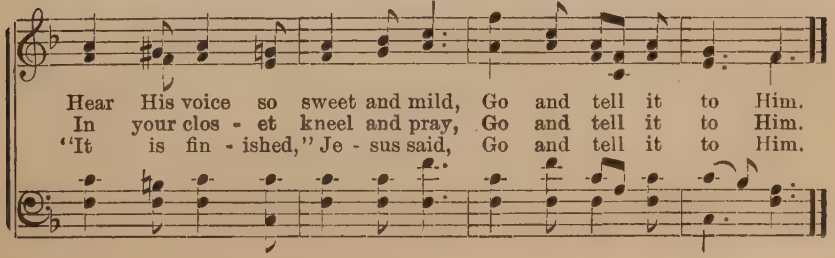
Tell It Quickly to the Lord.

R. C. M. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.









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Just Over the Line.

R. C. M. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

1. Just o - ver the line from the fold, I once was a wand'rer in sin;
2. Just o - ver the line from His love, O sin-ner, why linger a - way?
3. Just o - ver the line from sweet peace That's waiting thy bosom to fill;
4. Just o - ver the line from my home, No long - er in darkness I'll rove;

Till Je - sus came soft - ly and knocked at my heart, Say-ing, "O-pen, and
The voice of free grace cries—es-cape for thy life, Call on Je - sus for
In an-guish and sor-row, and great dis- con - tent, Broth-er, say to the
For Je - sus, who loves me, I'll live day by day, Till He calls me to

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CHORUS.

I will come in."
par-don to - day.
tempt-er, "Be still."
meet Him a - bove.

O - ver the line, just o - ver the line,

Is all that shall ev - er be thine; For Je - sus is
4th v. mine;

there, and heav-en so fair, O broth-er, just o - ver the line.

Little Soldiers.

(Song for Primary Department.)

MATTIE ALICE LONG. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

Quick march time.

1. Sol - dier boys and girls are we, March-ing with our King;
2. Brave and true we hope to be To our col - ors all,

At the front we bear the cross, While for Christ we sing.
And to con - quer sin we'll try, Nev - er must we fall.

CHORUS.

This is the sign, the flag of all the true; Bravely we bear the red, the white and blue.

This is the sign, the flag of all the true; Brave-ly we bear the red, the white and blue.

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For Jesus' Sake.

C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Have you, O friend,.... this se - cret learned, Which will this
2. Se - cure - ly rest..... be-neath His wing,.... No dan - ger
3. The clouds which now..... the sun ob - scure,.... Shall on thy

earth..... an E - den make:.... Of ev - 'ry act..... in life per -
shall. ... thy soul o'er- take;.... A-bove the storms... triumphant
head..... in blessings break;... A-bund-ant thy..... re-ward and

formed,.... As un - to Him,..... for Je - sus' sake?.....
sing,..... When life is lived..... for Je - sus' sake.....
sure,..... If thou en - dure..... for Je - sus' sake.....

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FULL CHORUS.

Thus humble toil is glo - ri-fied, Tho' rough the way our feet may take, And
Count it but joy if worthy deemed Thy Savior's suff'rings to par-take, That
With cares and crosses laid a - side, When in His like - ness we a-wake, We'll

ev - 'ry sor - row sanc - ti - fied, If meek - ly borne for Je - sus' sake.
when His glo - ry is re-vealed Ye may be glad— for Je - sus' sake.
sing the praise of Him who died And saved our souls— for Je - sus' sake.

God's Spirit Strives With Me.

LAURA E. NEWELL. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. God's Spir - it strives with me, I feel Him in my soul,
2. I've strayed in paths of sin, And spurned the bet - ter part,
3. Be - side the cross I kneel, And pray to be for - giv'n,
4. I know His match-less love, His match - less pit - y feel;

And Je - sus calls, "My err - ing child, I wait to make you whole."
But I am wea - ry of earth's dross; Lord, soothe my troubled heart.
And that at last I may go home, To dwell with Christ in heav'n.
And now un - to His con - trite child He doth Him-self re - veal.

CHORUS.

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, now, Pos-sess my heart, I pray; I yearn for peace, I long for rest, Di - rect and light my way.

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Flash the Light of Truth Along.

MATTIE A. LONG. LESTER PRICE.

1. Flash the light of truth a - long, Hap - py words and joy - ful song;
2. Love to oth - ers we will give, That the work of Christ may live;
3. Blos-soms all a - long the way We may scat - ter ev - 'ry day;
4. Rich in truth we all may be, And some wea - ry soul may free

Je - sus' ban - ner is un - furled, Give the truth un - to the world.
Help the wea - ry, ill at heart, Thus we all may do our part.
Sun - shine all a - bout us spread, Light and peace where hope has fled.
From de - spair and mist - y doubt, If we'll let our light shine out.

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CHORUS.

Flash the light, the light of truth a - long, Words of cheer give

out in joy - ful song; Let the sun - beams shine a-

Repeat pp.

long the way; Do some deed of kind - ness ev - 'ry day.

MATTIE A. LONG. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We are marching on to bat - tle, In the ar - my of our King;
2. We are marching on to bat - tle, And our standard we will raise
3. We are marching on to bat - tle, We are fight-ing for the Lord;
4. We are marching on to bat - tle, We will make our forc - es strong;

We will fight with deeds of kind - ness, And will loud ho - san - nas sing.
Ev - 'ry day un - to our Sav - ior, As we glad - ly sing His praise.
He will ev - er be our Lead - er, We'll o - bey His pre-cious word.
We will win with Je - sus' weap-ons, Words and deeds and joy-ous song.

CHORUS.

March - ing, sing - ing, Hap - py all the day, all the
March-ing, march-ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, Hap - py all the day, we are

day; ..... We are march - ing on to bat - - tle,
hap - py all the day; We are march-ing on to bat - tle, We

1 2

We are win - ning in the fray..... win - ning in the fray.
are win - ning, win - ning in the fray. win - ning in the fray.

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All Hail the Power.

(Coronation.)

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

All Hail the Power.

(Miles Lane.)

WM. SHRUBSOLE.

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate

fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

More Faith in Jesus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. A. BEIRLY.

1. Faith in Je - sus, firm and true, More and more, more and more,
2. Faith in Je - sus, deep and strong, More and more, more and more,
3. Faith in Je - sus, deep, se - rene, More and more, more and more,

CHO.—*Faith in Je - sus, firm and true, More and more, more and more,*

Fine.

Trust-ing Him our jour - ney thro'; Bless - ed faith in Je - sus.
Faith to sing a no - bler song; Bless - ed faith in Je - sus.
On His prom - is - es to lean; Bless - ed faith in Je - sus.

Trust - ing Him our jour - ney thro'; Bless - ed faith in Je - sus.

This our dai - ly prayer shall be, This our ear - nest, heart-felt plea;
Faith to meet our dai - ly needs, Faith to do more no - ble deeds,
Faith when world-ly foes as - sail, Faith when strength and cour - age fail,

D. C. for Chorus.

Grant us faith to trust in Thee, Ev - 'ry day and hour.
Faith to fol - low where He leads, Ev - 'ry day and hour.
Tempt-ed,—may our faith pre-vail, Ev - 'ry day and hour.

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Leaves, Only Leaves.

R. C. M. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

1. Leaves, on-ly leaves, was the fig-tree's crown, Tho' it promised ripe fruit-age as well; Leaves, withered leaves, ah! so parched and brown, A sad sto - ry of life they tell. Use-less and wast-ed its years have all been, Why should it long - er be spared?..... Leaves, on - ly leaves,
2. Leaves, on-ly leaves, will the Mas-ter find If perchance He may pass me to - day; Leaves, on - ly leaves, and no fruit en-twined, Will my Lord be com- pelled to say. Hun-gry and wea - ry, He comes to my door, Will He find fruit, and a - bide?..... Leaves, on - ly leaves.
3. Leaves, on-ly leaves, aft - er years of care, Has God's goodness been wasted on me; Leaves, on - ly leaves, shall this be my share From God's hand thro' e - ter - ni - ty. Vain-ly He send-eth me bless-ings each day, Vain - ly He com - eth to find..... Leaves, on - ly leaves,
4. Sheaves, golden sheaves, by the Spirit's pow'r, Will I lay at the Mas - ter's feet; Sheaves, golden sheaves, in the heav'nly bow'r Shall be waiting my soul to greet. Hum-bly and fer-vent - ly, Lord, I be - seech, Give me great pow - er to win..... Souls, ru - ined souls, O my Mas - ter,

f

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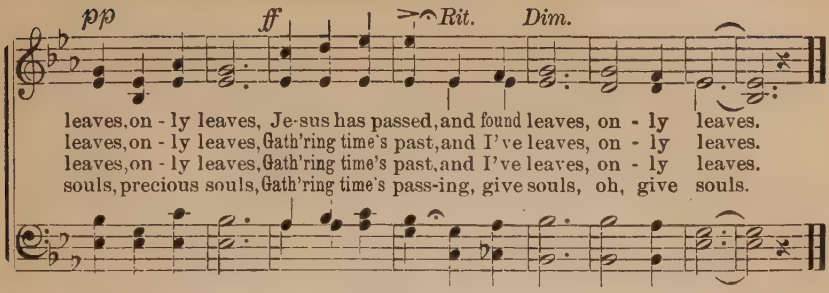
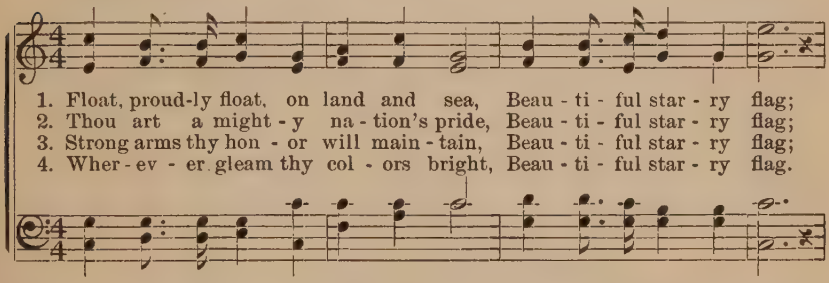
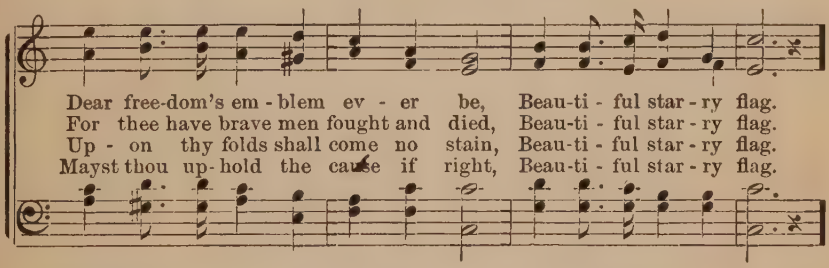
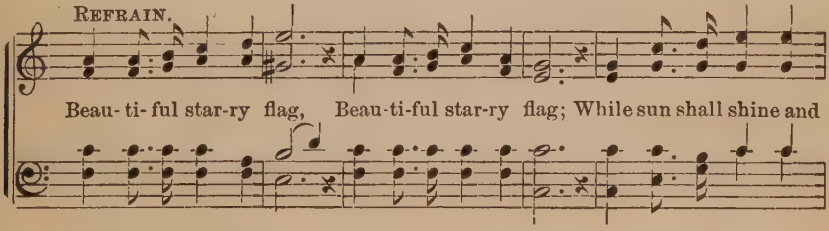


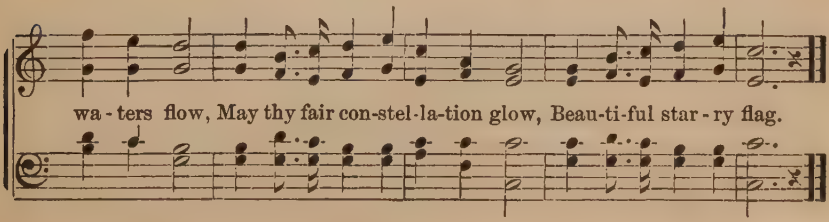
Beautiful Starry Flag.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.









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148 Do You Hear a Song Resounding?

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Do you hear a song re-sounding thro' the strife From the
2. Join the song, ye weak and wounded in the war, Sing of
3. O be brave and joy-ous, he-roes of the Cross, Do not

sol-diers of the bat-tle-field of life? They are sing-ing of the
rest for-ev-er on the Golden Shore; Sing of love that sweetly
pine be-cause of earth-ly pain or loss; Since the Lord of hosts is

ban-ner of our King, And the grace that shall abundant vict'ry
binds the bro-ken heart, Love that ev-er-last-ing blessing will im-
with us all the days, Lift your voi-ces in a gladsome hymn of

CHORUS.

bring.
part.
praise.

Ring, ring, ring, ring, song of joy and glad-ness;

Ring, ring, ring, ring, triumph o-ver sadness; Christ, our Lead-er, ev-er near,

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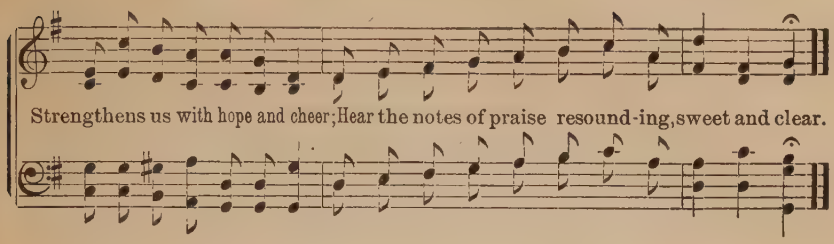
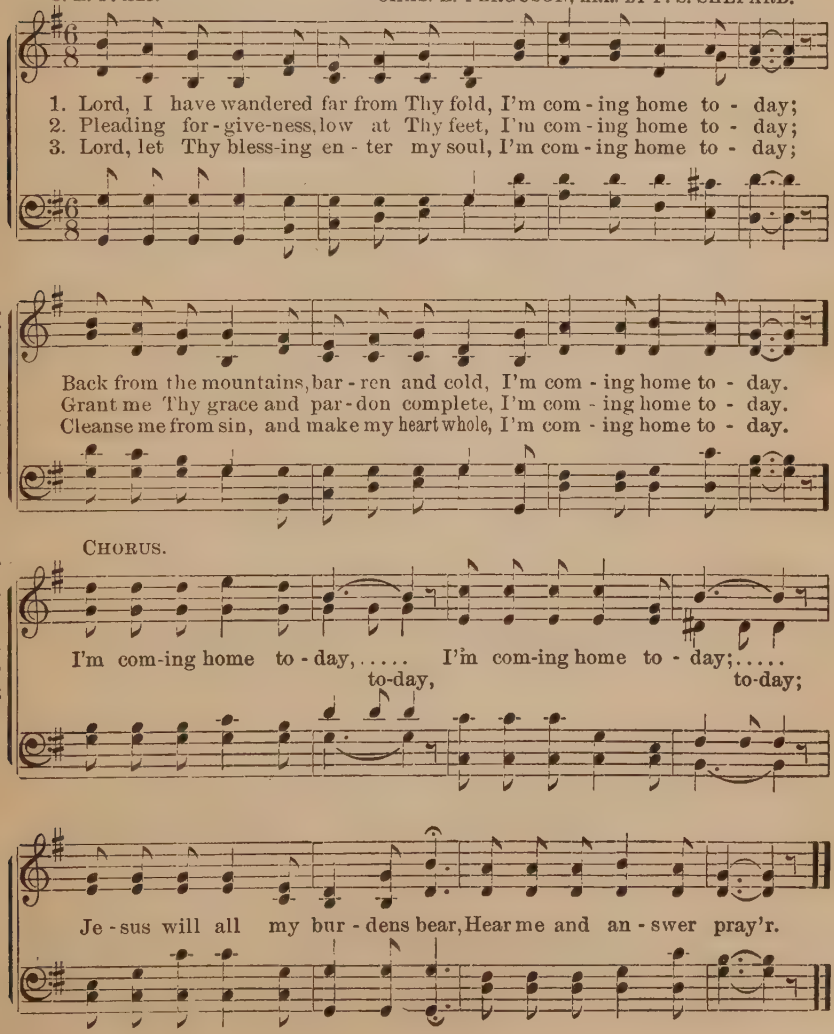


Coming Home.

C. E. F. Alt. CHAS. E. FERGUSON, arr. by F. S. SHEPARD.



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Since I Let the Savior In.

MATTIE A. LONG. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My heart is filled with peace and love, Since I let Him in;.....
2. My love goes out to rich and poor, Since I let Him in;.....
3. The skies are blue, the sunshine bright, Since I let Him in;.....
4. All clouds have van-ished from my life, Since I let Him in;.....
the Sav-ior in;

My bless-ings come from heav'n a-bove, Since I let Him in.
I have a joy that shall en-dure, Since I let Him in.
All doubt-ing tho'ts have ta-ken flight, Since I let Him in.
Peace reigns su-preme, in-stead of strife, Since I let Him in.

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CHORUS.

O let the Sav-ior en-ter your heart, Let the Sav-ior in;..... O
Let the blessed Sav-ior in;

let the Sav-ior en-ter your heart, O let the Sav-ior in.....
O let the bless-ed Sav-ior in.

Let the Sunbeams Enter In.

MATTIE A. LONG. LESTER PRICE.

1. Sing the song, sing the song, Let it ring with ac - cents clear,
2. Love to all, love to all, 'Tis for those who will re - ceive;
3. O - pen wide, o - pen wide, Let the sun-beams en - ter in;
4. Free to all, free to all, Je - sus of - fers us to - day

Of the love that is ours, Com-ing from the Sav - ior dear.
Peace will reign in the soul Of each one who will be - lieve.
Love and light ban - ish care, Cleanse the soul from ev - 'ry sin.
Pre - cious love, ten - der care, Turn, O turn Him not a - way.
Com-ing from the Sav - ior dear.

CHORUS.

O - pen wide the win - dows all, Let the sun-beams en - ter in;

f

In the soul, oh, let them fall, Truth and love all will win.

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152 It Must be Told.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

1. 'Tis a sweet and ten - der sto - ry, How the Father from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry That has warmed the cold world's heart
3. Say you not that un - a - vail - ing Seem the words you try to speak;

Looked down on His err - ing chil - dren With the pitying eyes of love;
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er de - part;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir-it's unc-tion, It shall strengthen what is weak.

How He sent His Well - Be - lov - ed, For - give - ness to un - fold;
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strange-ly cold;
Go forth to do His bid - ding; The truth shall make you bold;

That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Chris-tian, must be told.
To these, O fal - t'ring Chris-tian, The sto - ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry, That sto - ry must be told.

CHORUS.

It must be told, It must be told, The
It must be told, it must be told, It must be told, it must be told, The

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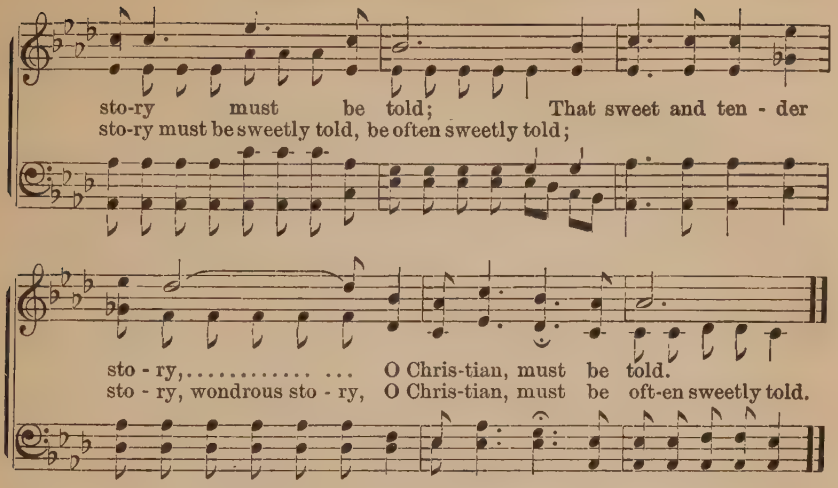
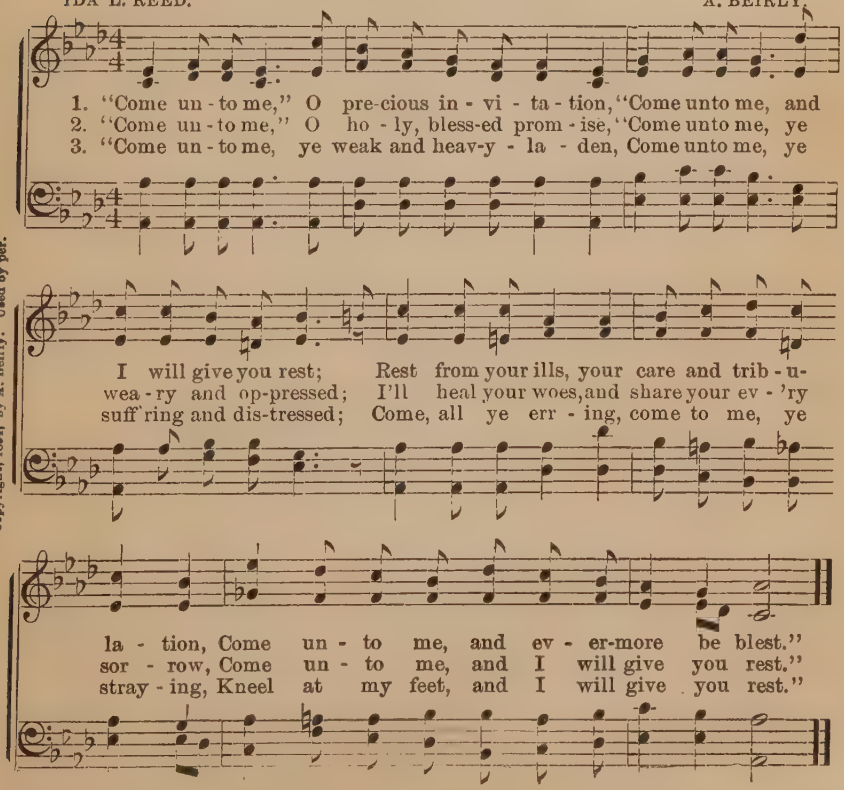


Come for Rest.

IDA L. REED. A. BEIRLY.



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Sing to Him Praises.

(His Children True.)

MATTIE A. LONG. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. Our joy - ful songs we'll sing in praise Of earth, and sky, and sea;
2. The birds and flow'rs, the wav-ing grass, The might - y for - est trees,
3. And oth - er gifts He sends to us So rich, di - vine, and rare,
4. Then let us praise the Fa-ther dear, By song, and prayer, and deed;

Of Him who made them all for us; His chil - dren true are we.
Be-speak His ev - er - last-ing love, As does the murm'ring breeze.
Of such up - lift - ing, ten-der grace, None oth - ers may com - pare.
And gifts of sun-shine, love, and peace, Give un - to those in need.

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CHORUS.

Sing to Him praises, Shout them with gladness, Great are His mer - cies;

Sing to Him praises, Shout them with gladness, His children all are we.

Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je - sus hath spo-ken, Tem-ples of God's ho - ly
2. He who has pardoned, surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer - cy, ful-ness of bless-ing, Ev - er the Spir - it's in-
4. Wea-ry of wand'ring, come in - to Ca - naan, Feast on the ful - ness and

Spir-it di - vine; Have ye received Him, bidden Him en - ter, Make His a-
na-ture re - fine; Cleansed from all sin, His Spir-it will en - ter, Fill you and
dwelling at - tend; 'Tis this en-due-ment, pow-er of serv-ice, Fruits for your
fat of the land; Feed on the man - na, dwell in the sun-shine, Led by His

CHORUS.

bode in that poor heart of thine? Have..... ye re - ceived,.....
thrill you with pow-er di - vine.
la - bor He sure-ly will send.
Spir - it and kept by His hand. Have ye received, have ye received,

since ye be - lieved, The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?.....
since ye believed, since ye believed, The blessed, blessed Holy, blessed Holy Ghost?

He who has promised, gift of the Father, Have ye re - ceived the Ho-ly Ghost?
received

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America, the Christland.

GEO. W. CROFTS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - mer - i - ca, Immanuel's land, The land be-yond all others blest. Raised up by the Al-might - y hand A ref - uge for all men oppressed; Thy flag a glo-rious sym - bol is Of jus - tice and of lib - er- ty, With hearts that beat with pa-triot bliss We sing a song of praise for thee.
2. Thy mountains and thy plains extend From lake to gulf, from sea to sea; Thy turquoise skies that o'er thee bend Embrace of states a gal - ax - y; Thy riv - ers glit - ter in the sun, Thy for-ests wave their branches high; No land like thee since time be - gun E'er ban - quet - ed the hu - man eye.
3. And yet, 'tis not thy wealth untold, A - mer-i-ca, that makes thee great; 'Tis not thy sil - ver or thy gold On which is based thy strength of state; The Bi - ble and the Christian school, The Christian home, the Christian press, The Christian statesmen strong who rule, By these thou art the land we bless.
4. A - mer - i - ca, Christ is thy light, A - mer-i - ca, Christ is thy King; From Him thou dost de - rive thy might, Be-cause of Him thy praise we sing; He is thy Cap-tain, fol - low Him, His ban-ner with thine own entwine; Thy glo - ry then will ne'er grow dim, But like the noon-day sun will shine.

Rit.

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CHORUS. *Rall.*

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! No flag that floats so fair as thine;

A tempo.

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! No land so love - ly, so di - vine.

Hail! Happy Morn.

ADA BLENKHORN. E. E. MEYER.

DUET.

1. O happy morn, we welcome thee With laughter and with song; Thy hours so
2. No oth-er day is half so bright, No oth-er day so dear, For Je - sus'
3. And as the years roll swiftly by, Thy glo-ries we will sing; We'll raise in

CHORUS. *With vigor.*

bright are our de-light, Thy joy we would prolong.
birth bro't heav'n to earth, And filled the world with cheer.
love our hearts a bove, And praise our blessed King.
} Hail! happy morn! how

Repeat Chorus.

blessed was thy dawning! Hail! hap-py, joyous morn! When Christ the Lord was born.

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158 Sweet Peace Comes O'er Me Stealing.

MATTIE A. LONG. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. When the world seems cold and drear-y, And my heart is filled with fear,
2. Then it is my heart grows light-er, All the bur-dens roll a-way;
3. Flow-ers blos-som in my path-way, Birds sing sweet a mer-ry lay,
4. If I'll keep Him with me ev-er, He will lead me to a life

Lo! a peace comes o'er me steal-ing, And I know my Sav-ior's near.
Sunshine in my soul then en-ters, And the night is turned to day.
When the bless-ed Christ is with me, Guides me past the thorn-y way.
Of sweet peace and joy e-ter-nal, Out of dis-cord, pain, and strife,

CHORUS.

Sweet peace comes o'er me steal-ing, When I
Peace, sweet peace, comes o'er me steal-ing,

let the Sav-ior in; Won-drous love
When I let the bless-ed Sav-ior in; Wondrous love

to me re-veal-ing, When I let the Sav-ior in.

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MATTIE A. LONG. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. With our banners waving high in the light of Gos-pel truth. We are
2. With our Cap-tain at the front, we will ban-ish ev-'ry foe; Christ, the
3. When the strug-gle all is o'er, and the bat-tle we have won, Then our

stationed on the field of right; We are work-ing for the Lord, and His
Sav-ior, is our shield of love; He is leading 'gainst the strife, and we'll
ar-mor we will lay a-side; We will put our weapons down and we'll

ev-er pre-cious word; We are marching in the path of light.
gain e-ter-nal life; We are marching to the home a-bove.
wear a heav'n-ly crown; With the peace-ful we will then a-bide.

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CHORUS.

Sing of His love! We are marching, marching on, Marching with the Christ our King;

Sing of His love! We are marching, marching on; Praises let our voi-ces ring.

For variety of effect, let all voices sing the melody of the stanzas in unison.

Will You?

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am a temp'rance ad - vo - cate, I stand for the right; The sub - ject I will ag - i - tate, And stir up the fight, 'Till you, and you, and you, and you Shall with us take a stand A - gainst the ty - rant Al - co - hol, And drive him from the land.
2. Our mot - to is a no - ble creed; 'Tis one that shall win! 'Twill clothe the poor, the hun - gry feed, And wealth it will win; It means a stead - y nerve; a brain That's clear to com-pre-hend; An hon - est heart, and free from stain, And bless - ing with - out end.
3. On ev - 'ry hand we see the work Of rum, gin, and wine; It spar - eth nei - ther rich or poor—Thy dear friend, nor mine. Then with us put your shoul - der to The wheel and firm - ly stand; Then by and by our flag shall wave Vic - to - rious o'er the land.

:𝄋: *D. S.*—There's not a no - bler work to do For God or man to - day! Then give your help and sym - pa - thy, To drive the curse a - way.

Fine.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Who'll join our band? will you, will you? Who'll join our band? will you, will you?

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MATTIE A. LONG. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is a song I love to sing Since I have learned the sto - ry
2. I have a love, of all the best, Since I have learned the sto - ry,
3. I have a com-fort in dis - tress, Since I have learned the sto - ry;
4. I have a Friend in ev - 'ry need, Since I have learned the sto - ry;

Of Christ, the ev - er - liv - ing King, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry.
The love of Him,'twill stand the test, I love to sing His glo - ry.
My woes to Je - sus I con - fess, He points the way to glo - ry.
He is a Friend of all, in - deed, He leads the way to glo - ry.

CHORUS.

Since I.....have learned the sto - ry, This song I love to
Since I have learned the sto-ry sweet, This song I love, I

sing, Oh, Je - sus has the world redeemed From darkness un - to glo - ry.
love to sing,

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Marching Onward to the Light.

REV. GEO. W. CROFTS. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

UNISON.

1. Marching on-ward, on-ward to the light, Pil-grims of a bet-ter day,
2. Marching on-ward, on-ward to the light, Where the saints in glo-ry reign
3. Marching on-ward, on-ward to the light, Come and join our pilgrim band;

Thro' the dark-ness of the night, Je-sus lead-ing all the way.
Who have conquered in the might Of the Lord who once was slain;
O how glo-rious then the sight When we all in Zi-on stand!

March-ing on with flag un-furled, Ev-er sing-ing as we go
Of the Lord who from the grave Rose in tri-umph to the sky,
When un-to our bless-ed King We with joy shall ren-der praise;

To the bright, ce-les-tial world, Far a-bove all tears and woe.
Read-y now the world to save, That no soul may ev-er die.
When of love di-vine we sing, And our shouts of tri-umph raise.

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CHORUS.

March-ing on-ward, on-ward to the light, Thro' the dark-ness of the night,

Come and join our pil-grim band, We shall all in Zi - on stand.

I Once was a Stranger.

R. M. McCHEYNE. H. R. PALMER.

Slowly and with great feeling.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my
2. Like tears from the daughters of Zi - on that roll, I wept when the
3. When free grace a-woke me, by light from on high, Then le - gal fears
4. My ter - rors all van-ished be-fore the sweet name; My guilt - y fears

Cres

dan - ger, I felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rap - ture of
wa - ters went o - ver His soul; Yet tho't not that my sins had
shook me, I trem-bled to die: No ref - uge nor safe - ty in
ban - ished, with bold-ness I came To drink at the foun-tain, life-

cen *do.* *ff*

Christ on the tree: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus* was noth-ing to me.
nailed to the tree Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus,'twas noth-ing to me.
self could I see: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus my Sav - ior must be.
giv - ing and free: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus was all things to me.

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* I think it better to insert the words "Lord Jesus" instead of the Hebrew word Tsid ke-nu (the Lord of righteousness), which occurs in the original.—H. R. P.

Come to Jesus As You Are.

R. C. M. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

1. I came to Je - sus as I was, Poor, wretched, help-less, blind, undone,
2. I came to Je - sus, and I found A friend, a heal - er, Sav-ior, guide,
3. O come to Je - sus—part with all That keeps you from His kind embrace;
4. Yes, tell of Je - sus and His love, The sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told;

And He a work of grace be - gun; O praise His ho - ly name.
And He will keep me by His side; O praise His ho - ly name.
Then tell the sto - ry, "Saved by grace;" O praise His ho - ly name.
His treas-ure's bet - ter far than gold; O praise His ho - ly name.

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CHORUS.

He washed me in His pre-cious blood, And from be-neath that won-drous

flood I came, My sins all washed a - way; O praise His ho - ly name.

The Precious Gift.

JENNIE WILSON. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. There's a pre-cious gift for you, my broth-er, And that priceless treas-ure
2. Take the pre-cious gift in mer-cy of-fered, Turn from time's al-lure-ments,
3. Seek to know the glad-ness of sal-va-tion, Yield in faith to God's di-

you may claim, If you sim-ply come to God, the Fa-ther,
poor and vain; Leave each sor-did prize of earth, for Je-sus,
vine con-trol; Then the pre-cious gift that Je-sus pur-chased

CHORUS.

Ask-ing in the Sav-ior's ho-ly name.
And the true e-ter-nal rich-es gain.
Will with glo-ry fill your trusting soul.
} There's a pre-cious gift for

you, my broth-er, Won when Je-sus died on Cal-va-ry; 'Tis the

gift of par-don for trangression, Take it now and be from sin set free.

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How Blest the Man.

Psalm 95.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O come, and let us sing to God, The rock of our sal - va - tion laud;
2. The vast deep pla-ces of the land, And strength of hills, are in His hand;
3. He is our God, we are the sheep His hand doth feed and safe-ly keep;

Let us in psalms our tongues employ; Be-fore Him ren-der thanks with joy.
The sea is His, He gave it birth; His hands prepared the sol - id earth.
Who in the wil-der - ness be-held His might-y works, and yet re-belled.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah! hal - le - lu - - - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - - - jah! hal - le - lu - - - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

1. The Lord is great whose praise we sing, A-bove all gods a might-y King.
2. O come, and let us wor-ship now, Be-fore the Lord, our Mak-er, bow.
3. If ye His voice will hear to - day, With thankful hearts His call o - bey.

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Thy Mercy, Lord.

Psalm 36. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is in the heav'ns; Thy truth doth reach the clouds;
2. Lord, Thou pre-serv - est man and beast; How pre - cious is Thy grace!
3. They, with the fat - ness of Thy house, Shall be well sat - is - fied;
4. Be - cause of life the foun-tain pure Re - mains a - lone with Thee;

Thy jus - tice is like mountains great; Thy judgments deep as floods.
There-fore in shad - ow of Thy wings Men's sons their trust shall place.
From riv - ers of Thy pleas-ures Thou Wilt drink to them pro - vide.
And in that pur - est light of Thine, We clear - ly light shall see.

CHORUS.

Thy mer - cy is in the heav'ns, Thy truth..... doth reach the
Thy mer-cy, Lord, is in the heav'ns, Thy truth doth reach the

clouds; Thy jus - tice like mountains great,.... Thy judgments deep as floods.
clouds; Thy jus-tice is like mountains great, Thy judgments deep as floods.

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168 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the moun-tain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per- haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—
3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place In earth's harvest field so wide—

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me:
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day, For Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied—

But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

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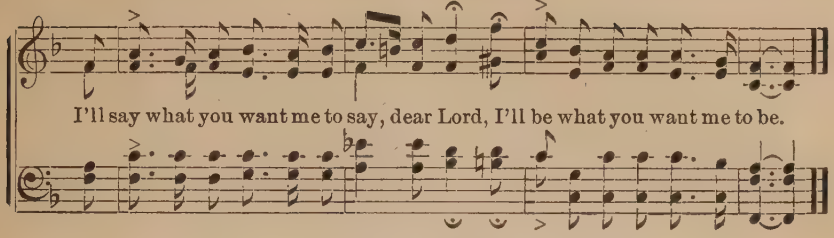
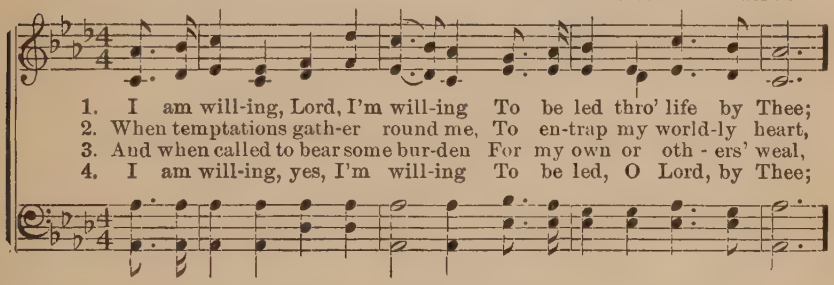
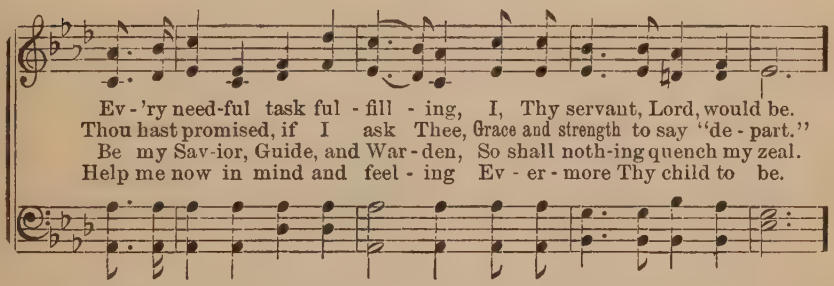


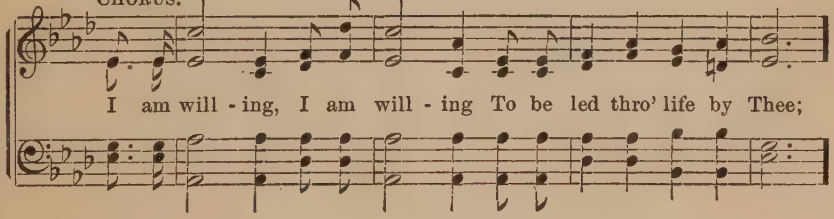
I Am Willing.

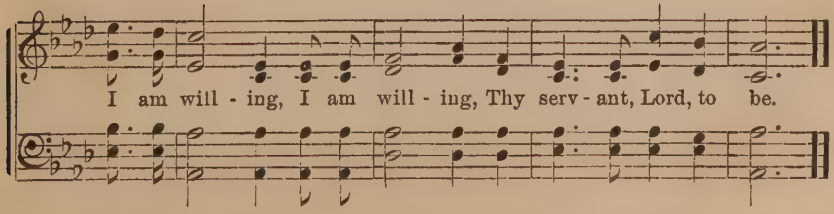
REV. D. E. MILLARD. C. V. STRICKLAND.





CHORUS.





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Meet Mother in the Skies.

ARR. BY W. S. NICKLE.

1. In a lone-ly graveyard, man-y miles a-way, Lies your dear old
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee; He who pardoned

moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-turn-ing
ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true. Ev-er-more she dwells where
moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,

of her tears and sighs; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
pleasure nev-er dies; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
He will not de-spise; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

CHORUS.

Lis-ten to her plead-ings, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-

treat-ing, do not long-er roam; Let your man-hood wak-en,

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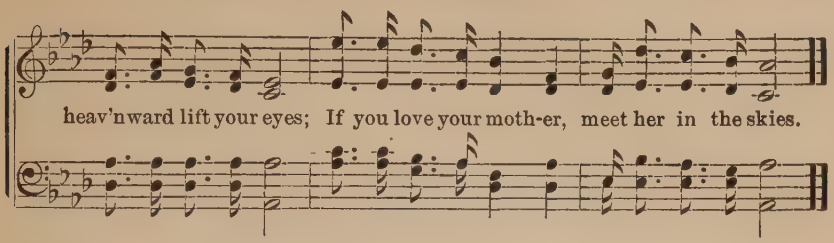
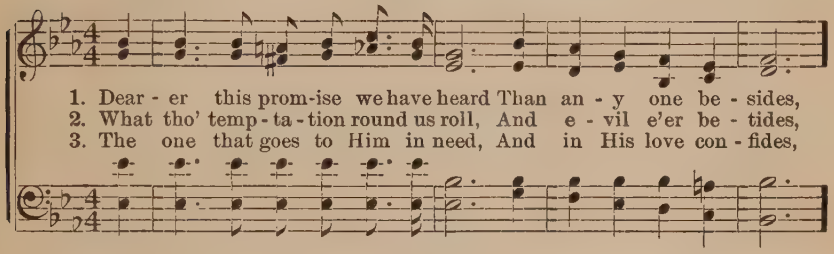
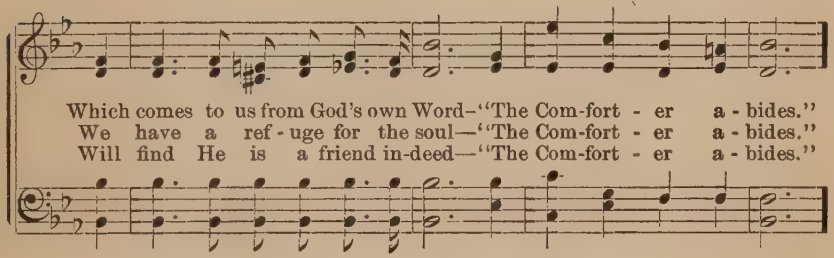


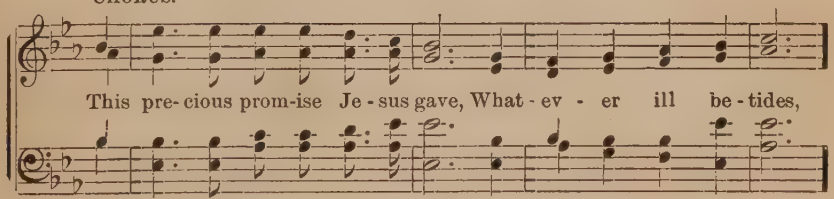
The Comforter Abides.

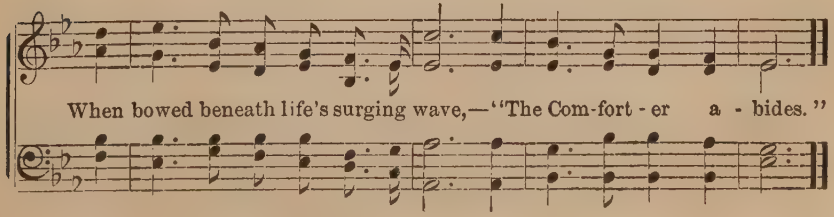
F. S. SHEPARD. J. H. ROSECRANS.





CHORUS.





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Praise Ye the Lord.

Psalm 106. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Praise ye the Lord, and give Him thanks, For boun-ti - ful is He;
2. God's might-y works who can ex-press? Or show forth all His praise?
3. Re - mem - ber me, O Lord, with love, Which Thou to Thine dost bear;
4. That I Thy cho - sen's good may see, And in their joy re - joice;

His ten - der mer - cy shall en-dure To all e - ter - ni - ty.
Oh, blest are they that judgment keep, And just - ly do al - ways.
With Thy sal - va - tion, O my God, To vis - it me draw near.
And may with Thine in - her - i - tance Ex - ult with cheer - ful voice.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, For boun-ti - ful is He;
Praise, O praise the Lord, give thanks, His ten - der

Praise ye the Lord To all e - ter - ni - ty.
mer - cy shall en - dure, en - dure

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Psalm 69. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thro' all the earth, ye king-doms, Sing un - to God the King;
2. He rides on heav'n of heav - ens, Which He of old did found;
3. Strength un - to God at - trib - ute, His glo - rious maj - es - ty
4. Thou, from thy house art dread - ful; Is - rael's own God is He,

Sing prais - es to Je - ho - vah, His praise, O do ye sing.
Lo, when His voice is ut - tered His words in might a - bound.
O'er Is - rael is, His pow - er Is in the heav - ens high.
Who gives strength to His peo - ple; O let God bless - ed be.

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REFRAIN.

His prais - es sing,..... His prais - es
The prais - es of Je - ho - vah sing, The prais - es of Je -

sing,.... Sing prais-es to Je - ho-vah, His praise, O do ye sing.
ho - vah sing,

Come Over and Help Us.

GEO. C. BLAKSLEE. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. What trump-et - like ech - o peals o - ver the sea, A - wak-'ning my sens - es with rich mel - o - dy? The call is the reap - er's, borne out full and clear; For me they are call-ing, my summons I hear.
2. From Chi - na's great riv - er to E-gypt's fair land, Dark peo - ples be - seech us with beck-on - ing hand; For aid they are call - ing, why then should I stay? I'll en - ter this serv-ice and has - ten a - way.
3. Tho' rug - ged the path-way and dark be the wave, With Je - sus be - side me all dan - ger I'll brave; The heav - en - ly mes - sage so thrills my own soul, To take it to oth - ers shall now be my goal.
4. But if to this serv - ice my Mas-ter says "No," I'll join in His prais - es, and cheer those who go; So let me be faith - ful wher- e'er I may be; Then sweet is all la - bor, dear Sav - ior, for Thee.

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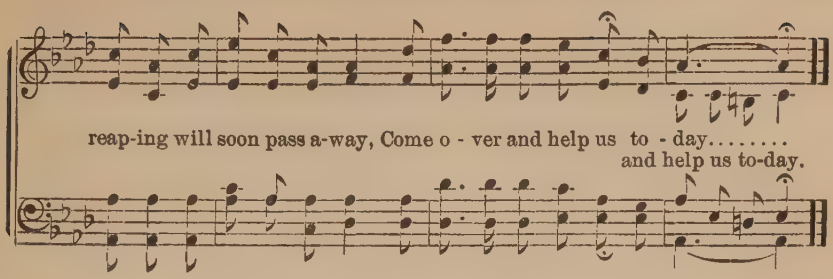
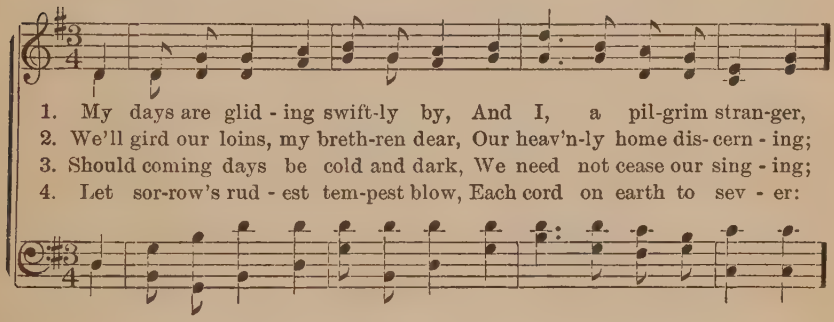
CHORUS.

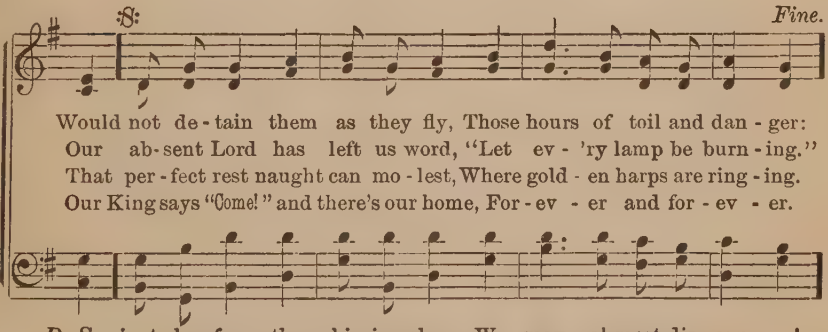
Come o - ver and help us! the har - vest is white, The sheaves must be gar - nered while yet it is light; The sea - son for



The Shining Shore.

DAVID NELSON. GEORGE F. ROOT.





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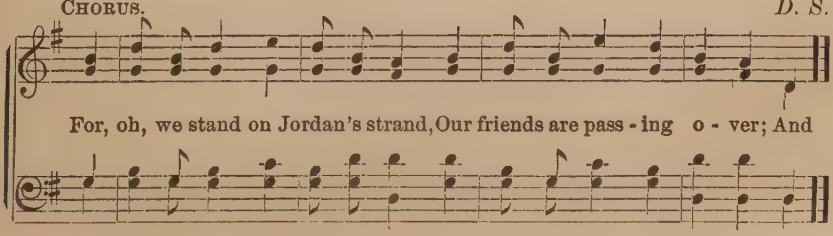
CHORUS. D. S.



Why Not To-Night?

ELIZA REED. (MALE QUARTET.) J. H. ROSECRANS.

BASS SOLO.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our God in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our blessed Lord re - fus - es none Who would their souls to Him u - nite;

My broth-er, hard - en not thy heart, Thou wouldst be saved—why not to - night?
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Thou wouldst be saved—why not to - night?
Re-nounce at once thy stubborn will, Thou wouldst be saved—why not to - night?
Be - lieve—o-bey—and it is done, Thou wouldst be saved—why not to - night?

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CHORUS.

Why not to-night, why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

Rit.

Why not to-night, why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp Very slow. *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me; See on the por-tals He's wait-ing and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer- cies,
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the mo-ments are pass - ing, Pass-ing from you and from me; Shadows are gath - er- ing, death-beds are com - ing,
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has prom-ised, Promised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don,

m CHORUS.

Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home,...
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home,

Cres. *pp* *ppp*

Ye who are wea-ry, come home;..... Ear - nest-ly, ten - der - ly

Rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing, O sin - ner, come home!

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The Earth is the Lord's.

Psalm 24. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The earth and the ful - ness with which it is stored, The world and its
2. Oh, who shall the hill of Je - ho - vah as - cend, Or who in the
3. He shall from Je - ho - vah the bless-ing re - ceive, The God of sal -

dwell-ers be-long to the Lord; For He on the seas its foun-da-tion hath
place of His ho - li - ness stand? The man of pure heart, and of hands without
va - tion shall righteousness give; Ye gates, lift your heads, and an entrance dis-

laid, And firm on the wa - ters its pil - lars hath laid.
stain, Who swears not to false-hood, nor loves what is vain.
play; Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide o - pen the way.

CHORUS.

Be lift-ed, ye gates, ... to the beau-ti-ful way; . . . . . Ye doors ev-er -
Be lift-ed, ye gates to the beau-ti-ful way; Ye

last - - - - ing, an en-trance dis - play; . . . . . The King of all
doors ev - er - last - - ing, an entrance dis-play;

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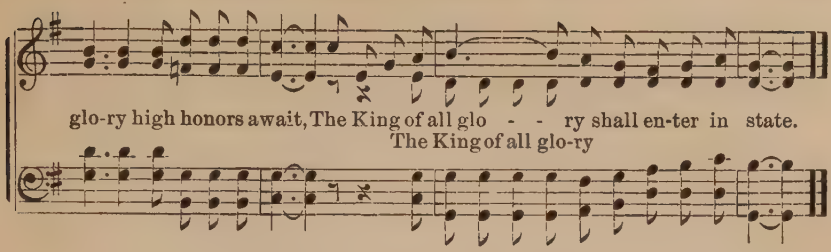
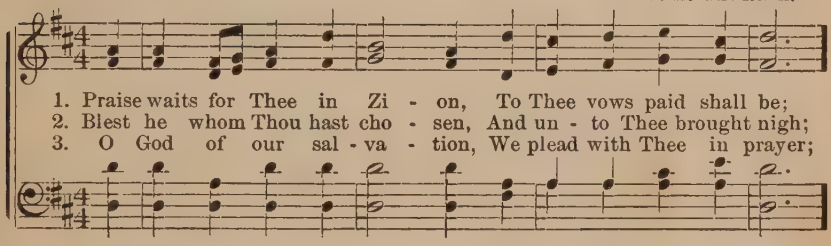
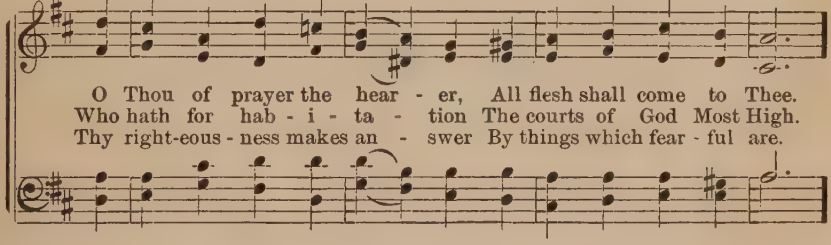
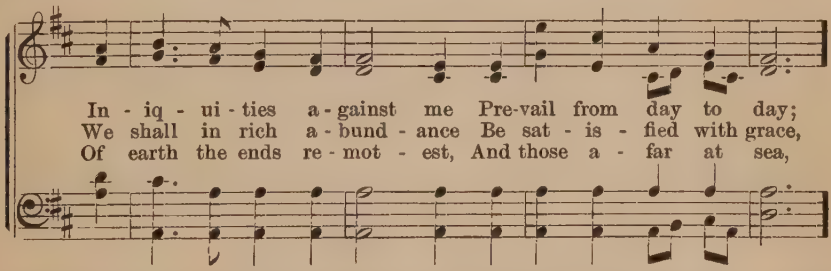


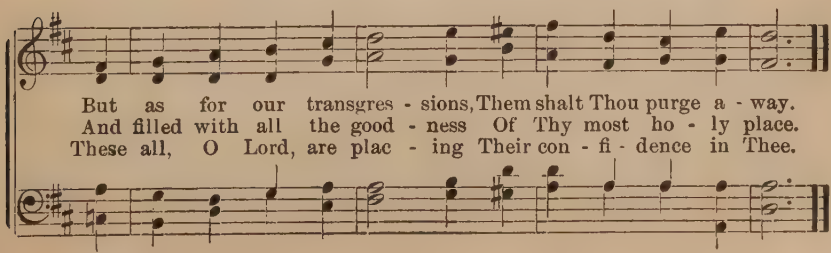
Praise Waits for Thee.

Psalm 65. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.









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Have You Found Him?

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Have you found Him? Then tell oth - ers That His life He free - ly gave
2. Have you found Him? Then tell oth - ers Of His love so full and free—
3. Have you found Him? Then tell oth - ers Of the peace He giv - eth you;
4. Have you found Him? Then tell oth - ers Of His wondrous pow'r and grace,
5. Have you found Him? Then tell oth - ers O - ver moun-tain, vale, and sea,

On the cross, a pre-cious ran-som, From the pow'r of sin to save.
"Love di - vine, all love ex - cel-ling," Boundless as e - ter - ni - ty.
Peace that pass - eth un - der-stand-ing, Rich, un - fail-ing, ev - er new.
Free - ly giv - en for our keep-ing In each try-ing time and place.
That to all may come the ti - dings Of sal - va- tion full and free.

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CHORUS.

Have you found Him? Is He pre - cious? Tell the sto - ry far and wide,

Rit.

Un - til all shall hear the ti-dings Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied.

Draw Me Near Thee.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Draw me near Thee, lov-ing Sav - ior, As the fleet-ing years go by;
2. While the days go fast and fast - er, Let me rest in per - fect peace,
3. When the earth is fast re - ced - ing, Draw me near and near - er still;

Hold. O hold me in Thy fa - vor When the evening shades are nigh!
Claiming Thee, my Lord and Mas - ter—Trusting Thee with-out sur - cease!
Let me fol - low in Thy lead - ing Till I reach fair Zi - on's hill!

CHORUS.

Draw me near .....Thee, Friend and Broth - er— O I need.....Thee ev -'ry hour;..... O sus - tain,..... as can no oth - er, By Thy might - - y sav - ing pow'r!.....

Draw me near Thee, draw me near Thee, Friend and Brother—
O I need Thee, O I need Thee ev'ry hour; O sustain us, O sus- tain, as can no oth - er, By Thy mighty, by Thy mighty saving pow'r!

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Pleasing Him.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The love of Christ my heart has won, He saves me by His grace; And as the bright-ness of the sun Re-veals His shin-ing face, I'm in the sum-mer - land of love, Earth can no more be - guile;... I cov - et this, all things a - bove, My Lord's ap-prov - ing smile.
2. To fol - low in His foot-steps here, And to His word give heed, With love which cast - eth out all fear, To prompt each tho't and deed. To do His bid-ding here be - low, His pur-pose to ful - fill;.....More than my meat and drink to know And do my Mas - ter's will.
3. No more to please the world I strive, My aim by day and night, To *be* and *do*, to *say* and live, And *walk*, as in His sight. To bide un - til it pleas - eth Him, To call my soul a - way ... From scenes of earth, to dwell with Him In realms of end - less day.

CHORUS.

To please my Lord,..... my con - stant thought;.....
To please my Lord, my con-stant tho't;

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To please my Lord..... my high - est joy;..... My
To please my Lord, my highest joy;

life is with sweet comfort fraught, Since pleas-ing Him is my em - ploy.

The Quiet Hour.

REV. GEO. E. McMANIMAN. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. Shut in with God a - lone, I spend the qui - et hour;
2. Shut in with God a - lone, In med - i - ta - tion sweet,
3. Shut in with God a - lone, I praise His ho - ly name;
4. Shut in with God a - lone, And yet I have no fear;

His mer - cy and His love I own, And seek His sav-ing pow'r.
My spir - it waits be-fore the throne, Bowed low at Je - sus' feet.
Who gave the Sav-iour to a - tone For all my sin and shame.
I rest beneath the cleansing blood, And per-fect love is here. A - men.

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Leave All, and Follow Jesus.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Leave all, and fol - low Je - sus, Thy por - tion He will be;
2. Leave all, for He is wor - thy Of loy - al - ty and love;
3. Thy sins and griefs for - sak - ing, Look up to Him a - lone,
4. Leave all, and fol - low Je - sus A - long the heav'n-ward way,

He calls thee up - ward, on - ward, His glo - rious face to see.
For - sake all earth - ly rich - es, For treas - ure hid a - bove.
Who par - dons, heals, and com - forts, Who leads and loves His own.
To realms of life e - ter - nal, To ev - er - last - ing day.

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CHORUS.

Leave all, ... and fol - low Je - sus, Re-deem-er, Friend, and Guide;
Leave all,

For you He left heav'n's glo - ry, For you was cru - ci - fied.

Always Happy.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. CHANDLER.

1. Christians should be hap-py all the livelong day, Walking with the Savior in the
2. Christians should be hap-py, with each want supplied, For our heav'nly Father daily
3. Christians should be hap-py, working for their Lord, In His service ev-er great is

heav'nly way; Words of cheer He whispers, of the Father's love, And the joys a-
will pro - vide; If we on-ly trust Him naught can ever harm, For a-bout each
their re - ward. "Whatsoever He would" always "try to do;" Life will then be

REFRAIN.

wait-ing in His home a - bove. Al - ways hap-py, why should an-y care
loved one is His mighty arm.
hap - py all its jour-ney thro'. Always be happy, Christian,

Fill your heart with sorrow, doubt or dark de - spair? Al - ways hap - py,
Always be happy, Christian,

As you jour-ney on, Drive a- way all troub-le with a cheer-ful song.

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The Fountain.

(To our friend and brother, Rev. Ernest Robinson.)

Rev. LEONIDAS ROBINSON. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. There is a foun - tain flow - ing free, With bright and crimson sheen; 'Twas o-pened
2. On Calv'ry's brow the Sav - ior bled, For you His life He gave; He bore the
3. Come, sin-ner, come, your sins con fess, And let this fountain roll; With cleansing
4. I come, O Lord, with contrite heart, I all my sins for - sake; I plead Thy

The first 8 measures, or Bass Solo, may be omitted if desired.

Chorus.

in King David's time, To save and cleanse from sin.
sins of all the world, And from all sin doth save.
pow'r the crimson tide Will wash and make you whole.
prom-ise, trust Thy word, I now my Savior take.

This fountain o-pened in David's

time, in David's time, Flows for all mankind, for all mankind, Who-so-ev-er will enter

time, Still flows for all mankind, And who-so-ev-er will enter

Rit.

in, will enter in, Saved and cleansed from sin, and cleansed from sin. This foun-tain

in, Shall be saved and cleansed from sin.

opened in David's time, Still flows for all mankind, And
in David's time, Flows for all mankind, for all mankind,

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who - so-ev - er will en-ter in, Shall be saved and cleansed from sin.
will en-ter in,

Quit You Like Men.

E. A. H. (Male Quartet.) Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Be strong to toil in the vineyard wide, And in the serv - ice of Christ a - bide;
2. Be strong to take up your dai-ly cross, And bear for Christ an-y pain or loss,
3. Be strong to bat-tle a-gainst all sin, The foes without and the foes with-in;
4. Be brave and faithful, and courage take; Nev-er, no nev-er, your Lord for - sake;

A rich reward you at last shall win, When all the sheaves shall be gathered in.
Un - til, the burdens of life laid down, Je-sus shall give you a fade-less crown.
Conquer by faith in the cleansing blood, Conquer the world by the help of God.
Fight till the conflict on earth is done; Fight till the vic-t'ry thro' Christ is won.

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Chorus.

Quit you like men, be strong! The fight may be fierce and long, ... But
be strong! ver - y long,

in God's strength we shall win at length; Then quit you like men, be strong!
be strong!

Calvary.

W. M'K. DARWOOD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Sav-ior died,..... 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks..... and dark'ning skies,..... My Sav - ior
3. O Je - sus, Lord,..... how can it be..... That Thou shouldst
1. On Calv'ry's brow my Savior died,

Lord..... was cru-ci - fied;..... 'Twas on the cross..... He bled for
bows..... His head and dies;..... The opening vail..... reveals the
give..... Thy life for me,..... To bear the cross..... and ag - o -
'Twas there my Lord was crucified; 'Twas on the cross

me,..... And purchased there..... my par - don free.
way..... To heav - en's joys..... and end - less day.
ny..... In that dread hour..... on Cal - va - ry?
He bled for me, And purchased there my par - don free.

CHORUS

O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal - va-ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me (for me);

Rit. *p*

O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va- ry! 'Twas there my Sav - ior died for me.

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Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly.... rest, Keep close to
2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to

Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best,
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com - fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic - to - ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good -by,

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,

Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By

day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.

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Tell Mother I'll be There.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Not too fast.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I rec - ol - lect How
2. Tho' I was oft - en wayward, she was al-ways kind and good, So
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick-ly come, If

I would grieve my moth-er with my fol - ly and neg - lect; And
pa-tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude, My
al-most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn-ing aft - er me, And
I would see my moth-er ere the Sav - ior took her home; I

now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care; O
childhood griefs and tri - als she would glad - ly with me share; O
day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care, O
promised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare; O

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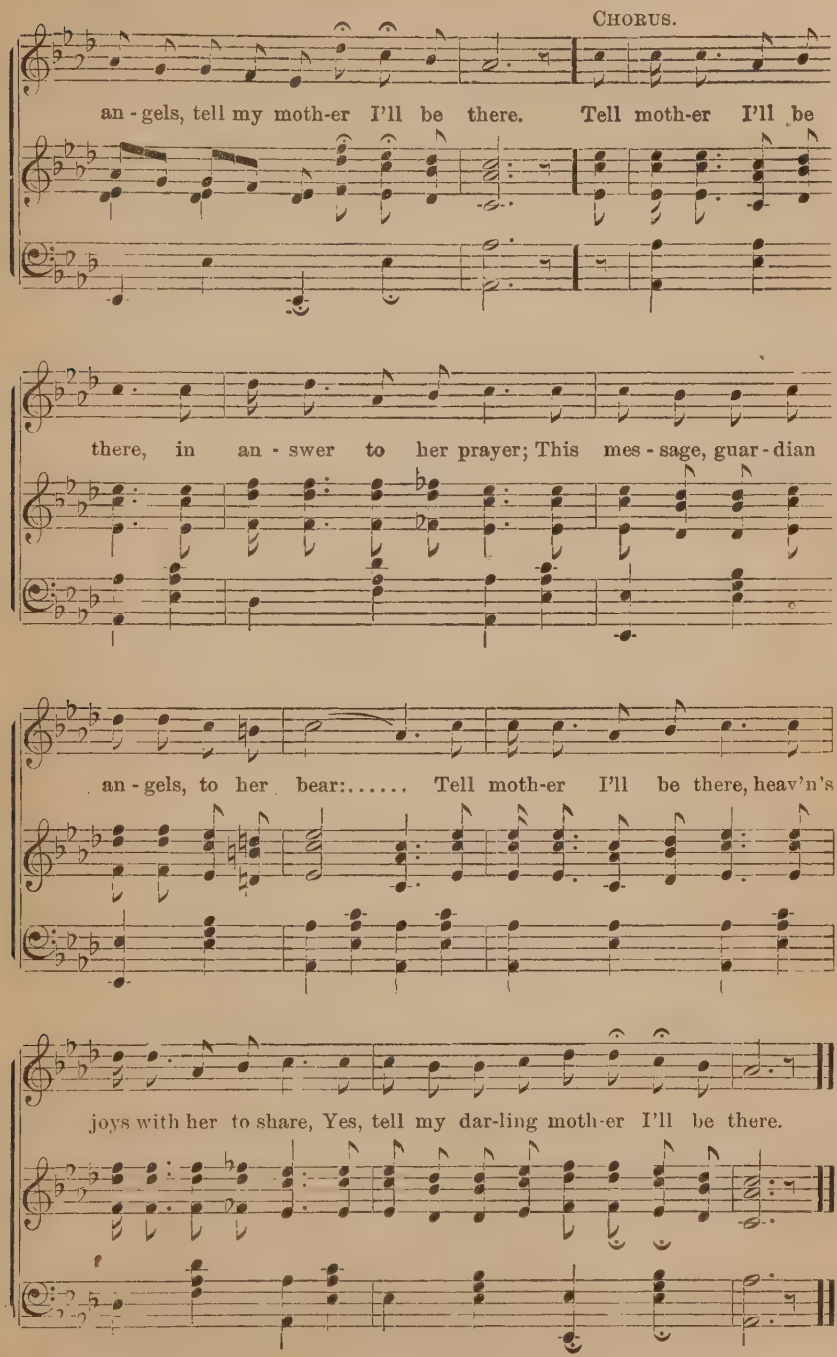
CHORUS.
an - gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there. Tell moth-er I'll be
there, in an - swer to her prayer; This mes - sage, guar - dian
an - gels, to her bear:..... Tell moth-er I'll be there, heav'n's
joys with her to share, Yes, tell my dar-ling moth-er I'll be there.

The Inner Circle.

DEDICATED TO REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D., AND FIRST SUNG IN THE UNION MEETINGS AT MOUNT VERNON, IN NOVEMBER 1898.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis-per, "I have cho-sen you"?
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol - lowed, As they went wher-e'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas-ter, at Thy foot-stool kneel-ing, We, Thy chil-dren, hum-bly wait;

Does He tell you in com-mun - ion What He wish - es you to do?
So to - day, we, too, may fol - low, On His lead - ing still in - tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same:
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav-en's gate.

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CHORUS.

Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Mas-ter's call?
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

Rit.

Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your all in all?
Have you giv'n your

God be With You.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings protecting
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per-ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's ban-ner floating

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you; God be
found you, Put His lov - ing arms a-round you; God be
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you; God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... till we
Till we meet! till we

meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain! Till we meet!

meet!..... till we meet! God be with you till we meet a-gain!
till we meet! till we meet a-gain!

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My Jesus, I Love Thee.

ANON. ADONIRAM J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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I'll Live for Thee.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Thee, I'll live for Thee, And oh, how glad my soul should be*

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D. C. for Cho.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

That Thou didst give Thy - self for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. P. P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of life;
2. Christ, the Bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der - ful words of life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der - ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of life.
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er;

1 2

Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of life; life.

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Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneeling
3. Trusting on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me; Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be-lief.
wounded, bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
} Sav - ior, Sav - ior,

hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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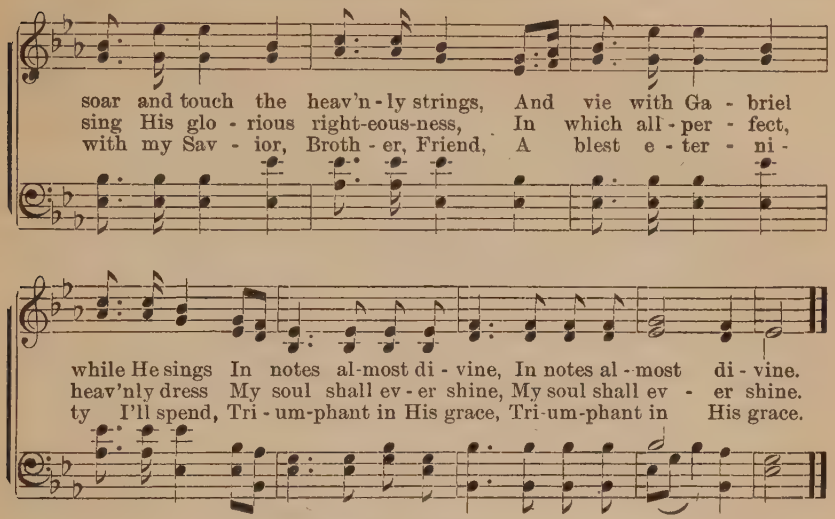
O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

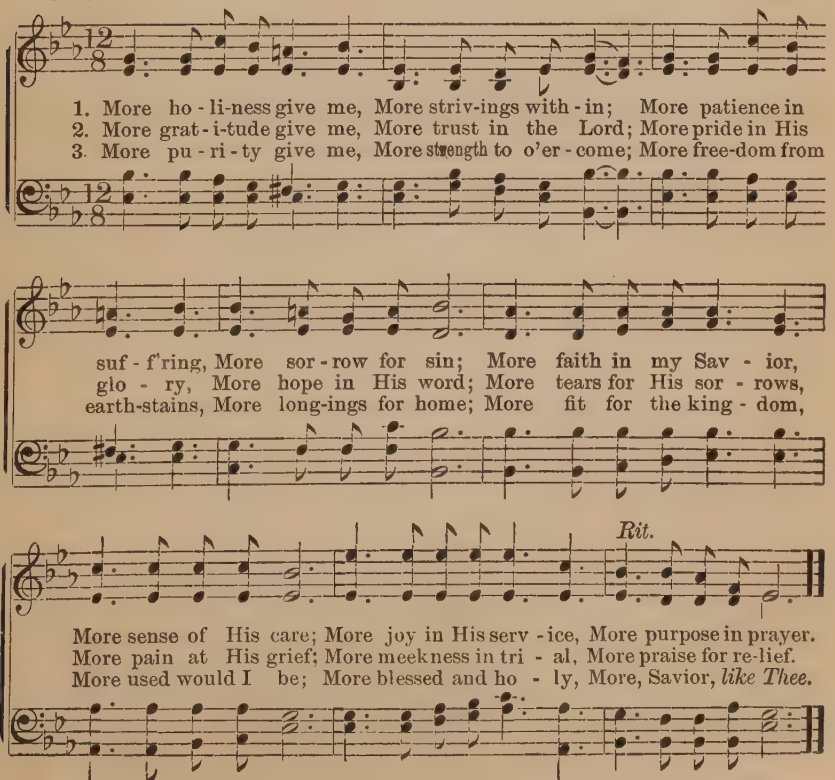
1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran-som
3. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear

sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd
from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine; I'd
Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then



My Prayer.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.



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Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,

2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

CHORUS.

O glorious fountain! here will I stay, And in Thee ev-er, wash my sins a-way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking thot's Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

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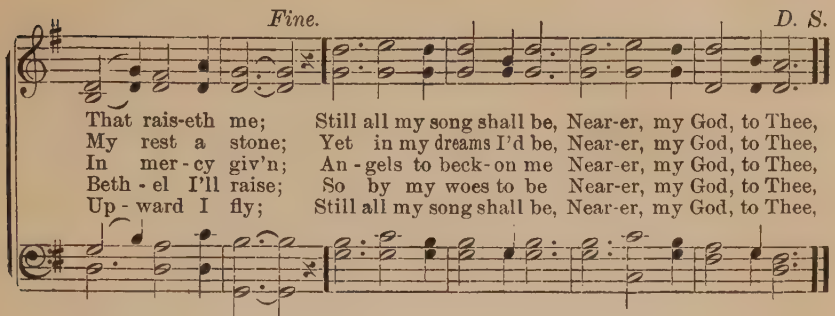
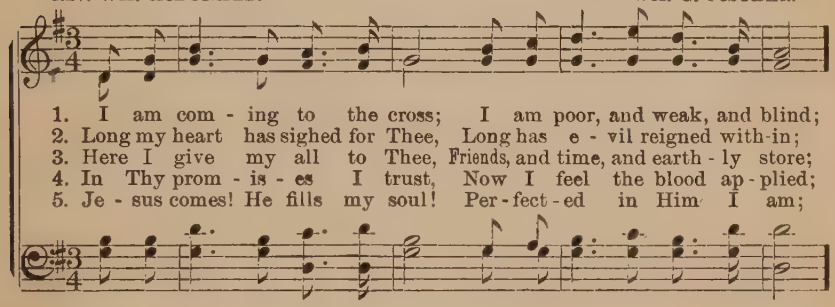
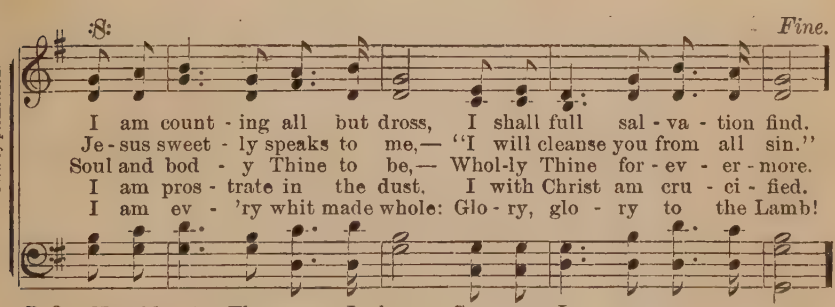


I am Coming to the Cross.

REV. WM. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.





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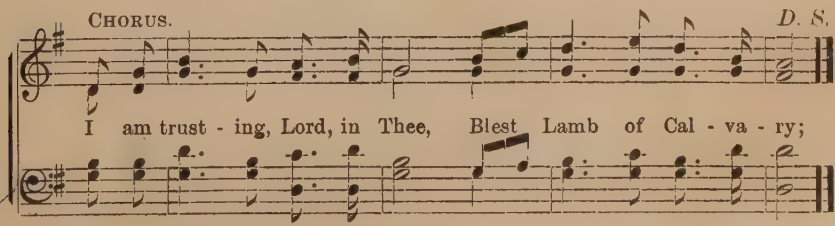

200 Great in Glory is Our King.

Psalm 138. H. H. McGRANAHAN.

1. With all my heart I'll praise Thy name, Be - fore the gods Thy
2. The Lord, tho' high, re-spects the low, But He the proud far
3. O Lord, Thy mer - cy nev - er ends, Throughout all a - ges

praise proclaim; I'll wor - ship in Thy ho - ly place, And praise Thee
off doth know; Tho' waves of troub - le 'round me roll, Thou, Lord, wilt
it ex-tends; Then on Thy serv - ant pit - y take, Thine own hands'

CHORUS.

f

for Thy truth and grace.
yet re - vive my soul.
work do not for - sake.
} All kings of earth shall give Thee

m Cres.

praise, When from Thy mouth they learn Thy ways; They in Je -

ff

ho - vah's ways shall sing, For great in glo - ry is our King.

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J. ADDISON. J. F. HAYDN.

1. { The spa-cious fir - ma-ment on high, With all the blue, e - the - real sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a spacious frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal [*Omit.* . . .]

2. { Soon as the evening shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth, Re-peats the sto - ry of [*Omit.* . . .]

3. { What tho' in sol-emn si - lence, all Move round the dark ter-res-trial ball,—
What tho' no re - al voice nor sound A - mid their radiant orbs [*Omit.* . . .]

pro - claim: Th' un-wea-ried sun, from day to day, Does his.... Cre-
her birth; While all the stars that round her burn, And all.... the
be found,— In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter

a - - tor's pow'r dis - play; And pub - lish - es to
plan - ets in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings
forth a glo - rious voice, For - ev - - er sing - ing

ev - 'ry land The work of an..... al - might - y hand.
as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
as they shine,—"The hand that made us is di - vine."

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN. (Lux Benigna.) J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home: Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

Thy Word, O Lord.

(Tune above.)

1 Thy word, O Lord, Thy precious word alone,
Can lead me on;
By this, until the darksome night be gone,
Lead Thou me on!
Thy word is light, Thy word is life and power;
By it, O guide me in each trying hour!

2 Whate'er my path, led by the word, 'tis good,
O lead me on!
Be my poor heart Thy blessed word's abode,
Lead Thou me on!
Thy Holy Spirit gives the light to see,
And leads me by Thy word close following Thee.

3 Led by aught else, I tread a devious way,
O lead me on!
Speak, Lord, and help me ever to obey,
Lead Thou me on!
My every step shall then be well defined,
And all I do according to Thy mind.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis- tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
4. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all - suf- fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re- fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

204 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
golden crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Mer-ci-ful and Might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
falling down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri - ty.
Mer-ci-ful and Might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A - men.

Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

M. B. SLEIGHT. H. R. PALMER.

1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus calling, "Follow me, follow me!" Soft - ly thro' the
2. Who will heed the holy mandate, "Follow me, follow me!" Leaving all things
3. Hearken, lest He plead no longer, "Follow me, follow me!" Once a-gain, O

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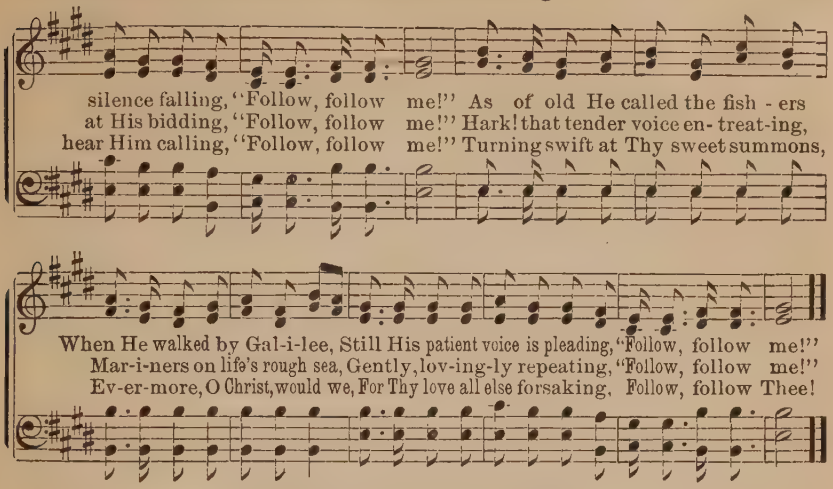
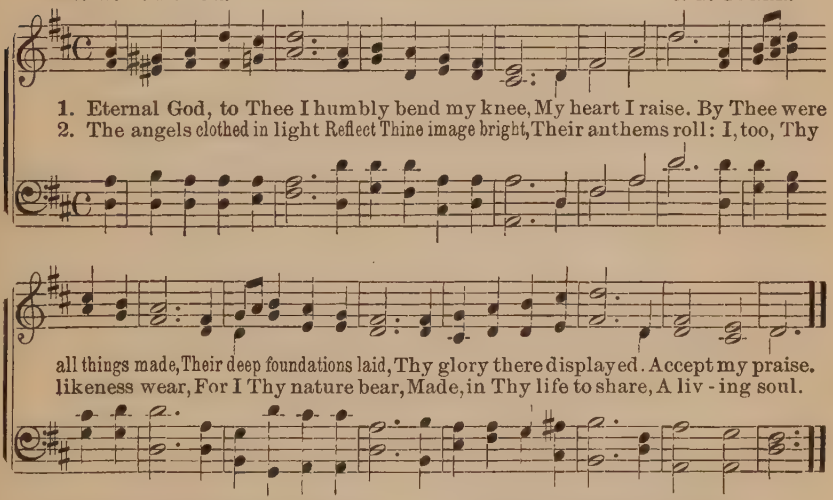


Eternal God, to Thee.

REV. W. H. HODGE. C. L. TYLER.



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3 Through all Thy wide domains,
Thy will supremely reigns,
As nature sings.
With angels great in might,
Before Thy throne of light,
I worship Thee by right,
The King of kings.

4 Most holy One and pure,
No sin canst Thou endure,
Thou God of light;
Bowed down by sin and fear,
I, trembling, now draw near,
O how shall I appear
In Thy dear sight.

5 Yet, sovereign, holy Lord,
Relying on Thy word,
I boldly go;
For Thou hast died for me,
From death to set me free,
And make me, all through Thee,
Whiter than snow.

6 Henceforth my aim must be
To please Thee perfectly,
Thou Savior mine.
Myself to Thee I give,
The gift Thou wilt receive,
And grant me strength to live
Forever Thine.

206 Jesus is Tenderly Pleading.

A. S. ANNA SIMPSON.

SOP. and ALTO, or SOP. and TENOR.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly pleading to - day; O wea - ry sin - ner, why
2. Je - sus has knocked and so oft been denied; See, He stands waiting, with

turn you a - way? Great is His of - fer, ac - cept it, I pray;
sword-pierc - ed side; Oft He has striv - en, tho' you have de - fied;

CHORUS.

Now it is yours, precious soul, don't de - lay.
Wait not, dear soul, let Him in to a - bide. } List, how He knocks,

hear while He pleads; Open ere it is too late;.... Open, He stands at the gate, ...
too late; at the gate,

Waiting to hear, "Enter, Lord, here;" Oh! how His heart for you bleeds.
for you bleeds.

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Holy Spirit, from Above.

(Inscribed to Rev. C. H. Tyndall.)

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with Thy pure love;
2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a - way; Lead, O lead us lest we stray;
3. With the al - tar's sa - cred Fire, Touch our lips,* our hearts in - spire;
4. Bless-ed source of heav'nly light, Now dis-perse the gloom of night;

Oh, in - spire us with Thy zeal; May each soul Thy pres-ence feel.
Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
Oh, il - lume us by Thy grace; In each soul Thy im - age trace.
In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di - vine.

f Refrain. *Don't hurry.* *f*

Ho-ly Spirit from Thy throne a-bove, Fill us with the Savior's dy-ing love;

f

Now descend upon us, Heav'nly Dove; Come, Thou blessed Comforter. A - men.

*Isaiah 6: 6 and 7.

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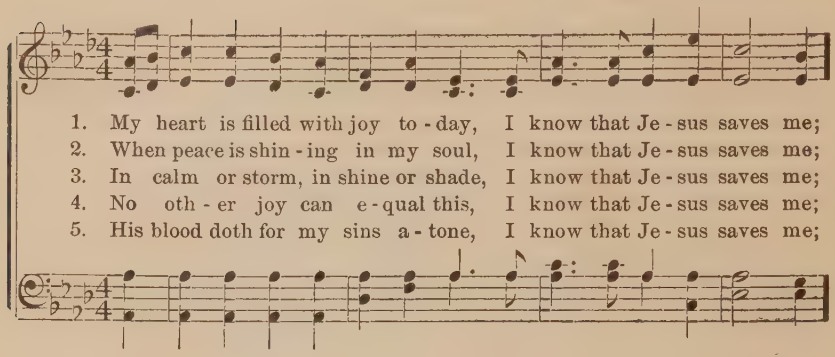
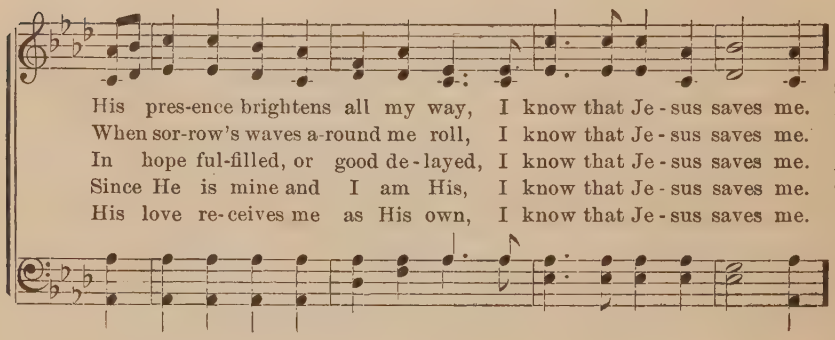
I Know that Jesus Saves Me.

IDA M. BUDD. DR. S. B. JACKSON.



1. My heart is filled with joy to-day, I know that Je-sus saves me;
2. When peace is shin-ing in my soul, I know that Je-sus saves me;
3. In calm or storm, in shine or shade, I know that Je-sus saves me;
4. No oth-er joy can e-qual this, I know that Je-sus saves me;
5. His blood doth for my sins a-tone, I know that Je-sus saves me;



His pres-ence brightens all my way, I know that Je-sus saves me.
When sor-row's waves a-round me roll, I know that Je-sus saves me.
In hope ful-filled, or good de-layed, I know that Je-sus saves me.
Since He is mine and I am His, I know that Je-sus saves me.
His love re-ceives me as His own, I know that Je-sus saves me.

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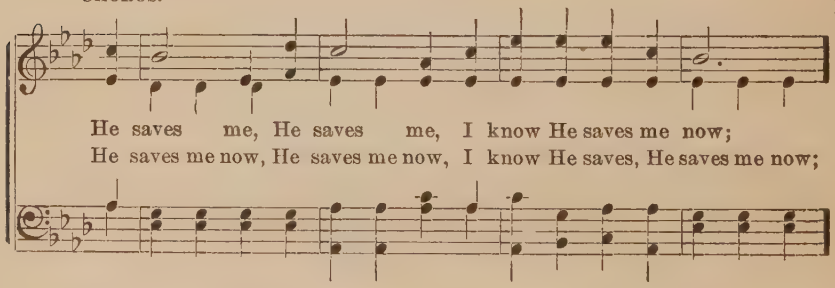
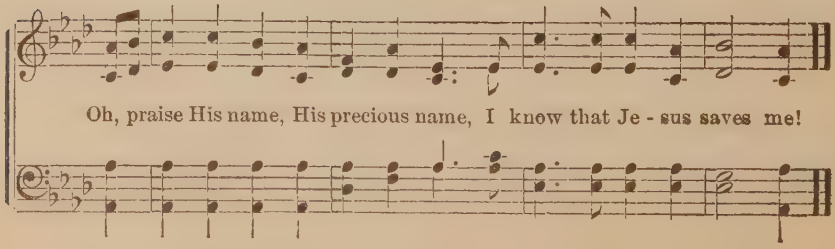
CHORUS.



He saves me, He saves me, I know He saves me now;
He saves me now, He saves me now, I know He saves, He saves me now;



Oh, praise His name, His precious name, I know that Je-sus saves me!

Shall I Let Him In?

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
2. Shall I send Him the lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in?
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door; Yes, I'll let Him in;

Pa-tient-ly plead-ing with my sad heart; Oh, shall I let Him in?
Meek-ly ac - cept-ing my gra-cious Lord; Oh, shall I let Him in?
Glad-ly I'll welcome Him ev - er-more; Oh, yes, I'll let Him in.

Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheer-less is all with-in;
He can in - fin - ite love im-part; He can par-don this reb - el heart;
Bless - ed Sav-ior, a - bide with me; Cares and tri - als will light-er be;

Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him, Oh, shall I let Him in?
Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, O bless-ed Lord, come in.

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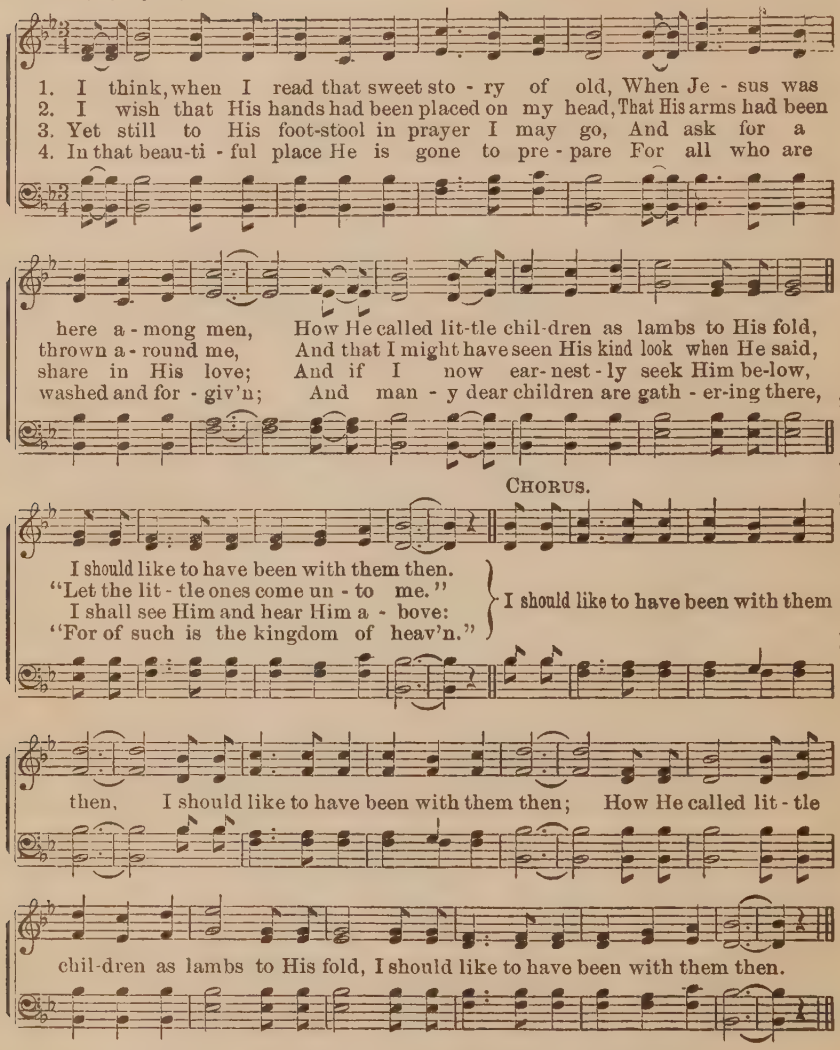
Sweet Story of Old.

MRS. J. LUKE. OLD MELODY. ARR. BY E. S. FOGG.



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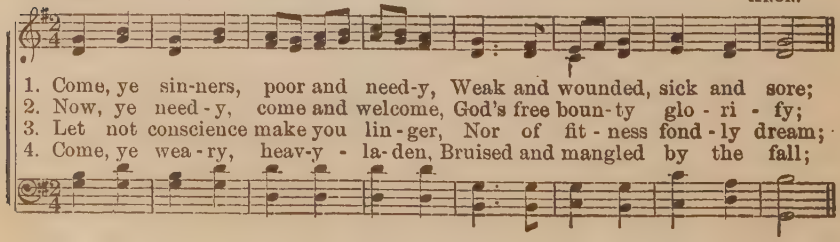
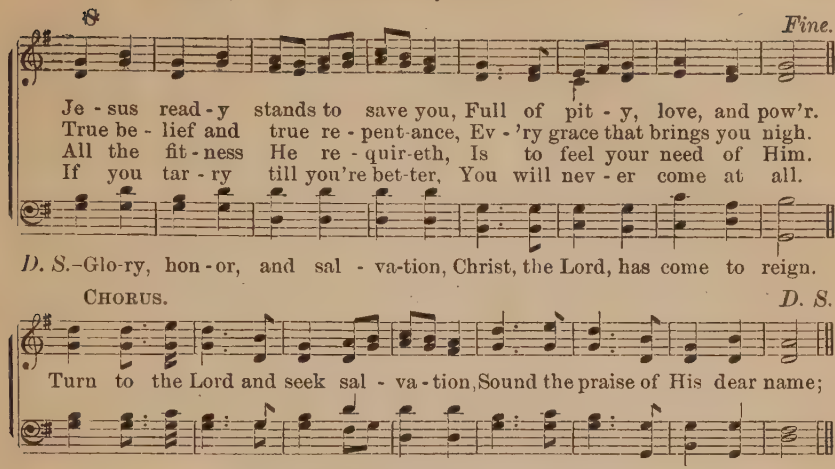
Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

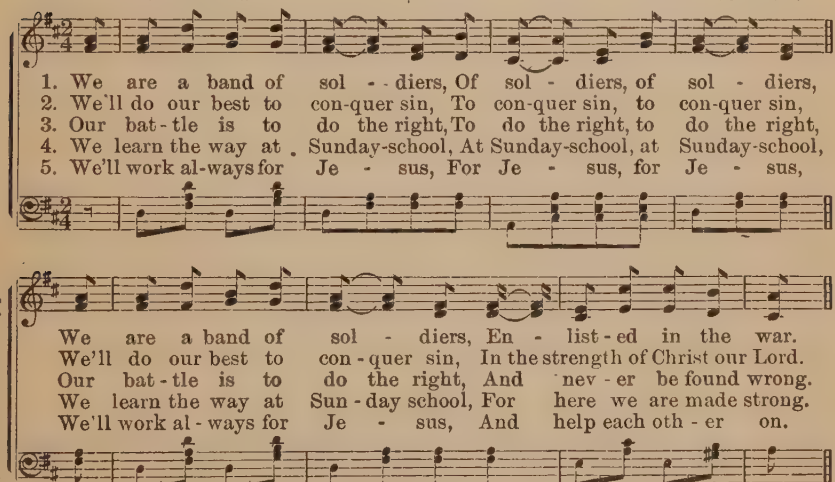
JOSEPH HART. ANON.





Children's Army Song.

REV. T. W. BARKER. EDW. S. FOGG.



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The Christian Mission War Song.

WELSH AIR.

1. { Chris-tian, rouse thee! War is rag-ing, God and fiends are bat - tle wag-ing,
Dare ye still lie fond - ly dreaming, Wrapt in ease and world-ly scheming,

2. { Lord, we come, and from Thee nev - er, Self nor earth our hearts shall sever,
To a world of reb - els dy-ing, Heav'n, and hell, and God de - fy - ing,

3. { Hark! I hear the war-riors shout-ing, Now the hosts of hell we're rout-ing;
See the foe be - fore us fall - ing, Sin-ners on the Sav - ior call - ing,

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry ransomed pow'r en - gag-ing, Break the tempt-er's spell.
While the multitudes are streaming Downwards in-to hell?

Thine en-tire-ly, Thine for - ev - er, We will fight and die.
Ev-'ry-where we'll still be cry - ing, "Will ye perish—why?"

Courage! onward! nev - er doubting, We shall win the day.
Throwing off the bond-age gall-ing—Join our glad ar - ray.

Thro' the world re-

sounding, Let the gos - pel sounding, Sum-mon all at Je - sus' call, His

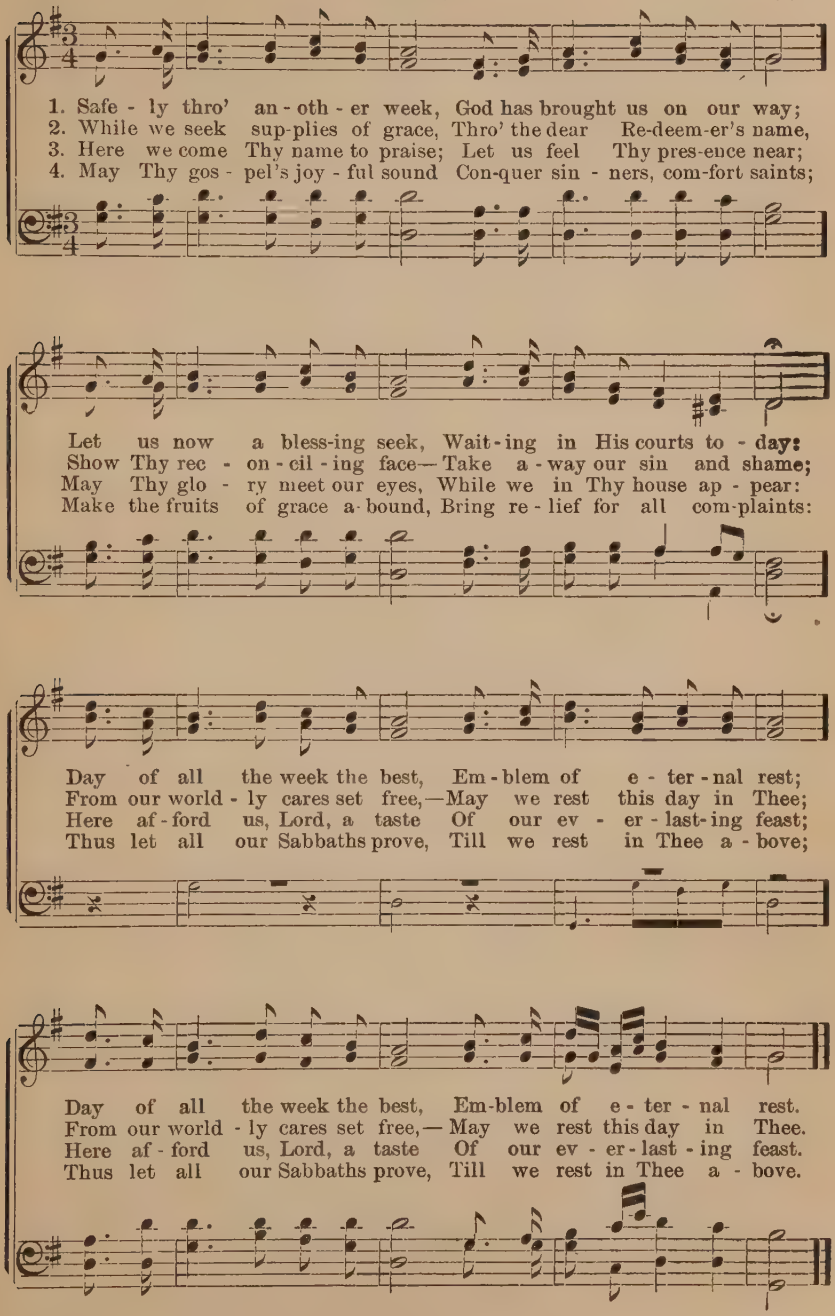
glo-rious cross surrounding; Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving, Be not faithless,

but be-liev-ing, To your conqu'ring Captain cleaving, Forward to the fight.

Safely Through Another Week.

(Sabbath.)

J. NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.



Lord, With Me Abide.

F. S. SHEPARD. (MALE QUARTET.) LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. In the hour when pain and an-guish, And the ills of life be - tide,
2. In the hour when joy and gladness Leave me naught to wish be - side,
3. In the hour when strong temp-ta - tions Sweep o'er me, a swell-ing tide,
4. In the hour when life is clos-ing, And death beckons me a - side.

Be my soul's sure rest and com-fort, Lord, with me a - bide (a - bide).
Guard me, lest I then for - get Thee, Lord, with me a - bide (a - bide).
Keep me by Thy grace and fa - vor, Lord, with me a - bide (a - bide).
Walk be - side me in the shad-ows, Lord, with me a - bide (a - bide).

CHORUS.

What-so - ev - er be my por-tion, Savior, guard me, Savior, guide—
What - so - ev - er be my por - tion, ... Savior, guard me, Sav-ior, guide—

Rit.

And what-ev - er doth be - fall me, Lord, with me, with me a - bide.
And what-ev-er doth be - fall me, Lord, with me a - bide.

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I Do Believe.

I. WATTS. UNKNOWN.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

CHO.—*I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;*

D. C. for Chorus.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

Stand Like Caleb.

F. E. BELDEN. (MALE QUARTET.) EDWIN BARNES.

With energy.

1. Stand like Ca - leb, tho' the world oppose; Vict'ry's key-note is be - liev - ing;
2. Are there gi - ants in the upward way? Are there cities "walled to heav - en"?
3. There's a land with "milk and honey" blest, Why be faithless and faint-hearted?

There's no dan-ger from ten thou-sand foes, God's al-might-y pow'r re-ceiv - ing.
Glorious vic-t'ry shall be ours each day, Trust-ing God by whom 'tis giv - en.
On Je-ho-vah's strong assurance rest, Sin's de-fense is now de - part - ed.

CHORUS.

ff

Stand like Ca - leb! fear no foe! Trust, ye doubting, in Je - ho-vah's might;

God is lead-ing, for - ward go, Nev - er fal - ter in the cause of right!

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Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD, D. D. (Webb.) G. J. WEBB.

S.

1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner,

D. S.—Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished,

Fine. *D. S.*

It must not suf-fer loss: From vict'ry un-to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall He lead,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

216 We are Little Soldiers of the Cross.

W. C. WARREN COLLINS.

1. We are lit - tle sol - diers of the cross, We are lit - tle sol - diers
2. We are lit - tle pil - grims on the way, We are lit - tle pil - grims
3. We are lit - tle jew - els for His crown, We are lit - tle jew - els

of the cross, Al - ways firm - ly stand-ing, pray - ing, We can nev - er
on the way, Marching up - ward, ev - er on - ward, Je - sus keeps us
for His crown, Sparkling ev - er just like diamonds, We will nev - er

CHORUS.

suf - fer loss. We are a band of sol - diers, We are a band so true;
ev - 'ry day. We are but lit - tle chil-dren, But then our King is strong;
be cast down. We have a home in heav - en, We have a place so fair;

Je - sus our King com - mands us, And He will take us through.
We need not be dis - cour - aged, But brave - ly march a - long.
'Twas here He loved the chil - dren, He loves them still up there.

Love is our em - blem watch-word, Faith in our glo - rious King;
Our Cap - tain is the Sav - ior, And if we're on - ly right,
We're glad - ly march - ing on - ward, And trust our God we love;

Je - sus will guide His chil - dren, Prais - es to Him we sing.
We may be sure and cer - tain That we shall win the fight.
For He will guide His chil - dren In - to His courts a - bove.

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Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe, Now
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com- plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-ev - er I know, Now
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow, Now
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and within me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er saidst No, Now

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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Olive's Brow.

WM. B. TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone: 'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den, now, The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a-lone.
2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all removed, The Sav - ior wres-tles lone with fears; E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
3. 'Tis mid-night; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood: Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by His God.
4. 'Tis mid-night; and from e - ther-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know; Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sav-ior's woe.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

(Onward.)

SABINE BARING-GOULD. SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri-umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on before.

While Jesus Whispers.

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
3. O hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re - ceive His blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

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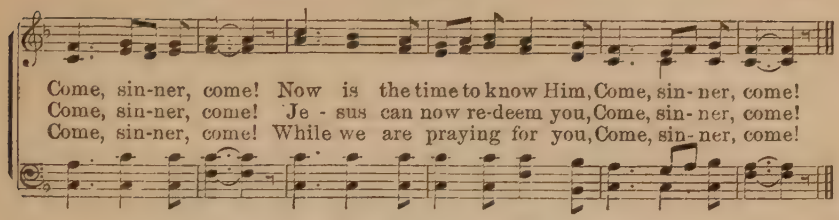
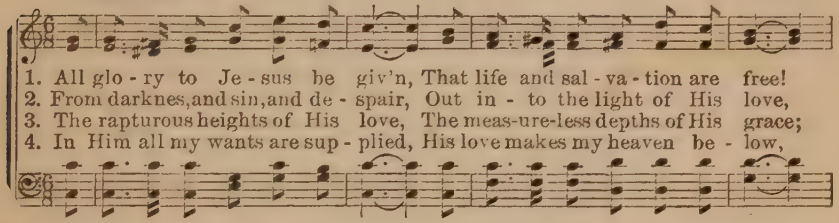
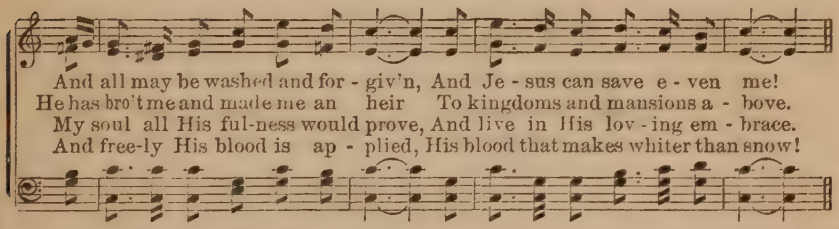


Jesus is Mighty to Save.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. G. FISCHER.

Moderato.





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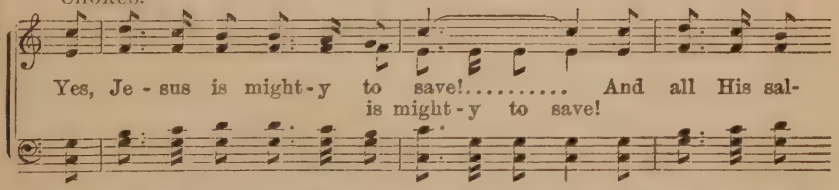
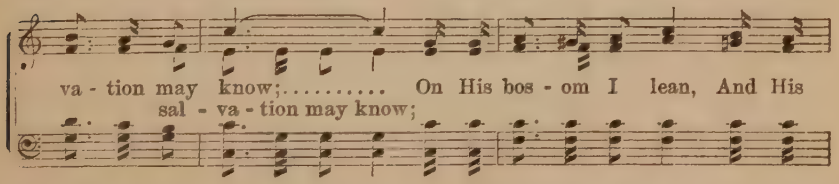
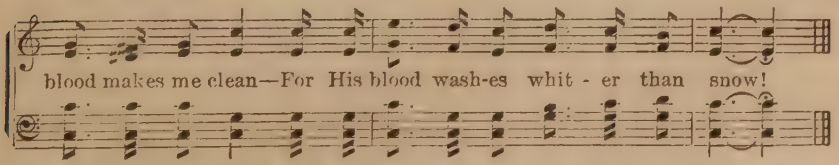
CHORUS.







My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. (Olivet.) LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav - ior di-vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire! As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Savior, then, in, love, Fear and distrust remove; O bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul!

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My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. (America.) HENRY CAREY.

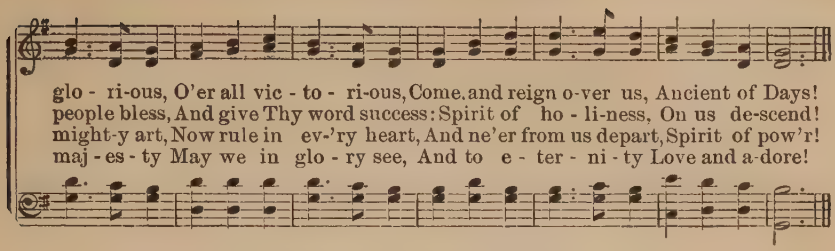
1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

Cres.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

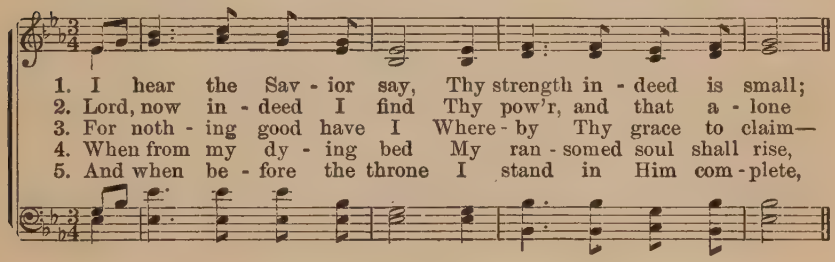
CHARLES WESLEY. (Italian Hymn.) FELICE GIARDINI.

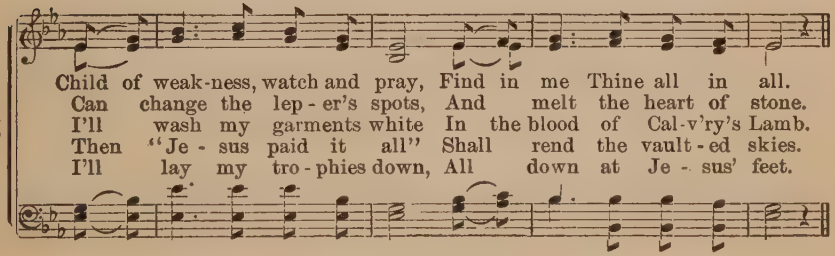
1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father! all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Comforter! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest praises be, Hence, ev-er-more! His sov'reign



All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.





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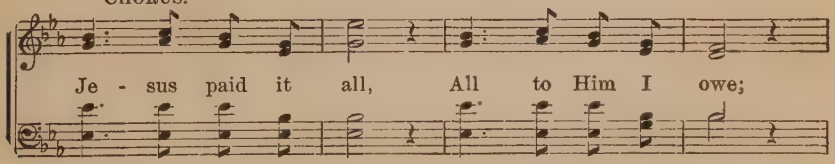
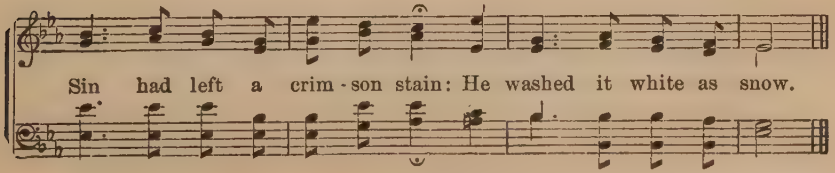
CHORUS.





A Sinner Like Me!

C. J. B. C. J. BUTLER.

Slow.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - ior,.... And as vile as a sin - ner could be;.... And I won - dered if
2. I..... wan - dered on in the dark - ness,... Not a ray.... of light could I see;.... And the thought filled my
3. And... then, in that dark, lone - ly hour,..... A..... voice sweet-ly whispered to... me;.... Say-ing, Christ the Re - deem - er.... Could save a poor sin - ner like me.

Rit.

heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
deem - er has pow - er.... To save a poor sin - ner like me.

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4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise Him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Gloria Patri.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.

Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

Jehovah Hear Thee in the Day.

Psalm 20. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - ho-vah hear thee in the day When trouble He doth send; And let the name of
2. O let Him send His help to thee Out from His ho-ly place; Let Him from Zion,
3. Let Him re-mem-ber all thy gifts, Accept thy sac-ri- fice; Grant thee thy heart's wish,
4. Now know I God His king doth save; He from His holy Heav'n Will hear him. with the

CHORUS.

Jacob's God From ev-'ry ill de-fend.
His own hill, Sustain Thee by His grace.
and fulfill Thy tho'ts and counsel wise.
sav-ing strength By His own right hand giv'n.
} In Thy sal - va - tion we will joy, In

our God's name we will Display our banners; and the Lord Thy prayers all ful-fill.

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5 In chariots some put confidence,
On horses some rely,
But we remember well the name
Of God, our God Most High.

6 We rise, and upright stand, when they
Are made to bow and fall.
Deliver, Lord, and let the King
Us hear, when we do call.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, . . .
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }

D.C.–Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint!
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Wondrous Love.

MRS. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall; Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God; Re-demp-tion by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
3. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to His saints makes known The bless-ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be giv'n A glo-rious fore-taste, here be - low, Of end-less life in heav'n.
5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r Let all the ran - somed sing, And tri-umph in the dy - ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord, our King.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It brought my Sav - ior from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

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Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. (Dennis.) H. G. NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—Our com - forts and our cares.
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vict'ry will help you
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in rev'rence,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall conquer,

Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly onward, Dark passions sub-due,
Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true,
Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior, Our strength will re-new,

CHORUS.

Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Sav-ior to help you,

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.

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Take My Life, and Let It Be.

HANDEL.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages from Thee; Take my sil-ver
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my in-tel-

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
let me sing, Al-ways, on-ly for my King, Always, on-ly for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
lect, and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

226 Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

JAMES G. DECK. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je-sus, Thy name I love, All oth-er names above, Je-sus, my Lord! O Thou art
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Je-sus, my Lord! O how great
3. When unto Thee I flee, Thou will my refuge be, Je-sus, my Lord! What need I
4. Soon Thou wilt come again! I shall be happy then, Je-sus, my Lord! Then Thine own

all to me! Nothing to please I see, Noth-ing apart from Thee, Je-sus, my Lord!
is Thy love, All oth-er loves above, Love that I dai-ly prove, Je-sus, my Lord!
now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since Thou art ever near? Je-sus, my Lord!
face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be, Then evermore with Thee, Je-sus, my Lord!

Jesus, the Very Thought.

TR. EDWARD CASWALL. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find A sweeter sound than
3. O Hope of ev-'ry contrite heart! O Joy of all the meek! To those who ask, how

face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
Thy blest name, O Sav-ior of mankind!
kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Jesus Calls Us.

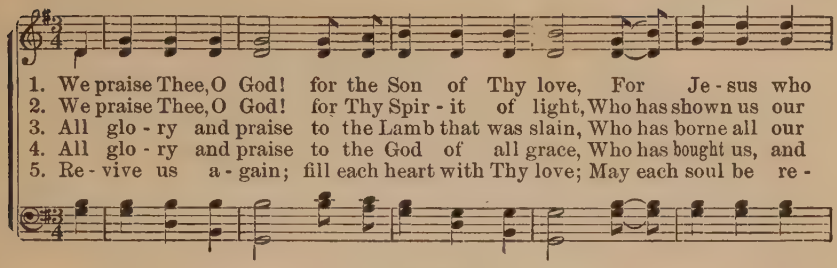
CECIL F. ALEXANDER. W. H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav-ior, make us hear Thy call;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "That we love Him more than these."
Give our hearts to Thine o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

Revive Us Again.

WM. PATON MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

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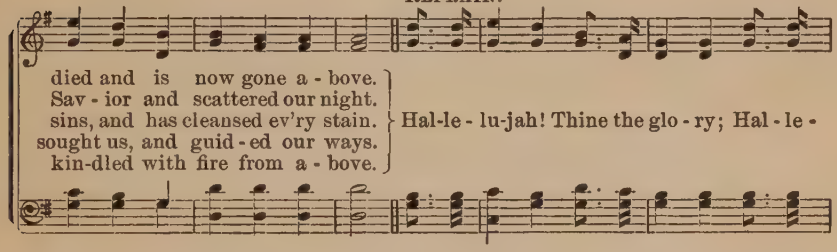
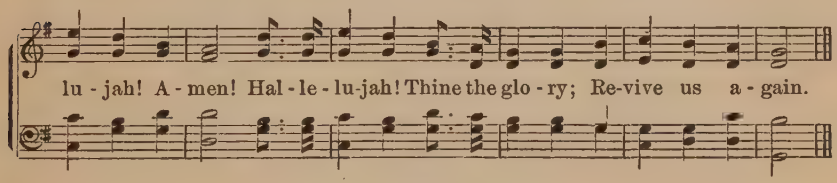


died and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior and scattered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.

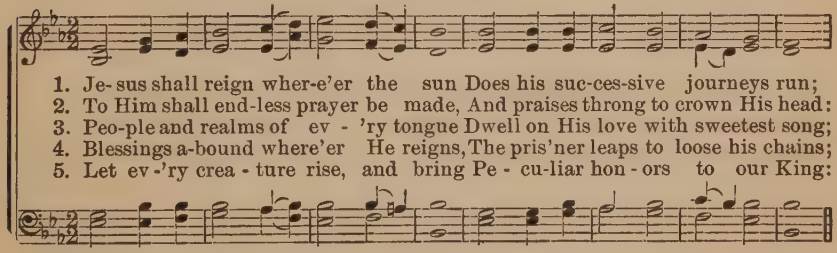
Hal-le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le -



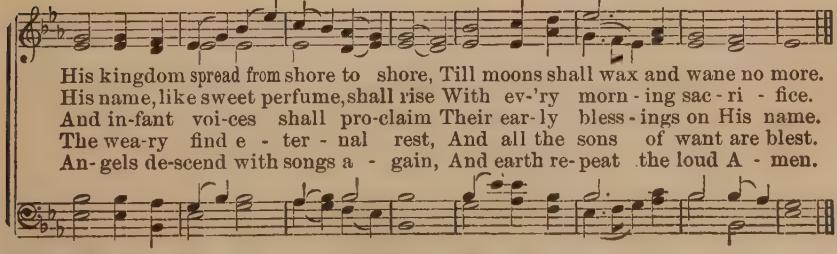
lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry; Re-vive us a - gain.

Jesus Shall Reign.

I. WATTS. (Duke Street.) JOHN HATTON.



1. Je- sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run;
2. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings a-bound where'er He reigns, The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
5. Let ev -'ry crea - ture rise, and bring Pe - cu-liar hon - ors to our King:



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on His name.
The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An- gels de-scend with songs a - gain, And earth re- peat the loud A - men.

Perfect Peace.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyful.

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic-
2. Hid-den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our

to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth
fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,
di - al By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him ful - ly

CHO.—*Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,*

D. S. for Chorus.

Full - er ev - 'ry day,—Per-fect, yet it grow - eth Deep-er all the way.
Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.
All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him wholly true.

Hearts are ful - ly blest; Finding, as He prom-ised, Per-fect peace and rest.

From "Hymns of Consecration."

I'm but a Stranger Here.

(Oak.)

THOS. R. TAYLOR.

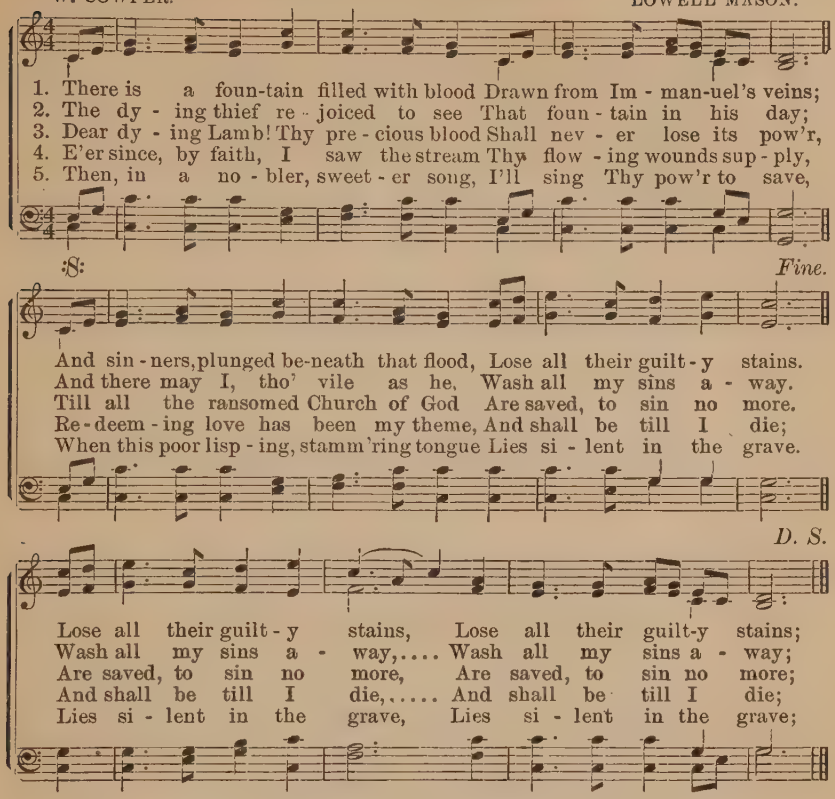
1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
2. What tho' the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my
3. There at my Sav - ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be

des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand
pil - grim-age, Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and win - try blast
glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home. There are the good and blest,

Round me on ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my Fa-ther-land. Heav'n is my home.
Sooh will be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Those I loved most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

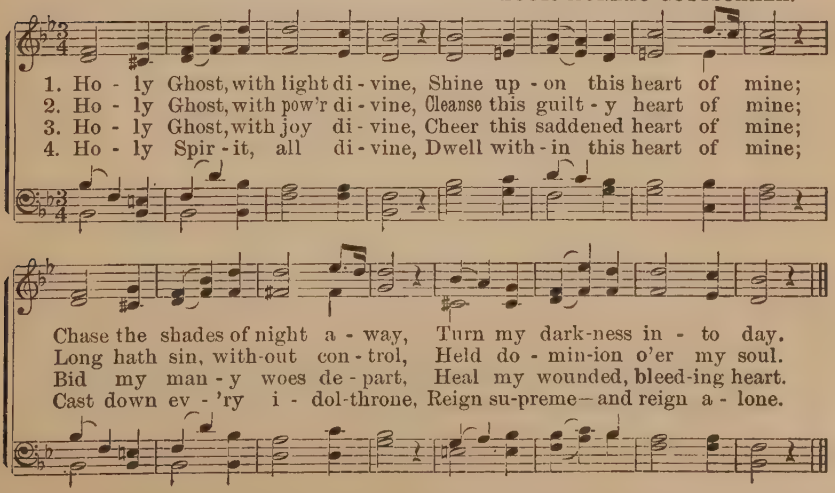
There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.



From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

(Missionary Hymn.)

R. HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i-cy moun-tains, From India's cor-al strand; Where Afric's sunny
2. What tho' the spicy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev-'ry pros-pect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of

fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv - er, From many a
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile? In vain, with lavish kind-ness, The gifts of
night - ed The light of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy-ful
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed na-ture, The Lamb, for

palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.
God are strown: The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
sound pro-claim, Till earth's re-mot-est na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
sin-ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

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In the Cross of Christ.

(Rathbun.)

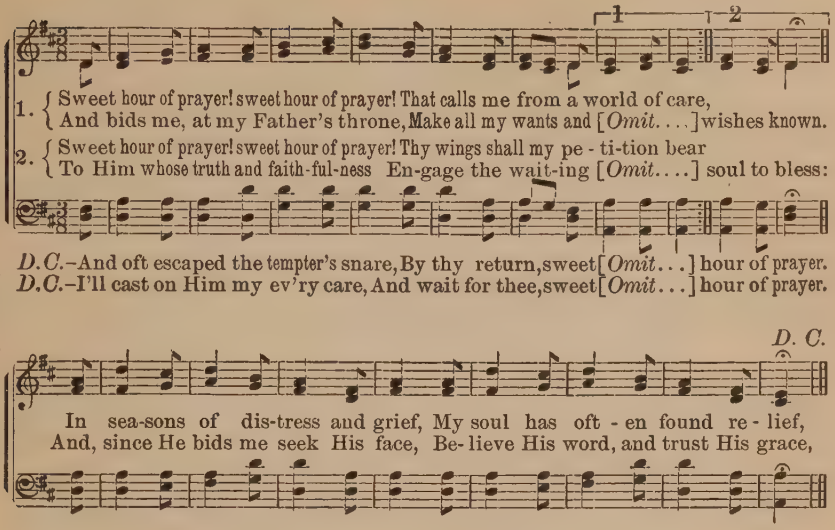
SIR J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. W. B. BRADBURY.



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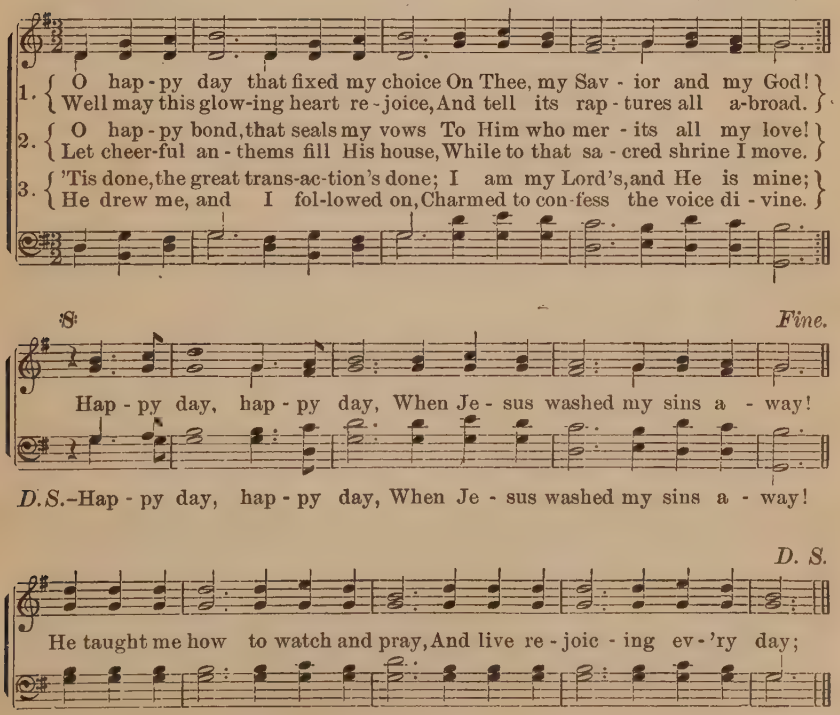
O Happy Day.

DODDRIDGE. RIMBAULT.



Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

S. Fine.

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

D.S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.

D. S.

Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Come, Holy Spirit.

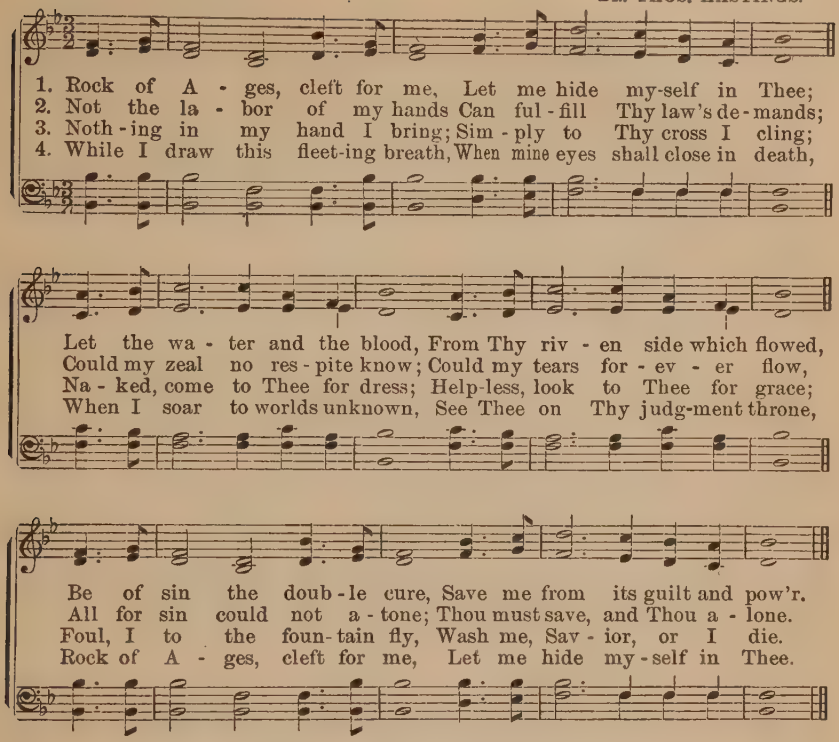
I. WATTS. (Evan.) WM. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. Look—how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

Rock of Ages.

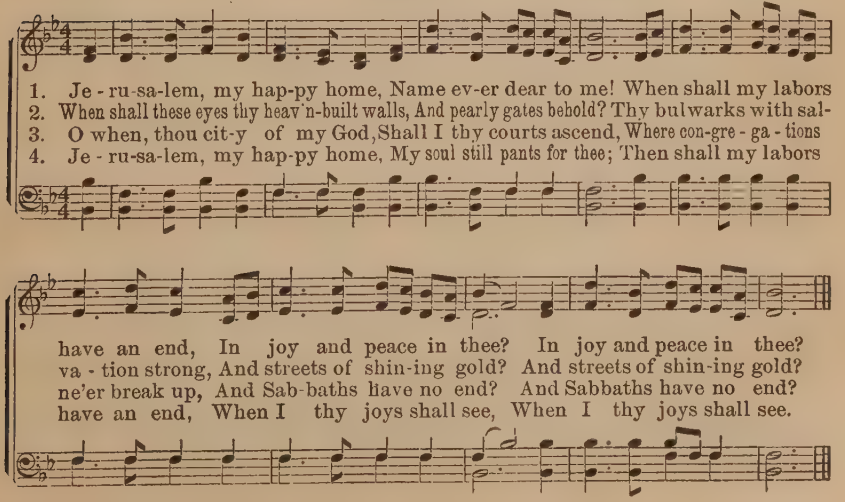
REV. A. M. TOPLADY. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

(Rhine.)

GERMAN.



234 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

BISHOP HEBER. DE KOVEN.

f

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain:
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few, On whom the Spir - it came:
4. A no - ble ar - my—men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

His blood-red ban - ner streams a - far! Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.

mf *f*

Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain:

p *f*

Who pa-tient bears His cross be - low,—He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train. *Amen.*

Work, for the Night is Coming.

MRS. ANNIE L. COGHILL. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright-est hours with la - bor—Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev--'ry fly - ing mo - ment Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark-'ning, When man's work is o'er.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

(Evan.)

H. BONAR, D. D. WM. H. HAVERGAL.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
2. I came to Je - sus as I was—Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter—thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

Morning Breaks Upon the Tomb.

(Horton.)

1. Morn - ing breaks up - on the tomb, Je - sus scat - ters all its gloom;
2. Ye, who are of death a - fraid, Tri-umph in the scat-tered shade;
3. Chris - tian! dry your flow - ing tears, Chase your un - be - liev - ing fears;

Day of tri - umph, thro' the skies See the glo-rious Sav - ior rise!
Drive your anx - ious cares a - way; See the place where Je - sus lay!
Look on His de - sert - ed grave; Doubt no more His pow'r to save!

Tune above, also "Take My Life." Page 225.

1 Hail to Thee, our risen King!
Joyfully Thy praise we sing;
For, the mighty conflict o'er,
Now Thou livest evermore.

2 Thou within the tomb hast slept,
Angel guards Thy vigil kept;
'Twas their word to Mary brought
Tidings of the Lord she sought.

3 "Seek Him not among the dead,
He is risen as He said:"
Gladdened by the angelic word,
Turning, she beheld her Lord.

4 Fain, like Mary, Lord, would we
In Thy glorious presence be,
Hear Thy voice, and see Thy face,
Praise Thee for Thy wondrous grace.

Blessed Be the Name.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub-led sinner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's mu-sic in the Sav-ior's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

It soothes my sorrows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
It gives the wea - ry sweet-est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
What a dear Sav - ior I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Let ev - 'ry heart His love pro-claim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

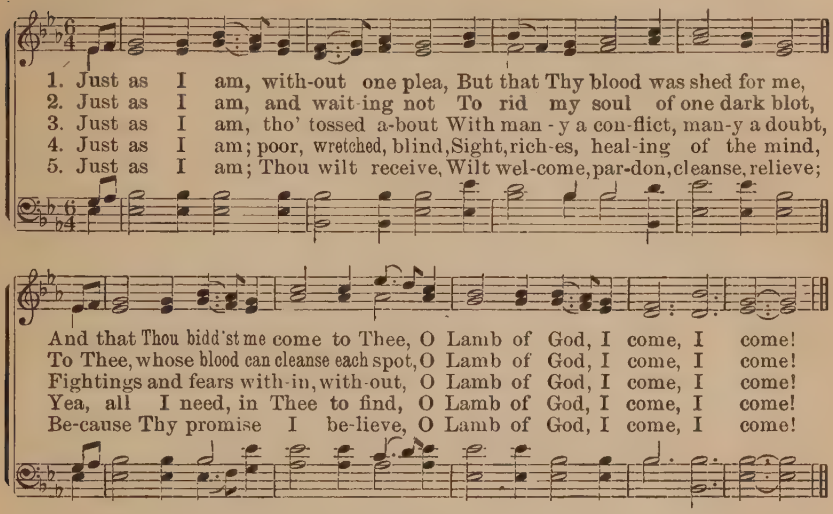
CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord; the Lord.

Just as I Am.

(Woodworth.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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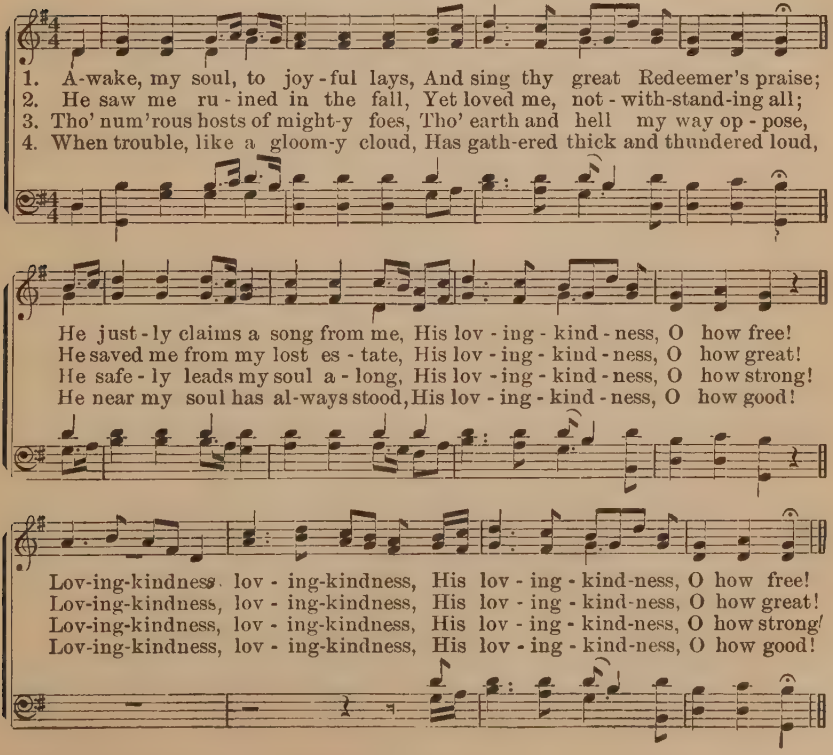
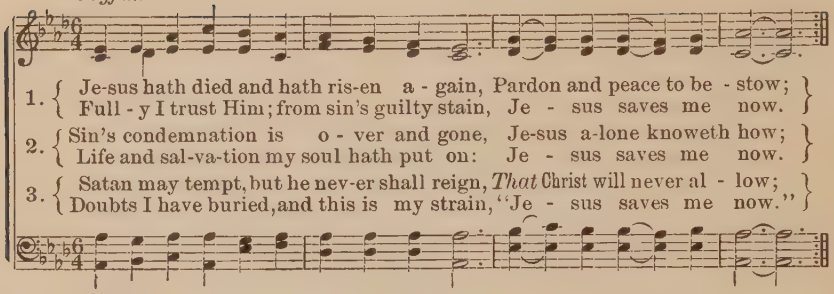
Loving-Kindness.



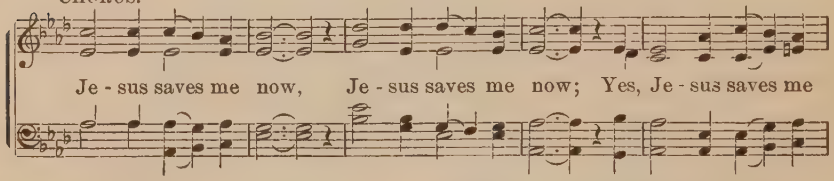
Jesus Saves Me Now.

Joyful. OLD MELODY.

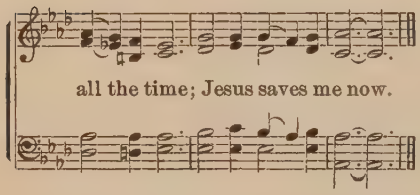


1. { Je-sus hath died and hath ris-en a - gain, Pardon and peace to be - stow; Full - y I trust Him; from sin's guilty stain, Je - sus saves me now. }
2. { Sin's condemnation is o - ver and gone, Je-sus a-lone knoweth how; Life and sal-va-tion my soul hath put on: Je - sus saves me now. }
3. { Satan may tempt, but he nev-er shall reign, *That* Christ will never al - low; Doubts I have buried, and this is my strain, "Je - sus saves me now." }

CHORUS.



Je - sus saves me now, Je - sus saves me now; Yes, Je - sus saves me



all the time; Jesus saves me now.

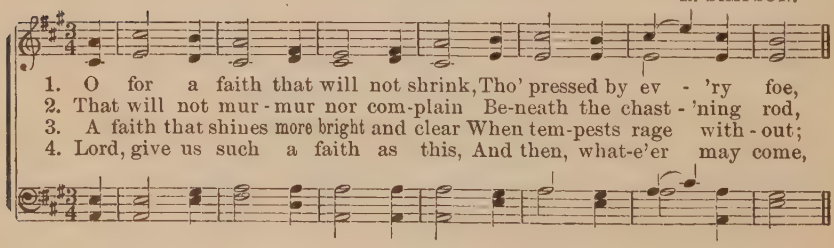
4 Resting in Jesus, abiding in Him,
Gladly my faith can avow,—
Never again need my pathway be dim,
Jesus saves me now.

5 Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin,
Satan to Jesus must bow;
Therefore I triumph without and within,
Jesus saves me now.

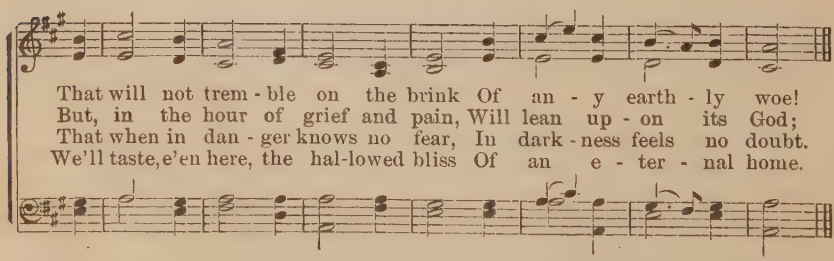
6 Sorrow and pain may beset me about,
Nothing can darken my brow;
Battling in faith, I can joyfully shout,
"Jesus saves me now!"

O for a Faith.

R. SIMPSON.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - 'ry foe,
2. That will not mur - mur nor com-plain Be-neath the chast - 'ning rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem-pests rage with - out;
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,



That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!
But, in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean up - on its God;
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt.
We'll taste, e'en here, the hal-lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

Asleep in Jesus.

MARGARET MACKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kin-dred and their graves may be;

A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venomed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour That man - i - fests the Sav-ior's pow'r.
But thine is still a bless-ed sleep From which none ev-er wakes to weep.

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I Need Thee, Precious Jesus.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. SAMUEL WESLEY.

1. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus! For I am full of sin;
2. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus! For I am ver - y poor;
3. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus! And hope to see Thee soon,

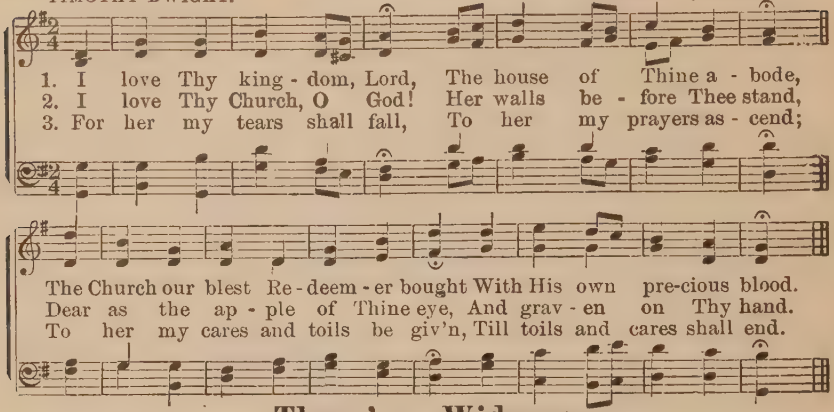
My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in;
A stran-ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store;
En - cir - cled with the rain - bow, And seat - ed on Thy throne:

I need the cleans-ing foun - tain Where I can al - ways flee;
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
There, with Thy blood-bought chil - dren, My joy shall ev - er be

The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
To guide my doubt-ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
To sing Thy praise, Lord Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

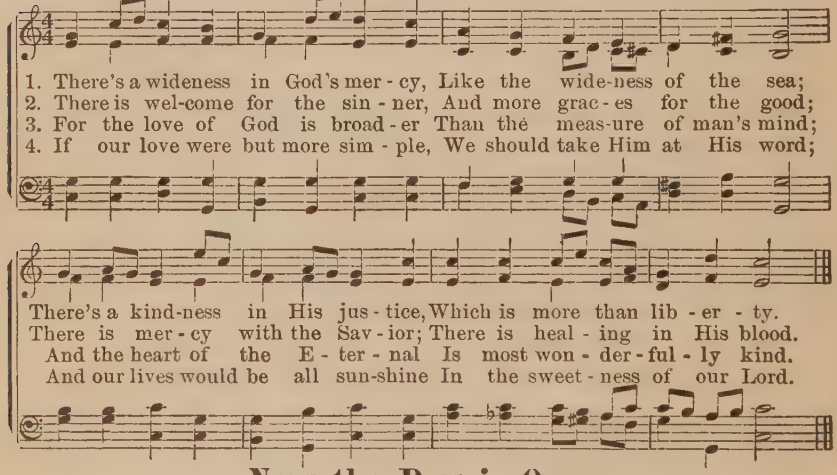
I Love Thy Kingdom.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



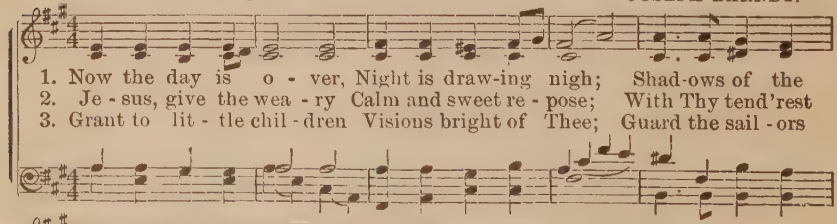
There's a Wideness.

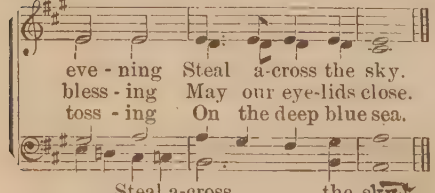
FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.





4 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Onward and Upward.

W. T. G. W. T. GIFFE.

1. On-ward and up-ward, go forth in thy might, On-ward and up-ward for God and the right;
2. On-ward! the prize and high call-ing to win, On-ward, for Je - sus and vic-t'ry o'er sin;
3. Up-ward, look up-ward, O mor-tal, and see, Je - sus is stand-ing and pleading for thee;

On-ward and up-ward from darkness to light, Brave-ly and cheer-ful- ly, Christian, press on.
On-ward! the work of the Mas - ter be - gin; Brave-ly and cheer-ful- ly, Christian, press on.
Up-ward, yes, up-ward, look now and be free; Brave-ly and cheer-ful- ly, Christian, press on.

CHORUS.

On - ward, up - ward, Bravely and cheer-ful - ly go;
On-ward and up-ward, yes, on-ward and up-ward, yes,

On - ward, up - ward, God and the right to know.
On-ward and up-ward, yes, on-ward and up-ward.

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Doxology.

(Old Hundred.)

THOMAS KEN. GUILLAME FRANC.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore ths Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

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YOUNG PEOPLE AND SUNDAY SCHOOL SELECTIONS

are too numerous to put under special headings, but will be found through the entire book.

Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.

We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to the publishers of "The Modern Reader's Bible," *Messrs. MacMillan & Co., New York,* for their kindness in permitting us to use selections therefrom in preparing our Responsive Readings.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION No. 1.

Psalm IX.

An Acrostic Anthem of Judgment.

A I will give thanks unto the LORD with my whole heart;
I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.
I will be glad and exult in thee:
I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

B When mine enemies turn back,
They stumble and perish at thy presence.
For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;
Thou satest in the throne judging righteously.

C Thou hast rebuked the nations, thou hast destroyed the wicked,
Thou hast blotted out their name for ever and ever.
E The enemy are come to an end, they are desolate for ever:
And the cities which thou hast overthrown, their very memorial is perished.

F But the LORD sitteth as king for ever:
He hath prepared his throne for judgment.
And he shall judge the world in righteousness,
He shall minister judgment to the peoples in uprightness.

The LORD also will be a high tower for the oppressed,
A high tower in times of trouble;
And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee;
For thou, LORD, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

G Sing praises to the LORD, which dwelleth in Zion:
Declare among the peoples his doings.
For he that maketh inquisition for blood remembereth them:
He forgetteth not the cry of the poor.

H "Have mercy upon me, O LORD,
"Behold my affliction which I suffer of them that hate me,
"Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death;
"That I may shew forth all thy praise
"In the gates of the daughter of Zion,—
"I will rejoice in thy salvation."

I The nations are sunk down in the pit that they made:
In the net which they hid is their own foot taken.
The LORD hath made himself known, he hath executed judgment,
The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.

ℵ The wicked shall return to Sheol,
Even all the nations that forget God.
ℓ For the needy shall not always be forgotten,
Nor the expectation of the poor perish for ever.

Arise, O LORD; let not man prevail;
Let the nations be judged in thy sight.
Put them in fear, O LORD:
Let the nations know themselves to be but men.

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SELECTION No. 2.

Psalm X.

Why standest thou afar off, O LORD?
Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?
In the pride of the wicked the poor is hotly pursued;
They are taken in the devices that they have imagined.
For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire,
And the covetous renounceth, yea, contemneth the LORD.

The wicked, in the pride of his countenance, saith, He will not require it.
All his thoughts are, There is no God.
His ways are firm at all times; thy judgments are far above out of his sight:
As for all his adversaries, he puffeth at them.
He saith in his heart, I shall not be moved:
To all generations I shall not be in adversity.

His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and oppression:
Under his tongue is mischief and iniquity.
He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages:
In the covert places doth he murder the innocent:
His eyes are privily set against the helpless.
He lurketh in the covert as a lion in his den:

He lieth in wait to catch the poor:
He doth catch the poor, when he draweth him in his net.
He croucheth, he boweth down,
And the helpless fall by his strong ones.
He saith in his heart, God hath forgotten:
He hideth his face; he will never see it.

ℙ Arise, O LORD; O God, lift up thine hand:
Forget not the poor.
Wherefore doth the wicked condemn God,
And say in his heart, Thou wilt not require it?

ℳ Thou hast seen it; for thou beholdest mischief and spite,
To take it into thy hand:
The helpless committeth himself unto thee;
Thou hast been the helper of the fatherless.

ℕ Break thou the arm of the wicked;
And as for the evil man, seek out his wickedness till thou find none.
The LORD is King for ever and ever:
The nations are perished out of his land.

Z LORD, thou hast heard the desire of the meek:
Thou wilt establish their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear:
To judge the fatherless and the oppressed,
That man which is of the earth may be terrible no more.

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SELECTION No. 3.

Psalm XIX.

The Heavens Above and the Law Within.

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice cannot be heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the LORD is perfect, restoring the soul:
The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.
The precepts of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever:
The judgments of the LORD are true, and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
In keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can discern his errors?
Clear thou me from hidden faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,
O LORD, my rock, and my redeemer.

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SELECTION No. 4.

Psalms XXIII-XXVII.

Under the Protection of Jehovah.

The LORD is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

XXVII.

An Anthem of Deliverance.

The LORD is my light and my salvation.
Whom shall I fear?
The LORD is the strength of my life;
Of whom shall I be afraid?
When evil-doers came upon me
To eat up my flesh,
Even mine adversaries and my foes,
They stumbled and fell.
Though an host should encamp against me,
My heart shall not fear:
Though war should rise against me,
Even then will I be confident.

One thing have I asked of the LORD,
That will I seek after;
That I may dwell in the house of the LORD,
All the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of the LORD,
And to inquire in his temple.
For in the day of trouble he shall keep me secretly in his pavilion:
In the covert of his tabernacle shall he hide me;
He shall lift me up upon a rock,
And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;
And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD

"Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice:
"Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

" 'Seek ye my face'—
"My heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will I seek.
"Hide not thy face from me;
"Put not thy servant away in anger.
"Thou hast been my help, cast me not off:
"Neither foresake me, O God of my salvation.
"When my father and my mother forsake me,
"The LORD will take me up.

"Teach me thy way, O LORD,
"And lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies;
"Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries:
"For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty."—

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD
In the land of the living.
Wait on the LORD: be strong, and let thine heart take courage;
Yea, wait thou on the LORD.

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SELECTION NO. 5.

Psalm XXXII.

Blessedness of the Forgiven Soul.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
Whose sin is covered.
Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity,
And in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old
Through my roaring all the day long.
For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:
My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sins unto thee,
And mine iniquity have I not hid:
I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD;
And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:
Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.
Thou art my hiding place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble;
Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:
"I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee."
Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:
Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked:
But he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.
Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous:
And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

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SELECTION No. 6.

Psalm XXXIV.

My Soul Shall Make Her Boast in the LORD.

A Votive Hymn.

INTRODUCTION.

A I will bless the LORD at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
B My soul shall make her boast in the LORD:
The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

SOLO.

C O magnify the LORD with me,
And let us exalt his name together.
D I sought the LORD, and he answered me,
And delivered me from all my fears.
E They looked unto him, and were lightened:
And their faces shall never be confounded.
G This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.

CHORUS.

H The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them.
I O taste and see that the LORD is good:
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
K O fear the LORD, ye his saints:
For there is no want to them that fear him.
L The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
But they that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing.

SOLO.

M Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of the LORD.
N What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?
O Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
P Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace and pursue it.

CHORUS.

R The eyes of the LORD are toward the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.
S The face of the LORD is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
T The righteous cried, and the LORD heard,
And delivered them out of all their troubles.
V The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

SOLO.

W Many are the afflictions of the righteous:
But the LORD delivereth him out of them all.
Y He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.

CHORUS.

Z Evil will slay the wicked:
And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.
S The LORD redeemeth the soul of his servants:
And none of them that trust in him shall be condemned.

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SELECTION No. 7.

Psalms XXXVII.

The Prosperity of the Wicked.

An Acrostic Meditation.

A Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,
Neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.
For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.

B Trust in the LORD, and do good;
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and feed securely.
Delight thyself also in the LORD;
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

C Commit thy way unto the LORD;
Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.
And he shall make thy righteousness to go forth as the light,
And thy judgment as the noonday.

D Rest in the LORD,
And wait patiently for him;
Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
But those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the land.

E Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:
Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing.
For evil-doers shall be cut off:

F For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be.
But the meek shall inherit the land;
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

G The wicked plotteth against the just,
And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.
The LORD shall laugh at him:
For he seeth that his day is coming.

H The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow;
To cast down the poor and needy, to slay such as be upright in the way:
Their sword shall enter into their own heart,
And their bows shall be broken.

I Better is a little that the righteous hath
Than the abundance of many wicked.
For the arms of the wicked shall be broken:
But the LORD upholdeth the righteous.

K The LORD knoweth the days of the perfect:
And their inheritance shall be for ever.
They shall not be ashamed in the time of evil:
And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

L But the wicked shall perish,
And the enemies of the LORD shall be as the excellency of the pastures:
They shall consume;
In smoke shall they consume away.

M The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again:
But the righteous dealeth graciously, and giveth.
For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the land;
And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

PART II.

N A man's goings are established of the LORD;
And he delighteth in his way.
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down:
For the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

O I have been young, and now am old;
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.
All the day long he dealeth graciously, and lendeth;
And his seed is blessed.

P Depart from evil, and do good;
And dwell for evermore.
For the LORD loveth judgment,
And forsaketh not his saints;

R They are preserved for ever:
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell therein for ever.

S The mouth of the righteous talketh of wisdom,
And his tongue speaketh judgment.
The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.

T The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him.
The LORD will not leave him in his hand,
Nor condemn him when he is judged.

U Wait on the LORD,
And keep his way,
And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

W I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil.
But one passed by, and, lo, he was not:
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Y Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:
For the latter end of that man is peace.
As for transgressors, they shall be destroyed together:
The latter end of the wicked shall be cut off.

Z But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD; he is their strong hold in the time of trouble.
And the LORD helpeth them, and rescueth them:
He rescueth them from the wicked, and saveth them,
Because they have taken refuge in him.

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SELECTION No. 8.

Psalm LI.

Prayer of a Sin-Stricken Conscience.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness:
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my transgressions:
And my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done that which is evil in thy sight:
That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.
Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts:
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Make me to hear joy and gladness;
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation:
And uphold me with a free spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
Then shalt thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness, in burnt offering and whole burnt offering:
Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

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SELECTION No. 9.

Psalm XCII.

I Will Triumph in the Works of Thy Hands.

A Votive Hymn.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD,
And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:
To shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning,
And thy faithfulness every night,
With an instrument of ten strings, and with the psaltery;
With a solemn sound upon the harp.

For thou, LORD, hast made me glad through thy work:
I will triumph in the works of thy hands.
How great are thy works, O LORD!
Thy thoughts are very deep.
A brutish man knoweth not;
Neither doth a fool understand this:
When the wicked spring as the grass,
And when all the workers of iniquity do flourish;
It is that they shall be destroyed for ever:
But thou, O LORD, art on high for evermore.
For, lo, thine enemies, O LORD, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish;
All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

But my horn hast thou exalted like the horn of the wild-ox:
I am anointed with fresh oil.
Mine eye also hath seen my desire on mine enemies,
Mine ears have heard my desire of the evil-doers that rise up against me.
The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree:
He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
They that are planted in the house of the LORD
Shall flourish in the courts of our God.
They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
They shall be full of sap and green:
To shew that the LORD is upright;
He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

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SELECTION No. 10.

Psalm CIII.

Bless the LORD, O My Soul.

Hymn of the World Within.

Bless the LORD, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless the LORD, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies:
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

The LORD executeth righteous acts,
And judgments for all that are oppressed.
He made known his ways unto Moses,
His doings unto the children of Israel.
The LORD is full of compassion and gracious,

Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the LORD pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him
And his righteousness unto children's children;
To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his precepts to do them.

The LORD hath established his throne in the heavens;
And his kingdom ruleth over all.
Bless the LORD, ye angels of his,
Ye mighty in strength;
That fulfill his word,
Hearkening unto the voice of his word.
Bless the LORD, all ye his hosts;
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
Bless the LORD, all ye his works,
In all places of his dominion.

Bless the LORD, O my soul.

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SELECTION No. 11.

Psalm CXXI.

The LORD Thy Keeper.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from the LORD,
Which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is thy keeper:
The LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.

The LORD shall keep thee from all evil;
He shall keep thy soul.
The LORD shall keep thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth and for evermore.

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